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THE VISION OF ECHARD.

THE Benedictine Echard
  Sat, worn by wanderings far,
Where Marsberg sees the bridal
  Of the Moselle and Sarre.

Fair with its sloping vineyards
  And tawny chestnut bloom,
The happy vale Ausonius sung
  For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded
  To keep the Christ coat well,
On minster tower and kloster cross,
  The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles
  O'erlooked the Roman's game,
The veil of sleep fell o'er him,
  And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence
  Throb with a soundless word,
And by the inward ear alone
  A spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written
  On air and wave and sod,
And the bending walls of sapphire
  Blazed with the thought of God:

"What lack I, O my children?
  All things are in my hand;

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The vast earth and the awful stars
I hold as grains of sand.

"Need I your alms? The silver
And gold are mine alone;
The gifts ye bring before me
Were evermore my own.

"Heed I the noise of viols,
Your pomp of masque and show?
Have I not dawns and sunsets?
Have I not winds that blow?

"Do I smell your gums of incense?
Is my ear with chantings fed?
Taste I your wine of worship,
Or eat your holy bread?

"Of rank and name and honors
Am I vain as ye are vain?
What can Eternal Fullness
From your lip-service gain?

"Ye make me not your debtor
Who serve yourselves alone;
Ye boast to me of service
Whose gain is all your own.

"For you I gave the prophets,
For you the Psalmist's lay;
For you the law's stone tables,
And holy book and day.

"Ye change to weary burdens
The helps that should uplift;
Ye lose in sign the substance,
The Giver in the gift.

"Who called ye to self-torment,
To fast and penance vain?
Dream ye Eternal Goodness
Has joy in mortal pain?

"For the death in life of Nitria,
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,
What better is the neighbor,
Or happier the home?

"Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serveth me alone.

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"I note each gracious purpose,
Each kindly word and deed;
Are ye not all my children?
Shall not the Father heed?

"I loathe your wrangling councils,
I tread upon your creeds;
Who made ye mine avengers;
Or told ye of my needs?

"I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate;
Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.

"Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.

"For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch his empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.

"O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego;
Who listens to his inward voice
Alone of him shall know.

"Climb not the holy mountains,
Their eagles know not me;
Seek not the Blessed Islands,
I dwell not in the sea.

"The gods are gone forever
From Zanskar's glacier sides,
And in the Buddha's footprints
The Ceylon serpent glides.

"No more from shaded Delphos
The weird responses come;
Dodona's oaks are silent,
The Hebrew Bath-Col dumb!

"No more from rocky Horeb
The smitten waters gush;
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,
Quenched is the burning bush.

"The jewels of the Urim
And Thummim all are dim;

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The fire has left the altar,
The sign the teraphim.

"No more in ark or hill grove
The Holiest abides;
Not in the scroll's dead letter
The eternal secret hides.

"The eye shall fail that searches
For me the hollow sky;
The far is even as the near,
The low is as the high.

"What if the earth is hiding
Her old faiths, long outworn?
What is it to the changeless truth
That yours shall fail in turn?

"What if the o'erturned altar
Lays bare the ancient lie?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die?

"Have ye not still my witness
Within yourselves alway,
My hand that on the keys of life
For bliss or bale I lay?

"Still, in perpetual judgment,
I hold assize within,
With sure reward of holiness,
And dread rebuke of sin.

"A light, a guide, a warning,
A presence ever near,
Through the deep silence of the flesh
I reach the inward ear.

"My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul,
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

"The stern behests of duty,
The doom-books open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone."

A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle;
On hills of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.

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The slow, cool wind of evening
  Blew over leaf and bloom;
And, faint and far, the Angelus
  Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.

Then up rose Master Echard,
  And marveled: "Can it be
That here, in dream and vision,
  The Lord hath talked with me?"

He went his way; behind him
  The shrines of saintly dead,
The holy coat, and nail of cross,
  He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Eltzbach
  His burdened soul to free,
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel
  Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, at his Order's kloster,
  He sat, in night-long parle,
With Tauler of the Friends of God,
  And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo, the twain made answer:
  "Yea, brother, even thus
The Voice above all voices
  Hath spoken unto us.

"The world will have its idols,
  And flesh and sense their sign;
But the blinded eyes shall open,
  And the gross ear be fine.

"What if the vision tarry?
  God's time is always best;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
  The Christ within confessed.

"In mercy and in judgment
  He shall turn and overturn,
Till the heart shall be His temple,
  And all of Him shall learn."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

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THE EUROPEANS.

VII.

Felix Young finished Gertrude's portrait, and he afterwards transferred to canvas the features of many members of that circle of which it may be said that he had become, for the time, the pivot and the centre. I am afraid it must be confessed that he was a decidedly flattering painter, and that he imparted to his models a romantic grace which seemed easily and cheaply acquired by the payment of a hundred dollars to a young man who made "sitting" so entertaining. For Felix was paid for his pictures, making, as he did, no secret of the fact that in guiding his steps to the Western world affectionate curiosity had gone hand in hand with a desire to better his condition. He took his uncle's portrait quite as if Mr. Wentworth had never averted himself from the experiment; and as he compassed his end only by the exercise of gentle violence it is but fair to add that he allowed the old man to give him nothing but his time. He passed his arm into Mr. Wentworth's one summer morning, — very few arms, indeed, had ever passed into Mr. Wentworth's, — and led him across the garden and along the road into the studio which he had extemporized in the little house among the apple-trees. The grave gentleman felt himself more and more fascinated by his clever nephew, whose fresh, demonstrative youth seemed a compendium of experiences so strangely numerous. It appeared to him that Felix must know a great deal; he would like to learn what he thought about some of those things as regards which his own conversation had always been formal, but his knowledge vague. Felix had a confident, gayly trenchant way of judging human actions which Mr. Wentworth grew little by little to envy; it seemed like criticism made easy. Forming an opinion — say on a person's conduct — was, with Mr. Wentworth, a good deal like fumbling in a lock with a key chosen at hazard. He seemed to himself to go about the world with a big bunch of these ineffectual instruments at his girdle. His nephew, on the other hand, with a single turn of the wrist, opened any door as adroitly as a house-thief. He felt obliged to keep up the convention that an uncle is always wiser than a nephew, even if he could keep it up no otherwise than by listening in serious silence to Felix's quick, light, constant discourse. But there came a day when he lapsed from consistency and almost asked his nephew's advice.

"Have you ever entertained the idea of settling in the United States?" he asked one morning, while Felix brilliantly plied his brush.

"My dear uncle," said Felix, "excuse me if your question makes me smile a little. To begin with, I have never entertained an idea. Ideas often entertain *me;* but I am afraid I have never seriously made a plan. I know what you are going to say; or rather, I know what you think, for I don't think you will say it, — that is very frivolous and loose-minded on my part. So it is; but I am made like that; I take things as they come, and somehow there is always some new thing to follow the last. In the second place, I should never propose to *settle.* I can't settle, my dear uncle; I 'm not a settler. I know that is what strangers are supposed to do here; they always settle. But I have n't — to answer your question — entertained that idea."

"You intend to return to Europe and resume your irregular manner of life?" Mr. Wentworth inquired.

"I can't say I intend. But it 's very likely I shall go back to Europe. After all, I am a European. I feel that, you know. It will depend a good deal upon my sister. She 's even more of a European than I; here, you know, she 's a picture out of her setting. And as for

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'resuming,' dear uncle, I really have never given up my irregular manner of life. What, for me, could be more irregular than this?"

"Than what?" asked Mr. Wentworth, with his pale gravity.

"Well, than everything! Living in the midst of you, this way; this charming, quiet, serious family life; fraternizing with Charlotte and Gertrude; calling upon twenty young ladies, and going out to walk with them; sitting with you in the evening on the piazza and listening to the crickets, and going to bed at ten o'clock."

"Your description is very animated," said Mr. Wentworth; "but I see nothing improper in what you describe."

"Neither do I, dear uncle. It is extremely delightful; I should n't like it if it were improper. I assure you I don't like improper things; though I dare say you think I do," Felix went on, painting away.

"I have never accused you of that."

"Pray don't," said Felix, "because, you see, at bottom I am a terrible Philistine."

"A Philistine?" repeated Mr. Wentworth.

"I mean, as one may say, a plain, God-fearing man." Mr. Wentworth looked at him reservedly, like a mystified sage, and Felix continued, "I trust I shall enjoy a venerable and venerated old age. I mean to live long. I can hardly call that a plan, perhaps; but it 's a keen desire, — a rosy vision. I shall be a lively, perhaps even a frivolous old man!"

"It is natural," said his uncle, sententiously, "that one should desire to prolong an agreeable life. We have perhaps a selfish indisposition to bring our pleasure to a close. But I presume," he added, "that you expect to marry."

"That too, dear uncle, is a hope, a desire, a vision," said Felix. It occurred to him for an instant that this was possibly a preface to the offer of the hand of one of Mr. Wentworth's admirable daughters. But in the name of decent modesty and a proper sense of the hard realities of this world, Felix banished the thought. His uncle was the incarnation of benevolence, certainly; but from that to accepting — much more postulating — the idea of a union between a young lady with a dowry presumptively brilliant and a penniless artist with no prospect of fame, there was a very long way. Felix had lately become conscious of a luxurious preference for the society — if possible, unshared with others — of Gertrude Wentworth; but he had relegated this young lady, for the moment, to the coldly brilliant category of unattainable possessions. She was not the first woman for whom he had entertained an unpractical admiration. He had been in love with duchesses and countesses, and he had made, once or twice, a perilously near approach to cynicism in declaring that the disinterestedness of women had been overrated. On the whole, he had tempered audacity with modesty; and it is but fair to him, now, to say explicitly that he would have been incapable of taking advantage of his present large allowance of familiarity to make love to the younger of his handsome cousins. Felix had grown up among traditions in the light of which such a proceeding looked like a grievous breach of hospitality. I have said that he was always happy, and it may be counted among the present sources of his happiness that he had, as regards this matter of his relations with Gertrude, a deliciously good conscience. His own deportment seemed to him suffused with the beauty of virtue, — a form of beauty that he admired with the same vivacity with which he admired all other forms.

"I think that if you marry," said Mr. Wentworth presently, "it will conduce to your happiness."

"*Sicurissimo!*" Felix exclaimed; and then, arresting his brush, he looked at his uncle with a smile. "There is something I feel tempted to say to you. May I risk it?"

Mr. Wentworth drew himself up a little. "I am very safe; I don't repeat things." But he hoped Felix would not risk too much.

Felix was laughing at his answer.

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"It 's odd to hear you telling me how to be happy. I don't think you know yourself, dear uncle. Now, does that sound brutal?"

The old man was silent a moment, and then, with a dry dignity that suddenly touched his nephew: "We may sometimes point out a road we are unable to follow."

"Ah, don't tell me you have had any sorrows," Felix rejoined. "I did n't suppose it, and I did n't mean to allude to them. I simply meant that you all don't amuse yourselves."

"Amuse ourselves? We are not children."

"Precisely not! You have reached the proper age. I was saying that, the other day, to Gertrude," Felix added. "I hope it was not indiscreet."

"If it was," said Mr. Wentworth, with a keener irony than Felix would have thought him capable of, "it was but your way of amusing yourself. I am afraid you have never had a trouble."

"Oh, yes, I have!" Felix declared, with some spirit; "before I knew better. But you don't catch me at it again."

Mr. Wentworth maintained for a while a silence more expressive than a deep-drawn sigh. "You have no children," he said at last.

"Don't tell me," Felix exclaimed, "that your charming young people are a source of grief to you!"

"I don't speak of Charlotte." And then, after a pause, Mr. Wentworth continued, "I don't speak of Gertrude. But I feel considerable anxiety about Clifford. I will tell you another time."

The next time he gave Felix a sitting his nephew reminded him that he had taken him into his confidence. "How is Clifford to-day?" Felix asked. "He has always seemed to me a young man of remarkable discretion. Indeed, he is only too discreet; he seems on his guard against me, — as if he thought me rather light company. The other day he told his sister — Gertrude repeated it to me — that I was always laughing at him. If I laugh it is simply from the impulse to try and inspire him with confidence. That is the only way I have."

"Clifford's situation is no laughing matter," said Mr. Wentworth. "It is very peculiar, as I suppose you have guessed."

"Ah, you mean his love affair with his cousin?"

Mr. Wentworth stared, blushing a little. "I mean his absence from college. He has been suspended. We have decided not to speak of it unless we are asked."

"Suspended?" Felix repeated.

"He has been requested by the Harvard authorities to absent himself for six months. Meanwhile he is studying with Mr. Brand. We think Mr. Brand will help him; at least we hope so."

"What befell him at college?" Felix asked. "He was too fond of pleasure? Mr. Brand certainly will not teach him any of those secrets!"

"He was too fond of something of which he should not have been fond. I suppose it is considered a pleasure."

Felix gave his light laugh. "My dear uncle, is there any doubt about its being a pleasure? *C'est de son âge*, as they say in France."

"I should have said rather it was a vice of later life, — of disappointed old age."

Felix glanced at his uncle, with his lifted eyebrows, and then, "Of what are you speaking?" he demanded, smiling.

"Of the situation in which Clifford was found."

"Ah, he was found, — he was caught?"

"Necessarily, he was caught. He could n't walk; he staggered."

"Oh," said Felix, "he drinks! I rather suspected that, from something I observed the first day I came here. I quite agree with you that it is a low taste. It 's not a vice for a gentleman. He ought to give it up."

"We hope for a good deal from Mr. Brand's influence," Mr. Wentworth went on. "He has talked to him from the first. And he never touches anything himself."

"I will talk to him, — I will talk to him!" Felix declared, gayly.

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"What will you say to him?" asked his uncle, with some apprehension.

Felix for some moments answered nothing. "Do you mean to marry him to his cousin?" he asked at last.

"Marry him?" echoed Mr. Wentworth. "I should n't think his cousin would want to marry him."

"You have no understanding, then, with Mrs. Acton?"

Mr. Wentworth stared, almost blankly. "I have never discussed such subjects with her."

"I should think it might be time," said Felix. "Lizzie Acton is admirably pretty, and if Clifford is dangerous" . . .

"They are not engaged," said Mr. Wentworth. "I have no reason to suppose they are engaged."

"*Par exemple!*" cried Felix. "A clandestine engagement? Trust me, Clifford, as I say, is a charming boy. He is incapable of that. Lizzie Acton, then, would not be jealous of another woman."

"I certainly hope not," said the old man, with a vague sense of jealousy being an even lower vice than a love of liquor.

"The best thing for Clifford, then," Felix propounded, "is to become interested in some clever, charming woman." And he paused in his painting, and, with his elbows on his knees, looked with bright communicativeness at his uncle. "You see, I believe greatly in the influence of women. Living with women helps to make a man a gentleman. It is very true, Clifford has his sisters, who are so charming. But there should be a different sentiment in play from the fraternal, you know. He has Lizzie Acton; but she, perhaps, is rather immature."

"I suspect Lizzie has talked to him, reasoned with him," said Mr. Wentworth.

"On the impropriety of getting tipsy, — on the beauty of temperance? That is dreary work for a pretty young girl. No," Felix continued; "Clifford ought to frequent some agreeable woman, who, without ever mentioning such unsavory subjects, would give him a sense of its being very ridiculous to be fuddled. If he could fall in love with her a little, so much the better. The thing would operate as a cure."

"Well, now, what lady should you suggest?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"There is a clever woman under your hand. My sister."

"Your sister — under my hand?" Mr. Wentworth repeated.

"Say a word to Clifford. Tell him to be bold. He is well disposed already; he has invited her two or three times to drive. But I don't think he comes to see her. Give him a hint to come, — to come often. He will sit there of an afternoon, and they will talk. It will do him good."

Mr. Wentworth meditated. "You think she will exercise a helpful influence?"

"She will exercise a civilizing — I may call it a sobering — influence. A charming, clever, witty woman always does, — especially if she is a little of a coquette. My dear uncle, the society of such women has been half my education. If Clifford is suspended, as you say, from college, let Eugenia be his preceptress."

Mr. Wentworth continued thoughtful. "You think Eugenia is a coquette?" he asked.

"What pretty woman is not?" Felix demanded in turn. But this, for Mr. Wentworth, could at the best have been no answer, for he did not think his niece pretty. "With Clifford," the young man pursued, "Eugenia will simply be enough of a coquette to be a little ironical. That's what he needs. So you recommend him to be nice with her, you know. The suggestion will come best from you."

"Do I understand," asked the old man, "that I am to suggest to my son to make a — a profession of — of affection to Madame Münster?"

"Yes, yes, — a profession!" cried Felix, sympathetically.

"But, as I understand it, Madame Münster is a married woman."

"Ah," said Felix, smiling, "of course

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she can't marry him. But she will do what she can."

Mr. Wentworth sat for some time with his eyes on the floor; at last he got up. "I don't think," he said, "that I can undertake to recommend my son any such course." And without meeting Felix's surprised glance he broke off his sitting, which was not resumed for a fortnight.

Felix was very fond of the little lake which occupied so many of Mr. Wentworth's numerous acres, and of a remarkable pine grove which lay upon the further side of it, planted upon a steep embankment and haunted by the summer breeze. The murmur of the air in the far-off tree-tops had a strange distinctness. It was almost articulate. One afternoon the young man came out of his painting-room and passed the open door of Eugenia's little *salon*. Within, in the cool dimness, he saw his sister, dressed in white, buried in her arm-chair, and holding to her face an immense bouquet. Opposite to her sat Clifford Wentworth, twirling his hat. He had evidently just presented the bouquet to the baroness, whose fine eyes, as she glanced at him over the big roses and geraniums, wore a conversational smile. Felix, standing on the threshold of the cottage, hesitated for a moment as to whether he should retrace his steps and enter the parlor. Then he went his way and passed into Mr. Wentworth's garden. That civilizing process to which he had suggested that Clifford should be subjected appeared to have come on of itself. Felix was very sure, at least, that Mr. Wentworth had not adopted his ingenious device for stimulating the young man's æsthetic consciousness. "Doubtless he supposes," he said to himself, after the conversation that has been narrated, "that I desire, out of fraternal benevolence, to procure for Eugenia the amusement of a flirtation — or, as he probably calls it, an intrigue — with the too susceptible Clifford. It must be admitted — and I have noticed it before — that nothing exceeds the license occasionally taken by the imagination of very rigid people." Felix, on his own side, had of course said nothing to Clifford; but he had observed to Eugenia that Mr. Wentworth was much mortified at his son's low tastes. "We ought to do something to help them, after all their kindness to us," he had added. "Encourage Clifford to come and see you, and inspire him with a taste for conversation. That will supplant the other, which only comes from his puerility, from his not taking his position in the world — that of a rich young man of ancient stock — seriously enough. Make him a little more serious. Even if he makes love to you it is no great matter."

"I am to offer myself as a superior form of intoxication, — a substitute for a brandy bottle, eh?" asked the baroness. "Truly, in this country one comes to strange uses."

But she had not positively declined to undertake Clifford's higher education, and Felix, who had not thought of the matter again, being haunted with visions of more personal profit, now reflected that the work of redemption had fairly begun. The idea in prospect had seemed of the happiest, but in operation it made him a trifle uneasy. "What if Eugenia — what if Eugenia" — he asked himself softly, the question dying away in his sense of Eugenia's undetermined capacity. But before Felix had time either to accept or to reject its admonition, even in this vague form, he saw Robert Acton turn out of Mr. Wentworth's inclosure, by a distant gate, and come toward the cottage in the orchard. Acton had evidently walked from his own house along a shady by-way, and he was intending to pay a visit to Madame Münster. Felix watched him a moment; then he turned away. Acton could be left to play the part of Providence and interrupt — if interruption were needed — Eugenia's *tête-à-tête* with Clifford.

Felix passed through the garden toward the house and toward a postern gate which opened upon a path leading across the fields, beside a little wood, to the lake. He stopped and looked up at the house; his eyes rested more particularly upon a certain open window, on

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the shady side. Presently Gertrude appeared there, looking out into the summer light. He took off his hat to her and bade her good-day; he remarked that he was going to row across the pond, and begged that she would do him the honor to accompany him. She looked at him a moment; then, without saying anything, she turned away. But she soon reappeared below in one of those quaint and charming Leghorn hats, tied with white satin bows, that were worn at that period; she also carried a green parasol. She went with him to the edge of the lake, where a couple of boats were always moored; they got into one of them, and Felix, with gentle strokes, propelled it to the opposite shore. The day was the perfection of summer weather; the little lake was the color of sunshine; the plash of the oars was the only sound, and they found themselves listening to it. They disembarked, and, by a winding path, ascended the pine-crested mound which overlooked the water, whose white expanse glittered between the tree trunks. The place was delightfully cool, and had the added charm that — in the softly sounding pine boughs — you seemed to hear the coolness as well as feel it. Felix and Gertrude sat down on the rust-colored carpet of pine needles and talked of many things. Felix spoke at last, in the course of talk, of his going away; it was the first time he had alluded to it.

"You are going away?" said Gertrude, looking at him.

"Some day, — when the leaves begin to fall. You know I can't stay forever."

Gertrude transferred her eyes to the outer prospect, and then, after a pause, she said, "I shall never see you again."

"Why not?" asked Felix. "We shall probably both survive my departure."

But Gertrude only repeated, "I shall never see you again. I shall never hear of you," she went on. "I shall know nothing about you. I knew nothing about you before, and it will be the same again."

"I knew nothing about you then, unfortunately," said Felix. "But now I shall write to you."

"Don't write to me. I shall not answer you," Gertrude declared.

"I should of course burn your letters," said Felix.

Gertrude looked at him again. "Burn my letters? You sometimes say strange things."

"They are not strange in themselves," the young man answered. "They are only strange as said to you. You will come to Europe."

"With whom shall I come?" She asked this question simply; she was very much in earnest. Felix was interested in her earnestness. For some moments he hesitated. "You can't tell me that," she pursued. "You can't say that I shall go with my father and my sister; you don't believe that."

"I shall keep your letters," said Felix, presently, for all answer.

"I never write. I don't know how to write." Gertrude, for some time, said nothing more; and her companion, as he looked at her, wished it had not been "disloyal" to make love to the daughter of an old gentleman who had offered one hospitality. The afternoon waned; the shadows stretched themselves; and the light grew deeper in the western sky. Two persons appeared on the opposite side of the lake, coming from the house and crossing the meadow. "It is Charlotte and Mr. Brand," said Gertrude. "They are coming over here." But Charlotte and Mr. Brand only came down to the edge of the water, and stood there, looking across; they made no motion to enter the boat that Felix had left at the mooring-place. Felix waved his hat to them; it was too far to call. They made no visible response, and they presently turned away and walked along the shore.

"Mr. Brand is not demonstrative," said Felix. "He is never demonstrative to me. He sits silent, with his chin in his hand, looking at me. Sometimes he looks away. Your father tells me he is so eloquent; and I should like to hear him talk. He looks like such a noble young man. But with me he will never

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talk. And yet I am so fond of listening to brilliant imagery!"

"He is very eloquent," said Gertrude; "but he has no brilliant imagery. I have heard him talk a great deal. I knew that when they saw us they would not come over here."

"Ah, he is making *la cour*, as they say, to your sister? They desire to be alone?"

"No," said Gertrude, gravely, "they have no such reason as that for being alone."

"But why does n't he make la cour to Charlotte?" Felix inquired. "She is so pretty, so gentle, so good."

Gertrude glanced at him, and then she looked at the distantly-seen couple they were discussing. Mr. Brand and Charlotte were walking side by side. They might have been a pair of lovers, and yet they might not. "They think I should not be here," said Gertrude.

"With me? I thought you did n't have those ideas."

"You don't understand. There are a great many things you don't understand."

"I understand my stupidity. But why, then, do not Charlotte and Mr. Brand, who, as an elder sister and a clergyman, are free to walk about together, come over and make me wiser by breaking up the unlawful interview into which I have lured you?"

"That is the last thing they would do," said Gertrude.

Felix stared at her a moment, with his lifted eyebrows. "Je n'y comprends rien!" he exclaimed; then his eyes followed for a while the retreating figures of this critical couple. "You may say what you please," he declared; "it is evident to me that your sister is not indifferent to her clever companion. It is agreeable to her to be walking there with him. I can see that from here." And in the excitement of observation Felix rose to his feet.

Gertrude rose also, but she made no attempt to emulate her companion's discovery; she looked rather in another direction. Felix's words had struck her; but a certain delicacy checked her. "She is certainly not indifferent to Mr. Brand; she has the highest opinion of him."

"One can see it, — one can see it," said Felix in a tone of amused contemplation, with his head on one side. Gertrude turned her back to the opposite shore; it was disagreeable to her to look, but she hoped Felix would say something more. "Ah, they have wandered away into the wood," he added.

Gertrude turned round again. "She is *not* in love with him," she said; it seemed her duty to say that.

"Then he is in love with her; or if he is not, he ought to be. She is such a perfect little woman of her kind. She reminds me of a pair of old-fashioned silver sugar-tongs; you know I am very fond of sugar. And she is very nice with Mr. Brand; I have noticed that; very gentle and gracious."

Gertrude reflected a moment. Then she took a great resolution. "She wants him to marry me," she said. "So of course she is nice."

Felix's eyebrows rose higher than ever. "To marry you! Ah, ah, this is interesting. And you think one must be very nice with a man to induce him to do that?"

Gertrude had turned a little pale, but she went on: "Mr. Brand wants it himself."

Felix folded his arms and stood looking at her. "I see, — I see," he said quickly. "Why did you never tell me this before?"

"It is disagreeable to me to speak of it even now. I wished simply to explain to you about Charlotte."

"You don't wish to marry Mr. Brand, then?"

"No," said Gertrude, gravely.

"And does your father wish it?"

"Very much."

"And you don't like him, — you have refused him?"

"I don't wish to marry him."

"Your father and sister think you ought to, eh?"

"It is a long story," said Gertrude. "They think there are good reasons. I can't explain it. They think I have

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obligations, and that I have encouraged him."

Felix smiled at her, as if she had been telling him an amusing story about some one else. "I can't tell you how this interests me," he said. "Now you don't recognize these reasons, — these obligations?"

"I am not sure; it is not easy." And she picked up her parasol and turned away, as if to descend the slope.

"Tell me this," Felix went on, going with her: "are you likely to give in, — to let them persuade you?"

Gertrude looked at him with the serious face that she had constantly worn, in opposition to his almost eager smile. "I shall never marry Mr. Brand," she said.

"I see!" Felix rejoined. And they slowly descended the hill together, saying nothing till they reached the margin of the pond. "It is your own affair," he then resumed; "but do you know, I am not altogether glad? If it were settled that you were to marry Mr. Brand I should take a certain comfort in the arrangement. I should feel more free. I have no right to make love to you myself, eh?" And he paused, lightly pressing his argument upon her.

"None whatever," replied Gertrude quickly, — too quickly.

"Your father would never hear of it; I have n't a penny. Mr. Brand, of course, has property of his own, eh?"

"I believe he has some property; but that has nothing to do with it."

"With you, of course not; but with your father and sister it must have. So, as I say, if this were settled, I should feel more at liberty."

"More at liberty?" Gertrude repeated. "Please unfasten the boat."

Felix untwisted the rope and stood holding it. "I should be able to say things to you that I can't give myself the pleasure of saying now," he went on. "I could tell you how much I admire you, without seeming to pretend to that which I have no right to pretend to. I should make violent love to you," he added, laughing, "if I thought you were so placed as not to be offended by it."

"You mean if I were engaged to another man? That is strange reasoning!" Gertrude exclaimed.

"In that case you would not take me seriously."

"I take every one seriously!" said Gertrude. And without his help she stepped lightly into the boat.

Felix took up the oars and sent it forward. "Ah, this is what you have been thinking about? It seemed to me you had something on your mind. I wish very much," he added, "that you would tell me some of these so-called reasons, — these obligations."

"They are not real reasons, — good reasons," said Gertrude, looking at the pink and yellow gleams in the water.

"I can understand that! Because a handsome girl has had a spark of coquetry, that is no reason."

"If you mean me, it 's not that. I have not done that."

"It is something that troubles you, at any rate," said Felix.

"Not so much as it used to," Gertrude rejoined.

He looked at her, smiling always. "That is not saying much, eh?" But she only rested her eyes, very gravely, on the lighted water. She seemed to him to be trying to hide the signs of the trouble of which she had just told him. Felix felt, at all times, much the same impulse to dissipate visible melancholy that a good housewife feels to brush away dust. There was something he wished to brush away now; suddenly he stopped rowing and poised his oars. "Why should Mr. Brand have addressed himself to you, and not to your sister?" he asked. "I am sure she would listen to him."

Gertrude, in her family, was thought capable of a good deal of levity; but her levity had never gone so far as this. It moved her greatly, however, to hear Felix say that he was sure of something; so that, raising her eyes toward him, she tried intently, for some moments, to conjure up this wonderful image of a love-affair between her own sister and her own suitor. We know that Gertrude had an imaginative mind; so that it is

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not impossible that this effort should have been partially successful. But she only murmured, "Ah, Felix! ah Felix!"

"Why should n't they marry? Try and make them marry!" cried Felix.

"Try and make them?"

"Turn the tables on them. Then they will leave you alone. I will help you as far as I can."

Gertrude's heart began to beat; she was greatly excited; she had never had anything so interesting proposed to her before. Felix had begun to row again, and he now sent the boat home with long strokes. "I believe she *does* care for him!" said Gertrude, after they had disembarked.

"Of course she does, and we will marry them off. It will make them happy; it will make every one happy. We shall have a wedding, and I will write an epithalamium."

"It seems as if it would make *me* happy," said Gertrude.

"To get rid of Mr. Brand, eh? To recover your liberty?"

Gertrude walked on. "To see my sister married to so good a man."

Felix gave his light laugh. "You always put things on those grounds; you will never say anything for yourself. You are all so afraid, here, of being selfish. I don't think you know how," he went on. "Let me show you! It will make me happy for myself, and for just the reverse of what I told you a while ago. After that, when I make love to you, you will have to think I mean it."

"I shall never think you mean anything," said Gertrude. "You are too fantastic."

"Ah," cried Felix, "that 's a license to say everything! Gertrude, I adore you!"

VIII.

Charlotte and Mr. Brand had not returned when they reached the house; but the baroness had come to tea, and Robert Acton also, who now regularly asked for a place at this generous repast, or made his appearance later in the evening. Clifford Wentworth, with his juvenile growl, remarked upon it.

"You are always coming to tea nowadays, Robert," he said. "I should think you had drunk enough tea in China."

"Since when is Mr. Acton more frequent?" asked the baroness.

"Since you came," said Clifford. "It seems as if you were a kind of attraction."

"I suppose I am a curiosity," said the baroness. "Give me time and I will make you a salon."

"It would fall to pieces after you go!" exclaimed Acton.

"Don't talk about her going, in that familiar way," Clifford said. "It makes me feel gloomy."

Mr. Wentworth glanced at his son, and, taking note of these words, wondered if Felix had been teaching him, according to the programme he had sketched out, to make love to the wife of a German prince.

Charlotte came in late with Mr. Brand; but Gertrude, to whom, at least, Felix had taught something, looked in vain, in her face, for the traces of a guilty passion. Mr. Brand sat down by Gertrude, and she presently asked him why they had not crossed the pond to join Felix and herself.

"It is cruel of you to ask me that," he answered, very softly. He had a large morsel of cake before him; but he fingered it without eating it. "I sometimes think you are growing cruel," he added.

Gertrude said nothing; she was afraid to speak. There was a kind of rage in her heart; she felt as if she could easily persuade herself that she was persecuted. She said to herself that it was quite right that she should not allow him to make her believe she was wrong. She thought of what Felix had said to her; she wished, indeed, Mr. Brand would marry Charlotte. She looked away from him, and spoke no more. Mr. Brand ended by eating his cake, while Felix sat opposite, describing to Mr. Went worth the students' duels at Heidelberg. After tea they all dispersed themselves,

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as usual, upon the piazza and in the garden; and Mr. Brand drew near to Gertrude again.

"I did n't come to you this afternoon because you were not alone," he began; "because you were with a newer friend."

"Felix? He is an old friend by this time."

Mr. Brand looked at the ground for some moments. "I thought I was prepared to hear you speak in that way," he resumed. "But I find it very painful."

"I don't see what else I can say," said Gertrude.

Mr. Brand walked beside her for a while in silence. Gertrude wished he would go away. "He is certainly very accomplished. But I think I ought to advise you."

"To advise me?"

"I think I know your nature."

"I think you don't," said Gertrude, with a little laugh.

"You make yourself out worse than you are, — to please him," Mr. Brand said, softly.

"Worse — to please him? What do you mean?" asked Gertrude, stopping.

Mr. Brand stopped also, and with the same soft straightforwardness, "He does n't care for the things you care for, — the great questions of life."

Gertrude, with her eyes on his, shook her head. "I don't care for the great questions of life. They are much beyond me."

"There was a time when you did n't say that," said Mr. Brand.

"Oh," rejoined Gertrude, "I think you make me talk a great deal of nonsense. And it depends," she added, "upon what you call the great questions of life. There are some things I care for."

"Are they the things you talk about with your cousin?"

"You should not say things to me against my cousin, Mr. Brand," said Gertrude. "That is dishonorable."

He listened to this respectfully; then he answered, with a little vibration of the voice, "I should be very sorry to do anything dishonorable. But I don't see why it is dishonorable to say that your cousin is frivolous."

"Go and say it to himself!"

"I think he would admit it," said Mr. Brand. "That is the tone he would take. He would not be ashamed of it."

"Then I am not ashamed of it!" Gertrude declared. "That is probably what I like him for. I am frivolous myself."

"You are trying, as I said just now, to lower yourself."

"I am trying for once to be natural!" cried Gertrude passionately. "I have been pretending all my life; I have been dishonest; it is you that have made me so!" Mr. Brand stood gazing at her, and she went on: "Why should n't I be frivolous, if I want? One has a right to be frivolous, if it 's one's nature. No, I don't care for the great questions. I care for pleasure, — for amusement. Perhaps I am fond of wicked things; it is very possible!"

Mr. Brand remained staring; he was even a little pale, as if he had been frightened. "I don't think you know what you are saying!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I am talking nonsense. But it is only with you that I talk nonsense. I never do so with my cousin."

"I will speak to you again, when you are less excited," said Mr. Brand.

"I am always excited when you speak to me. I must tell you that, — even if it prevents you altogether, in future. Your speaking to me irritates me. With my cousin it is very different. That seems quiet and natural."

He looked at her, and then he looked away, with a kind of helpless distress, at the dusky garden and the faint summer stars. After which, suddenly turning back, "Gertrude, Gertrude!" he softly groaned. "Am I really losing you?"

She was touched, — she was pained; but it had already occurred to her that she might do something better than say so. It would not have alleviated her companion's distress to perceive, just then, whence she had sympathetically borrowed this ingenuity. "I am not

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sorry for you," Gertrude said; "for in paying so much attention to me you are following a shadow, — you are wasting something precious. There is something else you might have that you don't look at, — something better than I am. That is a reality!" And then, with intention, she looked at him and tried to smile a little. He thought this smile of hers very strange; but she turned away and left him..

She wandered about alone in the garden wondering what Mr. Brand would make of her words, which it had been a singular pleasure for her to utter. Shortly after, passing in front of the house, she saw at a distance two persons standing near the garden gate. It was Mr. Brand going away and bidding good-night to Charlotte, who had walked down with him from the house. Gertrude saw that the parting was prolonged. Then she turned her back upon it. She had not gone very far, however, when she heard her sister slowly following her. She neither turned round nor waited for her; she knew what Charlotte was going to say. Charlotte, who at last overtook her, in fact presently began; she had passed her arm into Gertrude's.

"Will you listen to me, dear, if I say something very particular?"

"I know what you are going to say," said Gertrude. "Mr. Brand feels very badly."

"Oh, Gertrude, how can you treat him so?" Charlotte demanded. And as her sister made no answer she added, "After all he has done for you!"

"What has he done for me?"

"I wonder you can ask, Gertrude. He has helped you so. You told me so yourself, a great many times. You told me that he helped you to struggle with your — your peculiarities. You told me that he had taught you how to govern your temper."

For a moment Gertrude said nothing. Then, "Was my temper very bad?" she asked.

"I am not accusing you, Gertrude," said Charlotte.

"What are you doing, then?" her sister demanded, with a little laugh.

"I am pleading for Mr. Brand, — reminding you of all you owe him."

"I have given it all back," said Gertrude, still with her little laugh. "He can take back the virtue he imparted! I want to be wicked again."

Her sister made her stop in the path, and fixed upon her, in the darkness, a sweet, reproachful gaze. "If you talk this way I shall almost believe it. Think of all we owe Mr. Brand. Think of how he has always expected something of you. Think how much he has been to us. Think of his beautiful influence upon Clifford."

"He is very good," said Gertrude, looking at her sister. "I know he is very good. But he shouldn't speak against Felix."

"Felix is good," Charlotte answered, softly but promptly. "Felix is very wonderful. Only he is so different. Mr. Brand is much nearer to us. I should never think of going to Felix with a trouble, — with a question. Mr. Brand is much *more* to us, Gertrude."

"He is very — very good," Gertrude repeated. "He is more to you; yes, much more. Charlotte," she added suddenly, "you are in love with him!"

"Oh, Gertrude!" cried poor Charlotte; and her sister saw her blushing in the darkness.

Gertrude put her arm round her. "I wish he would marry you!" she went on.

Charlotte shook herself free. "You must not say such things!" she exclaimed, beneath her breath.

"You like him more than you say, and he likes you more than he knows."

"This is very cruel of you!" Charlotte Wentworth murmured.

But if it was cruel Gertrude continued pitiless. "Not if it's true," she answered. "I wish he would marry you."

"Please don't say that."

"I mean to tell him so!" said Gertrude.

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude!" her sister almost moaned.

"Yes, if he speaks to me again about myself. I will say, 'Why don't you

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marry Charlotte? She 's a thousand times better than I.' "

"You *are* wicked; you *are* changed!" cried her sister.

"If you don't like it you can prevent it," said Gertrude. "You can prevent it by keeping him from speaking to me!" And with this she walked away, very conscious of what she had done; measuring it and finding a certain joy and a quickened sense of freedom in it.

Mr. Wentworth was rather wide of the mark in suspecting that Clifford had begun to pay unscrupulous compliments to his brilliant cousin; for the young man had really more scruples than he received credit for in his family. He had a certain transparent shamefacedness which was in itself a proof that he was not at his ease in dissipation. His collegiate peccadilloes had aroused a domestic murmur as disagreeable to the young man as the creaking of his boots would have been to a house-breaker. Only, as the house-breaker would have simplified matters by removing his *chaussures*, it had seemed to Clifford that the shortest cut to comfortable relations with people — relations which should make him cease to think that when they spoke to him they meant something improving — was to renounce all ambition toward a nefarious development. And, in fact, Clifford's ambition took the most commendable form. He thought of himself in the future as the well-known and much-liked Mr. Wentworth, of Boston, who should, in the natural course of prosperity, have married his pretty cousin, Lizzie Acton; should live in a wide-fronted house, in view of the Common; and should drive, behind a light wagon, over the damp autumn roads, a pair of beautifully matched sorrel horses. Clifford's vision of the coming years was very simple; its most definite features were this element of familiar matrimony and the duplication of his resources for trotting. He had not yet asked his cousin to marry him; but he meant to do so as soon as he had taken his degree. Lizzie was serenely conscious of his intention, and she had made up her mind that he would improve. Her brother, who was very fond of this light, quick, competent little Lizzie, saw, on his side, no reason to interpose. It seemed to him a graceful social law that Clifford and his sister should become engaged; he himself was not engaged, but every one else, fortunately, was not such a fool as he. He was fond of Clifford, as well, and had his own way — of which it must be confessed he was a little ashamed — of looking at those aberrations which had led to the young man's compulsory retirement from the neighboring seat of learning. Acton had seen the world, as he said to himself; he had been to China and had knocked about among men. He had learned the essential difference between a good young fellow and a mean young fellow, and was satisfied that there was no harm in Clifford. He believed — although it must be added that he had not quite the courage to declare it — in the doctrine of wild oats, and thought it a useful preventive of superfluous fears. If Mr. Wentworth and Charlotte and Mr. Brand would only apply it in Clifford's case, they would be happier; and Acton thought it a pity they should not be happier. They took the boy's misdemeanors too much to heart; they talked to him too solemnly; they frightened and bewildered him. Of course there was the great standard of morality, which forbade that a man should get tipsy, play at billiards for money, or cultivate his sensual consciousness; but what fear was there that poor Clifford was going to run a tilt at any great standard? It had, however, never occurred to Acton to dedicate the Baroness Münster to the redemption of a refractory collegian. The instrument, here, would have seemed to him quite too complex for the operation. Felix, on the other hand, had spoken in obedience to the belief that the more charming a woman is, the more numerous, literally, are her definite social uses.

Eugenia herself, as we know, had plenty of leisure to enumerate her uses. As I have had the honor of intimating, she had come four thousand miles to seek her fortune; and it is not to be supposed that after this great effort she could neglect any apparent aid to ad-

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vancement. It is my misfortune that in attempting to describe in a short compass the deportment of this remarkable woman I am obliged to express things rather brutally. I feel this to be the case, for instance, when I say that she had primarily detected such an aid to advancement in the person of Robert Acton, but that she had afterwards remembered that a prudent archer has always a second bowstring. Eugenia was a woman of finely-mingled motive, and her intentions were never sensibly gross. She had a sort of æsthetic ideal for Clifford which seemed to her a disinterested reason for taking him in hand. It was very well for a fresh-colored young gentleman to be ingenuous; but Clifford, really, was crude. With such a pretty face he ought to have prettier manners. She would teach him that, with a beautiful name, the expectation of a large property, and, as they said in Europe, a social position, an only son should know how to carry himself.

Once Clifford had begun to come and see her by himself and for himself, he came very often. He hardly knew why he should come; he saw her almost every evening at his father's house; he had nothing particular to say to her. She was not a young girl, and fellows of his age called only upon young girls. He exaggerated her age; she seemed to him an old woman; it was happy that the baroness, with all her intelligence, was incapable of guessing this. But gradually it struck Clifford that visiting old women might be, if not a natural, at least, as they say of some articles of diet, an acquired taste. The baroness was certainly a very amusing old woman; she talked to him as no lady — and indeed no gentleman — had ever talked to him before.

"You should go to Europe and make the tour," she said to him one afternoon. "Of course, on leaving college you will go."

"I don't want to go," Clifford declared. "I know some fellows who have been to Europe. They say you can have better fun here."

"That depends. It depends upon your idea of fun. Your friends probably were not introduced."

"Introduced?" Clifford demanded.

"They had no opportunity of going into society; they formed no *relations*." This was one of a certain number of words that the baroness always pronounced in the French manner.

"They went to a ball, in Paris; I know that," said Clifford.

"Ah, there are balls and balls; especially in Paris. No, you must go, you know; it is not a thing from which you can dispense yourself. You need it."

"Oh, I'm very well," said Clifford. "I'm not sick."

"I don't mean for your health, my poor child. I mean for your manners."

"I have n't got any manners!" growled Clifford.

"Precisely. You don't mind my assenting to that, eh?" asked the baroness with a smile. "You must go to Europe and get a few. You can get them better there. It is a pity you might not have come while I was living in — in Germany. I would have introduced you; I had a charming little circle. You would perhaps have been rather young; but the younger one begins, I think, the better. Now, at any rate, you have no time to lose, and when I return you must immediately come to me."

All this, to Clifford's apprehension, was a great mixture, — his beginning young, Eugenia's return to Europe, his being introduced to her charming little circle. What was he to begin, and what was her little circle? His ideas about her marriage had a good deal of vagueness; but they were in so far definite as that he felt it to be a matter not to be freely mentioned. He sat and looked all round the room; he supposed she was alluding in some way to her marriage.

"Oh, I don't want to go to Germany," he said; it seemed to him the most convenient thing to say.

She looked at him a while, smiling with her lips, but not with her eyes. "You have scruples?" she asked.

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"Scruples?" said Clifford.

"You young people, here, are very singular; one does n't know where to expect you. When you are not extremely improper you are so terribly proper. I dare say you think that, owing to my irregular marriage, I live with loose people. You were never more mistaken. I have been all the more particular."

"Oh, no," said Clifford, honestly distressed. "I never thought such a thing as that."

"Are you very sure? I am convinced that your father does, and your sisters. They say to each other that here I am on my good behavior, but that over there — married by the left hand — I associate with light women."

"Oh, no," cried Clifford, energetically, "they don't say such things as that to each other!"

"If they think them they had better say them," the baroness rejoined. "Then they can be contradicted. Please contradict that whenever you hear it, and don't be afraid of coming to see me on account of the company I keep. I have the honor of knowing more distinguished men, my poor child, than you are likely to see in a life-time. I see very few women; but those are women of rank. So, my dear young Puritan, you need n't be afraid. I am not in the least one of those who think that the society of women who have lost their place in the *vrai monde* is necessary to form a young man. I have never taken that tone. I have kept my place myself, and I think we are a much better school than the others. Trust me, Clifford, and I will prove that to you," the baroness continued, while she made the agreeable reflection that she could not, at least, be accused of perverting her young kinsman. "So if you ever fall amongst thieves don't go about saying I sent you to them."

Clifford thought it so comical that he should know — in spite of her figurative language — what she meant, and that she should mean what he knew, that he could hardly help laughing a little, although he tried hard. "Oh, no! oh, no!" he murmured.

"Laugh out, laugh out, if I amuse you!" cried the baroness. "I am here for that!" And Clifford thought her a very amusing person indeed. "But remember," she said on this occasion, "that you are coming — next year — to pay me a visit over there."

About a week afterwards she said to him, point-blank, "Are you seriously making love to your little cousin?"

"Seriously making love," — these words, on Madame Münster's lips, had to Clifford's sense a portentous and embarrassing sound; he hesitated about assenting, lest he should commit himself to more than he understood. "Well, I should n't say it if I was!" he exclaimed.

"Why would n't you say it?" the baroness demanded. "Those things ought to be known."

"I don't care whether it is known or not," Clifford rejoined. "But I don't want people looking at me."

"A young man of your importance ought to learn to bear observation, — to carry himself as if he were quite indifferent to it. I won't say, exactly, unconscious," the baroness explained. "No, he must seem to know he is observed, and to think it natural he should be; but he must appear perfectly used to it. Now you have n't that, Clifford; you have n't that at all. You must have that, you know. Don't tell me you are not a young man of importance," Eugenia added. "Don't say anything so flat as that."

"Oh, no, you don't catch me saying that!" cried Clifford.

"Yes, you must come to Germany," Madame Münster continued. "I will show you how people can be talked about, and yet not seem to know it. You will be talked about, of course, with me; it will be said you are my lover. I will show you how little one may mind that, — how little I shall mind it."

Clifford sat staring, blushing, and laughing. "I shall mind it a good deal!" he declared.

"Ah, not too much, you know; that would be uncivil. But I give you leave to mind it a little; especially if you have a passion for Miss Acton. *Voyons;* as

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regards that, you either have, or you have not. It is very simple to say it."

"I don't see why you want to know," said Clifford.

"You ought to want me to know. If one is arranging a marriage, one tells one's friends."

"Oh, I 'm not arranging anything," said Clifford.

"You don't intend to marry your cousin?"

"Well, I expect I shall do as I choose!"

The baroness leaned her head upon the back of her chair and closed her eyes, as if she were tired. Then opening them again, "Your cousin is very charming," she said.

"She is the prettiest girl in this place," Clifford rejoined.

"'In this place' is saying little; she would be charming anywhere. I am afraid you are entangled."

"Oh, no, I 'm not entangled."

"Are you engaged? At your age that is the same thing."

Clifford looked at the baroness with some audacity. "Will you tell no one?"

"If it 's as sacred as that, — no."

"Well, then, — we are not!" said Clifford.

"That 's the great secret, — that you are not, eh?" asked the baroness, with a quick laugh. "I am very glad to hear it. You are altogether too young. A young man in your position must choose and compare; he must see the world first. Depend upon it," she added, "you should not settle that matter before you have come abroad and paid me that visit. There are several things I should like to call your attention to first."

"Well, I am rather afraid of that visit," said Clifford. "It seems to me it will be rather like going to school again."

The baroness looked at him a moment. "My dear child," she said, "there is no agreeable man who has not, at some moment, been to school to a clever woman, — probably a little older than himself. And you must be thankful when you get your instruction gratis. With me you would get it gratis."

The next day Clifford told Lizzie Acton that the baroness thought her the most charming girl she had ever seen.

Lizzie shook her head. "No, she does n't!" she said.

"Do you think everything she says," asked Clifford, "is to be taken the opposite way?"

"I think that it is!" said Lizzie.

Clifford was going to remark that in this case the baroness must desire greatly to bring about a marriage between Mr. Clifford Wentworth and Miss Elizabeth Acton; but he resolved, on the whole, to suppress this observation.

IX.

It seemed to Robert Acton, after Eugenia had come to his house, that something had passed between them which made them a good deal more intimate. It was hard to say exactly what, except her telling him that she had taken her resolution with regard to the Duke of Silberstadt; for Madame Münster's visit had made no difference in their relations. He came to see her very often; but he had come to see her very often before. It was agreeable to him to find himself in her little drawing-room; but this was not a new discovery. There was a change, however, in this sense: that if the baroness had been a great deal in Acton's thoughts before, she was now never out of them. From the first she had been personally fascinating; but the fascination now had become intellectual as well. He was constantly pondering her words and motions. They were as interesting as the factors in an algebraic problem. This is saying a good deal; for Acton was extremely fond of mathematics. He asked himself whether it could be that he was in love with her, and then hoped he was not; hoped it not so much for his own sake as for that of the amatory passion itself. If this was love, love had been overrated. Love was a poetic impulse, and his own state of feeling with regard to

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the baroness was largely characterized by that eminently prosaic sentiment, — curiosity. It was true, as Acton with his quietly cogitative habit observed to himself, that curiosity, pushed to a given point, might become a romantic passion; and he certainly thought enough about this charming woman to make him restless, and even a little melancholy. It puzzled and vexed him at times to feel that he was not more ardent. He was not in the least bent upon remaining a bachelor. In his younger years he had been — or he had tried to be — of the opinion that it would be a good deal "jollier" not to marry, and he had flattered himself that his single condition was something of a citadel. It was a citadel, at all events, of which he had long since leveled the outworks. He had removed the guns from the ramparts; he had lowered the draw-bridge across the moat. The draw-bridge had swayed lightly under Madame Münster's step; why should he not cause it to be raised again, so that she might be kept prisoner? He had an idea that she would become — in time at least, and on learning the conveniences of the place for making a lady comfortable — a tolerably patient captive. But the draw-bridge was never raised, and Acton's brilliant visitor was as free to depart as she had been to come. It was part of his curiosity to know why the deuce so susceptible a man was *not* in love with so charming a woman. If her various graces were, as I have said, the factors in an algebraic problem, the answer to this question was the indispensable, unknown quantity. The pursuit of the unknown quantity was extremely absorbing; for the present it taxed all Acton's faculties.

Toward the middle of August he was obliged to leave home for some days; an old friend, with whom he had been associated in China, had begged him to come to Newport, where he lay extremely ill. His friend got better, and at the end of a week Acton was released. I use the word "released" advisedly; for in spite of his attachment to his Chinese comrade he had been but a half-hearted visitor. He felt as if he had been called away from the theatre during the progress of a remarkably interesting drama. The curtain was up all this time, and he was losing the fourth act; that fourth act which would have been so essential to a just appreciation of the fifth. In other words, he was thinking about the baroness, who, seen at this distance, seemed a truly brilliant figure. He saw at Newport a great many pretty women, who certainly were figures as brilliant as beautiful light dresses could make them; but though they talked a great deal — and the baroness's strong point was perhaps also her conversation — Madame Münster appeared to lose nothing by the comparison. He wished she had come to Newport, too. Would it not be possible to make up, as they said, a party for visiting the famous watering-place, and invite Eugenia to join it? It was true that the complete satisfaction would be to spend a fortnight at Newport with Eugenia alone. It would be a great pleasure to see her, in society, carry everything before her, as he was sure she would do. When Acton caught himself thinking these thoughts he began to walk up and down, with his hands in his pockets, frowning a little and looking at the floor. What did it prove, — for it certainly proved something, — this lively disposition to be "off" somewhere with Madame Münster, away from all the rest of them? Such a vision, certainly, seemed a refined implication of matrimony, after the baroness should have formally got rid of her informal husband. At any rate, Acton, with his characteristic discretion, forbore to give expression to whatever else it might imply, and the narrator of these incidents is not obliged to be more definite.

He returned home rapidly, and, arriving in the afternoon, lost as little time as possible in joining the familiar circle at Mr. Wentworth's. On reaching the house, however, he found the piazzas empty. The doors and windows were open, and their emptiness was made clear by the shafts of lamp-light from the parlors. Entering the house, he found

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Mr. Wentworth sitting alone in one of these apartments, engaged in the perusal of the North American Review. After they had exchanged greetings and his cousin had made discreet inquiry about his journey, Acton asked what had become of Mr. Wentworth's companions.

"They are scattered about, amusing themselves as usual," said the old man. "I saw Charlotte, a short time since, seated, with Mr. Brand, upon the piazza. They were conversing with their customary animation. I suppose they have joined her sister, who, for the hundredth time, was doing the honors of the garden to her foreign cousin."

"I suppose you mean Felix," said Acton. And on Mr. Wentworth's assenting, he said, "And the others?"

"Your sister has not come this evening. You must have seen her at home," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes. I proposed to her to come. She declined."

"Lizzie, I suppose, was expecting a visitor," said the old man, with a kind of solemn slyness.

"If she was expecting Clifford, he had not turned up."

Mr. Wentworth, at this intelligence, closed the North American Review, and remarked that he had understood Clifford to say that he was going to see his cousin. Privately, he reflected that if Lizzie Acton had had no news of his son, Clifford must have gone to Boston for the evening; an unnatural course of a summer night, especially when accompanied with disingenuous representations.

"You must remember that he has two cousins," said Acton, laughing. And then, coming to the point, "If Lizzie is not here," he added, "neither apparently is the baroness."

Mr. Wentworth stared a moment, and remembered that queer proposition of Felix's. For a moment he did not know whether it was not to be wished that Clifford, after all, might have gone to Boston. "The baroness has not honored us to-night," he said. "She has not come over for three days."

"Is she ill?" Acton asked.

"No; I have been to see her."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Well," said Mr. Wentworth, "I infer she has tired of us."

Acton pretended to sit down, but he was restless; he found it impossible to talk with Mr. Wentworth. At the end of ten minutes he took up his hat and said that he thought he would "go off." It was very late; it was ten o'clock.

His quiet-faced kinsman looked at him a moment. "Are you going home?" he asked.

Acton hesitated, and then answered that he had proposed to go over and take a look at the baroness.

"Well, *you* are honest, at least," said Mr. Wentworth, sadly.

"So are you, if you come to that!" cried Acton, laughing. "Why should n't I be honest?"

The old man opened the North American again, and read a few lines. "If we have ever had any virtue among us, we had better keep hold of it now," he said. He was not quoting.

"We have a baroness among us," said Acton. "That's what we must keep hold of!" He was too impatient to see Madame Münster again to wonder what Mr. Wentworth was talking about. Nevertheless, after he had passed out of the house and traversed the garden and the little piece of road that separated him from Eugenia's provisional residence, he stopped a moment outside. He stood in her little garden; the long window of her parlor was open, and he could see the white curtains, with the lamp-light shining through them, swaying softly to and fro in the warm night wind. There was a sort of excitement in the idea of seeing Madame Münster again; he became aware that his heart was beating rather faster than usual. It was this that made him stop, with a half-amused surprise. But in a moment he went along the piazza, and, approaching the open window, tapped upon its lintel with his stick. He could see the baroness within; she was standing in the middle of the room. She came to the window and pulled aside the

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curtain; then she stood looking at him a moment. She was not smiling; she seemed serious.

"Mais entrez donc!" she said at last. Acton passed in across the window-sill; he wondered, for an instant, what was the matter with her. But the next moment she had begun to smile and had put out her hand. "Better late than never," she said. "It is very kind of you to come at this hour."

"I have just returned from my journey," said Acton.

"Ah, very kind, very kind," she repeated, looking about her where to sit.

"I went first to the other house," Acton continued. "I expected to find you there."

She had sunk into her usual chair; but she got up again, and began to move about the room. Acton had laid down his hat and stick; he was looking at her, conscious that there was in fact a great charm in seeing her again. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you to sit down," she said. "It is too late to begin a visit."

"It 's too early to end one," Acton declared; "and we need n't mind the beginning."

She looked at him again, and, after a moment, dropped once more into her low chair, while he took a place near her. "We are in the middle, then?" she asked. "Was that where we were when you went away? No, I have n't been to the other house."

"Not yesterday, nor the day before, eh?"

"I don't know how many days it is."

"You are tired of it," said Acton.

She leaned back in her chair; her arms were folded. "That is a terrible accusation, but I have not the courage to defend myself."

"I am not attacking you," said Acton. "I expected something of this kind."

"It 's a proof of extreme intelligence. I hope you enjoyed your journey."

"Not at all," Acton declared. "I should much rather have been here with you."

"Now you *are* attacking me," said the baroness. "You are contrasting my inconstancy with your own fidelity."

"I confess I never get tired of people I like."

"Ah, you are not a poor, wicked, foreign woman, with irritable nerves and a sophisticated mind!"

"Something has happened to you since I went away," said Acton, changing his place.

"Your going away, — that is what has happened to me."

"Do you mean to say that you have missed me?" he asked.

"If I had meant to say it, it would not be worth your making a note of. I am very dishonest, and my compliments are worthless."

Acton was silent for some moments. "You have broken down," he said at last.

Madame Münster left her chair, and began to move about.

"Only for a moment. I shall pull myself together again."

"You had better not take it too hard. If you are bored, you need n't be afraid to say so, — to me at least."

"You should n't say such things as that," the baroness answered. "You should encourage me."

"I admire your patience; that is encouraging."

"You should n't even say that. When you talk of my patience you are disloyal to your own people. Patience implies suffering; and what have I had to suffer?"

"Oh, not hunger, not unkindness, certainly," said Acton, laughing. "Nevertheless, we all admire your patience."

"You all detest me!" cried the baroness, with a sudden vehemence, turning her back toward him.

"You make it hard," said Acton, getting up, "for a man to say something tender to you." This evening there was something particularly striking and touching about her; an unwonted softness, and a look of suppressed emotion. He felt himself suddenly appreciating the fact that she had behaved very well. She had come to this quiet corner of the world under the weight of a cruel indig-

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nity, and she had been so gracefully, modestly thankful for the rest she found there. She had joined that simple circle over the way; she had mingled in its plain, provincial talk; she had shared its meagre and savorless pleasures. She had set herself a task, and she had rigidly performed it. She had conformed to the angular conditions of New England life, and she had had the tact and pluck to carry it off as if she liked them. Acton felt a more downright need than he had ever felt before to tell her that he admired her, and that she struck him as a very superior woman. All along, hitherto, he had been on his guard with her; he had been cautious, observant, suspicious. But now a certain light tumult in his blood seemed to tell him that a finer degree of confidence in this charming woman would be its own reward. "We don't detest you," he went on. "I don't know what you mean. At any rate, I speak for myself; I don't know anything about the others. Very likely, you detest them for the dull life they make you lead. Really, it would give me a sort of pleasure to hear you say so."

Eugenia had been looking at the door on the other side of the room; now she slowly turned her eyes toward Robert Acton. "What can be the motive," she asked, "of a man like you — an honest man, a *galant homme* — in saying so base a thing as that?"

"Does it sound very base?" asked Acton, candidly. "I suppose it does, and I thank you for telling me so. Of course, I don't mean it literally."

The baroness stood looking at him. "How do you mean it?" she asked.

This question was difficult to answer, and Acton, feeling the least bit foolish, walked to the open window and looked out. He stood there, thinking a moment, and then he turned back. "You know that document that you were to send to Germany," he said. "You called it your 'renunciation.' Did you ever send it?"

Madame Münster's eyes expanded; she looked very grave. "What a singular answer to my question!"

"Oh, it is n't an answer," said Acton. "I have wished to ask you, many times. I thought it probable you would tell me yourself. The question, on my part, seems abrupt now; but it would be abrupt at any time."

The baroness was silent a moment; and then, "I think I have told you too much!" she said.

This declaration appeared to Acton to have a certain force; he had indeed a sense of asking more of her than he offered her. He returned to the window, and watched, for a moment, a little star that twinkled through the lattice of the piazza. There were at any rate offers enough he could make; perhaps he had hitherto not been sufficiently explicit in doing so. "I wish you would ask something of me," he presently said. "Is there nothing I can do for you? If you can't stand this dull life any more, let me amuse you!"

The baroness had sunk once more into a chair, and she had taken up a fan which she held, with both hands, to her mouth. Over the top of the fan her eyes were fixed on him. "You are very strange to-night," she said, with a little laugh.

"I will do anything in the world," he rejoined, standing in front of her. "Should n't you like to travel about and see something of the country? Won't you go to Niagara? You ought to see Niagara, you know."

"With you, do you mean?"

"I should be delighted to take you."

"You alone?"

Acton looked at her, smiling, and yet with a serious air. "Well, yes; we might go alone," he said.

"If you were not what you are," she answered, "I should feel insulted."

"How do you mean, — what I am?"

"If you were one of the gentlemen I have been used to all my life. If you were not a queer Bostonian."

"If the gentlemen you have been used to have taught you to expect insults," said Acton, "I am glad I am what I am. You had much better come to Niagara."

"If you wish to 'amuse' me," the

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baroness declared, "you need go to no further expense. You amuse me very effectually."

He sat down opposite to her; she still held her fan up to her face, with her eyes only showing above it. There was a moment's silence, and then he said, returning to his former question, "Have you sent that document to Germany?"

Again there was a moment's silence. The expressive eyes of Madame Münster seemed, however, half to break it. "I will tell you — at Niagara!" she said.

She had hardly spoken when the door at the further end of the room opened, — the door upon which, some minutes previous, Eugenia had fixed her gaze. Clifford Wentworth stood there, blushing and looking rather awkward. The baroness rose, quickly, and Acton, more slowly, did the same. Clifford gave him no greeting; he was looking at Eugenia.

"Ah, you were here?" exclaimed Acton.

"He was in Felix's studio," said Madame Münster. "He wanted to see his sketches."

Clifford looked at Robert Acton, but said nothing. He only fanned himself with his hat. "You chose a bad moment," said Acton; "you had n't much light."

"I had n't any!" said Clifford, laughing.

"Your candle went out?" Eugenia asked. "You should have come back here and lighted it again."

Clifford looked at her a moment. "So I have — come back. But I have left the candle!"

Eugenia turned away. "You are very stupid, my poor boy. You had better go home."

"Well," said Clifford, "good night!"

"Have n't you a word to throw to a man when he has safely returned from a perilous journey?" Acton asked.

"How do you do?" said Clifford. "I thought — I thought you were" — And he paused, looking at the baroness again.

"You thought I was at Newport, eh? So I was, — this morning."

"Good night, clever child! said Madame Münster, over her shoulder.

Clifford stared at her, — not at all like a clever child; and then, with one of his little facetious growls, took his departure.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Acton, when he was gone. "He seemed rather in a muddle."

Eugenia, who was near the window, glanced out, listening a moment. "The matter — the matter" — she answered. "But you don't say such things here."

"If you mean that he had been drinking a little, you can say that."

"He does n't drink any more. I have cured him. And in return — he 's in love with me."

It was Acton's turn to stare. He instantly thought of his sister; but he said nothing about her. He began to laugh. "I don't wonder at his passion! But I wonder at his forsaking your society for that of your brother's paint-brushes."

Eugenia was silent a moment. "He had not been in the studio. I invented that, — on the instant."

"Invented it? For what purpose?"

"He has an idea of being romantic. He has adopted the habit of coming to see me at midnight, — passing only through the orchard and through Felix's painting-room, which has a door opening that way. It seems to amuse him," added Eugenia, with a little laugh.

Acton felt more surprised than he confessed to, for this was a new view of Clifford, whose irregularities had hitherto been quite without the romantic element. He tried to laugh again, but he felt rather too serious, and, after a moment's hesitation, his seriousness explained itself. "I hope you don't encourage him," he said. "He must not be inconstant to poor Lizzie."

"To your sister?"

"You know they are decidedly intimate," said Acton.

"Ah," cried Eugenia, smiling, "has she — has she" —

"I don't know," Acton interrupted, "what she has. But I always supposed that Clifford had a desire to make himself agreeable to her."

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"Ah, par exemple!" the baroness went on. "The little monster! The next time he becomes sentimental I will tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself."

Acton was silent a moment. "You had better say nothing about it."

"I had told him as much already, on general grounds," said the baroness. "But in this country, you know, the relations of young people are so extraordinary that one is quite at sea. They are not engaged when you would quite say they ought to be. Take Charlotte Wentworth, for instance, and that young ecclesiastic. If I were her father I should insist upon his marrying her; but it appears to be thought there is no urgency. On the other hand, you suddenly learn that a boy of twenty and a little girl who is still with her governess, — your sister has no governess? Well, then, who is never away from her mamma, — a young couple, in short, between whom you have noticed nothing beyond an exchange of the childish pleasantries characteristic of their age, are on the point of setting up as man and wife." The baroness spoke with a certain exaggerated volubility which was in contrast with the languid grace that had characterized her manner before Clifford made his appearance. It seemed to Acton that there was a spark of irritation in her eye, — a note of irony (as when she spoke of Lizzie being never away from her mother) in her voice. If Madame Münster was irritated, Robert Acton was vaguely mystified; she began to move about the room again, and he looked at her without saying anything. Presently she took out her watch, and, glancing at it, declared that it was three o'clock in the morning, and he must go.

"I have not been here an hour," he said, "and they are still sitting up at the other house. You can see the lights. Your brother has not come in."

"Oh, at the other house," cried Eugenia, "they are terrible people! I don't know what they may do over there. I am a quiet little humdrum woman; I have rigid rules, and I keep them. One of them is not to have visitors in the small hours, — especially clever men like you. So good night!"

Decidedly, the baroness was incisive; and though Acton bade her good night and departed, he was still a good deal mystified.

The next day Clifford Wentworth came to see Lizzie, and Acton, who was at home and saw him pass through the garden, took note of the circumstance. He had a natural desire to make it tally with Madame Münster's account of Clifford's disaffection; but his ingenuity, finding itself unequal to the task, resolved at last to ask help of the young man's candor. He waited till he saw him going away, and then he went out and overtook him in the grounds.

"I wish very much you would answer me a question," Acton said. "What were you doing, last night, at Madame Munster's?"

Clifford began to laugh and to blush, by no means like a young man with a romantic secret. "What did she tell you?" he asked.

"That is exactly what I don't want to say."

"Well, I want to tell you the same," said Clifford; "and unless I know it perhaps I can't."

They had stopped in a garden path; Acton looked hard at his rosy young kinsman. "She said she could n't fancy what had got into you; you appeared to have taken a violent dislike to her."

Clifford stared, looking a little alarmed. "Oh, come," he growled, "you don't mean that!"

"And that when — for common civility's sake — you came occasionally to the house you left her alone and spent your time in Felix's studio, under pretext of looking at his sketches."

"Oh, come!" growled Clifford, again.

"Did you ever know me to tell an untruth?"

"Yes, lots of them!" said Clifford, seeing an opening, out of the discussion, for his sarcastic powers. "Well," he presently added, "I thought you were my father."

"You knew some one was there?"

"We heard you coming in."

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Acton meditated. "You had been with the baroness, then?"

"I was in the parlor. We heard your step outside. I thought it was my father."

"And on that," asked Acton, "you ran away?"

"She told me to go, — to go out by the studio."

Acton meditated more intensely; if there had been a chair at hand he would have sat down. "Why should she wish you not to meet your father?"

"Well," said Clifford, "father does n't like to see me there."

Acton looked askance at his companion, and forbore to make any comment upon this assertion. "Has he said so," he asked, "to the baroness?"

"Well, I hope not," said Clifford. "He has n't said so — in so many words — to me. But I know it worries him; and I want to stop worrying him. The baroness knows it, and she wants me to stop, too."

"To stop coming to see her?"

"I don't know about that; but to stop worrying father. Eugenia knows everything," Clifford added, with an air of knowingness of his own.

"Ah," said Acton, interrogatively, "Eugenia knows everything?"

"She knew it was not father coming in."

"Then why did you go?"

Clifford blushed and laughed afresh. "Well, I was afraid it was. And besides, she told me to go, at any rate."

"Did she think it was I?" Acton asked.

"She did n't say so."

Again Robert Acton reflected. "But you did n't go," he presently said; "you came back."

"I could n't get out of the studio," Clifford rejoined. "The door was locked, and Felix had nailed some planks across the lower half of the confounded windows to make the light come in from above. So they were no use. I waited there a good while, and then, suddenly, I felt ashamed. I did n't want to be hiding away from my own father. I could n't stand it any longer. I bolted out, and when I found it was you I was a little flurried. But Eugenia carried it off, did n't she?" Clifford added, in the tone of a young humorist whose perception had not been permanently clouded by the sense of his own discomfort.

"Beautifully!" said Acton. "Especially," he continued, "when one remembers that you were very imprudent, and that she must have been a good deal annoyed."

"Oh," cried Clifford, with the indifference of a young man who feels that however he may have failed of felicity in behavior, he is extremely just in his impressions, "Eugenia does n't care for anything!"

Acton hesitated a moment. "Thank you for telling me this," he said at last. And then, laying his hand on Clifford's shoulder, he added, "Tell me one thing more: are you by chance a little in love with the baroness?"

"No, sir!" said Clifford, almost shaking off his hand.

Henry James, Jr.

RECOMPENSE.

THE summer coaxed me to be glad,
  Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
  From viewless larks, with winds that blew

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The red-topped clover's breath abroad,
  And told the mirth of water-falls;
In vain! my heart would not be wooed
From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
  A withered rose slipped from my book;
And as I caught its faint perfume
  The soul of summer straight forsook
The little tenement it loved,
  And filled the world with song and bloom,
Missed, in their season, by my sense.
So found my heart late recompense.

Annie R. Annan.

AMERICAN FINANCES FROM 1789 TO 1835.

I.

How we may best manage and most speedily pay off our great public debt will practically be the vital question in American politics for a long time to come. Every year its importance is, through the medium of taxation, brought home to all classes and to every species of industry, while at the same time any lack of wisdom or experience in dealing with this central issue is sure to be felt in the wide circumference of the rest of our public questions. A similar inquiry held a dominant place in our national councils from the year 1789, the date of the present constitution, down to the year 1835. The financial history of this period is well worth special study, because of the signal ability and sagacity by which the government brought its difficult problem to a successful issue. In dealing with our existing debt, it may therefore be not without utility to trace, in a short review, the growth of its experience in finance during that time, whether as manifested in its prevailing ideas, or as embodied in actual legislation.

Our present constitution owes its origin to the financial embarrassments of the government formed under the articles of confederation. That government had to depend for its revenue upon the States, by making requisitions upon them in their integral and sovereign capacity. Under this system, however, there existed no power to enforce these requisitions; and hence when the States, sometimes by default and sometimes by refusal, failed to pay their respective quotas into the common treasury, the government found itself reduced to bankruptcy. There were no funds for its own support; the interest upon the loans which had been contracted both at home and abroad on account of the war of the Revolution remained unpaid; and fresh infractions of treaty and financial obligations were daily bringing deeper humiliation upon the country.

To devise some remedy for this most disastrous condition of affairs, delegates from all the States met in convention, in Philadelphia, in the year 1787. This body, as was natural under the circumstances, was at the outset solely intent upon ingrafting needed power and vitality upon the existing articles of confederation. Their deliberations, however, carried them beyond this original purpose, and resulted finally in their

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framing a new scheme of government altogether, — the constitution of the United States.

Among the provisions of this constitution was one to the effect that all debts for which the United States had become liable as a confederation, as well as every agreement entered into by them, were now made valid, by express terms, against the United States. Ample powers were, in view of recent experience, likewise conferred upon the new government, both to secure its own maintenance and to provide for the public credit.

The total amount which had thus been formally assumed as public debt was estimated, with principal and arrearages of interest together, to reach the sum of $54,124,464.56, and became thenceforth distinguished and known under the names of foreign debt and domestic debt. The foreign debt summed up $11,710,-378.62, and resolved itself into (1) loans obtained from private lenders in Holland, (2) sums of money furnished from time to time by the king of France, and (3) a small amount due to Spain.

Our country as a borrowing power (under the guarantee, as will be hereafter seen, of the king of France) was first introduced into Holland in the year 1781. John Adams, American ambassador at the Hague, had received general authority to borrow any sums required for necessary expenses, and succeeded by his wise management and perseverance in obtaining loans amounting to nine million florins, equal to $3,600,000. Four separate loans of this description were negotiated by him; the first in the year 1782, and the last in 1788. The rate of interest to be paid on this money was fixed nominally at four and five per cent. per annum; but the premiums and gratifications exacted by the lenders ran it up in reality as high as seven per cent. The payment of the interest went on quite regularly, the money coming directly out of the proceeds of the loans. Indeed, the last two loans, each for one million florins, were expressly obtained for this purpose, and were so pledged. Meanwhile, no part of the principal had been paid, the first installment thereon not falling due until the year 1793. These several loans had been made reimbursable, in equal payments, within fifteen years from date, the first payment to be made in the eleventh year.

The French debt differed in many respects from the debt owing in Holland. In addition to the support of his arms during the war of independence, the French king had also rendered important pecuniary assistance. Between the years 1778 and 1783, in addition to a subsidy of six million livres, he had granted under the title of loans thirty-four million livres, equal to $6,296,296. The amount last mentioned was divided into three parts. The first part consisted of loans made previously to the 16th of July, 1782, amounting in all to eighteen million livres. By a contract between the two countries, all arrears of interest up to that date, together with any interest that might accrue until the conclusion of a treaty of peace, were made a present to the United States in token of the king's friendship. The principal was made payable, with five per cent. interest per annum, in ready money in twelve equal parts, and at the royal treasury in Paris; the first payment to commence from the third year after a peace with Great Britain. The second part was the single loan, on the 5th of November, 1781, of five millions of florins, computed by agreement at ten millions of livres. Strictly speaking, this was a loan by the States-General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands to the French king, but made in favor of the United States; the king undertaking to guarantee its payment. This debt was to be reimbursed in Paris, in ten equal payments at four per cent. per annum. And in order that the king of France might be enabled to fulfill his own obligations in regard to it, the first of these payments was made due on the 5th of November, 1787. The third part was also a single loan of six millions of livres, bearing interest at five per cent. Its repayment was fixed within the period 1797–1802, both years inclusive.

These engagements with France the

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old Congress had found itself unable to fulfill; although prompt payment, owing to the low condition of that country's finances in 1787, when the first installments became due, was especially necessary. The arrears accumulating after this fashion swelled the amount of principal and interest due to France at the close of the year 1789 to nearly three millions of dollars. As there was no abatement in their financial difficulties, the double motive of gratitude and justice urged the United States to begin without delay to reimburse the French debt.

Negotiations were accordingly opened at Amsterdam and Antwerp for the purpose of borrowing money upon the credit of the United States. Any other course, if not altogether impracticable, seemed at least to be unwise. The supply of money at home was too limited for the pressing needs of the government, either with respect to amount or time. Even had the home market been able to furnish the funds, the drain upon its cash for remittance to France would have been ruinous. Moreover, the money of foreigners would have been brought over here to be subscribed to a domestic loan, or to be invested in the stock. This would have induced a higher rate of interest, and by this means the specie of the country, which did not at the time exceed five million dollars, would have been carried away all the faster.

Eight loans were obtained in Holland, amounting in all to 23,500,000 florins, which, at forty cents per florin (the treasury rate of exchange), gave the sum of $9,400,000. The first of these loans was effected on February 1, 1790, and the final one on the 10th of April, 1794. The highest rate of interest, counting in extra charges along with the nominal interest, was a fraction more than five and a half per cent.; while the lowest actual interest was a fraction less than four and a half per cent. These conditions were quite as favorable as granted at the time to any borrowing power. The proceeds of the loans here spoken of were applied to paying the arrears of interest on the foreign debt, together with any installments of the principal then due; and also in providing for such other engagements and contracts respecting it as might avail to the public benefit.

Before, however, these financial dispositions were fully matured and settled more than a year had been suffered to elapse; so that on the 4th of August, 1790, the time when the laws were enacted for carrying them out, the arrears of principal and interest had largely increased. Happily, matters in this regard were being accelerated in the interim by the sagacious action of Mr. William Short, the financial agent of the United States in Europe. Foreseeing the wants of the government, that gentleman had, in the month of February, entered into a provisional agreement for a loan of three millions of florins in Amsterdam. This loan was accepted on account of the government on the 25th of August following, and out of it a first payment was made to France early in December. Other payments succeeded each other at short intervals, so that by September, 1792, accounts were adjusted between the two countries. At that time, too, the policy began to be adopted of paying the installments in advance, as such a course, it was believed, would tend to revive the friendly feelings of France, already weakened by previous breaches of faith. But, from want of confidence in the stability of that government, this policy was soon abandoned. The regular payments continued to be made promptly up to the 31st of December, 1795. The balance of the debt remaining unpaid on the 1st of January, 1796, was, because of an increase of interest, now exchanged for domestic securities, created for the purpose, at the rate of 18.15 cents per livre, the par value of the precious metals as agreed upon between the two countries.

Under this arrangement, certificates of domestic debt were issued by the United States, in favor of an agent duly authorized by the committee of public safety of the national convention, to the amount of $2,024,900; $1,848,900 of this sum bore interest at five and a half

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per cent., and the remaining $176,000 four and a half per cent. In this final settlement was also included a loan of one million livres from the farmers-general, obtained in the year 1777. Thus was closed the account with the republic of France. The French debt, by means of re-loans, had now been transferred to Amsterdam and the United States.

Out of the proceeds of the new Dutch loans was likewise discharged the small debt due to Spain, as also the claims for pay and service of the foreign officers who had enlisted in the army during the late war, amounting to $186,988.23. The Spanish debt originated in this wise: In the year 1780, Congress, then under the pressure of immediate necessity, had sold bills of exchange on the American minister at Madrid to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars. It was hoped that these bills, which were at long dates, would be met by a loan from Spain. On their presentation for payment, however, the Spanish court refused to advance the money; and only after repeated solicitation was that government finally persuaded to grant a loan of $174,011, to be payable within three years, at five per cent. interest. This debt was paid in August, 1793, at which time it had amounted, with arrears of interest, to something more than $268,000.

The management of the domestic debt gave rise to more serious difficulties than the foreign debt. On the demise of the late government this debt amounted to $42,414,085.94. Out of this total $27,383,917.74 were represented by certificates which had been issued on account of the principal of the debt; $13,030,168.20, in indents, went to sum up the arrears of interest as computed to December 31, 1790; and two million dollars was the estimate formed of the unliquidated portion, consisting chiefly of continental bills of credit. The capital of the debt was in the nature of an annuity at six per cent. per annum, redeemable at the pleasure of the government by the payment of the principal. As to the arrears of interest, which bore so large a proportion to the principal of the debt, any immediate payment was not at all practicable. While the very nature of these claims made them of necessity a subject for construction, yet they were entitled to the same consideration as was given to the principal.

The ratification of the new constitution by a number of the States sufficient to secure an organized government exerted a timely and restorative influence upon the public credit. The belief became general that now some effective provision would be made for the payment of the domestic debt. That it was just and valid had never been questioned. It was designated "the price of liberty;" and the good faith and honor of the country had been repeatedly and solemnly pledged for its payment. The late government had made, it is true, earnest and laudable efforts towards fulfilling its obligations, but these efforts were defeated by the more urgent necessities of the war, as well as by its own inexperience in finance, not to speak of the embarrassments of a defective constitution during the last seven years of its existence. Now that the new government had competent powers to command the resources of the whole country, the confidence of creditors began to revive. And this confidence that some action would be taken in their behalf received new strength and sanction on the adoption by the house of representatives, at the close of the first session of Congress in September, 1789, of a resolution declaring that they considered an adequate provision for the support of the public credit to be a matter of high importance to the national honor and prosperity. A rapid increase took place in the market value of the public securities. They had been selling for no more than fifteen and twenty cents upon their nominal value. But from January, 1789, to November of the same year, they rose thirty-three and a third per cent.; and by the following January they had risen fifty per cent. more.

On the 4th of August, 1790, was passed an act known as the funding act. This was a plan for remodeling the do-

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mestic debt, and it grew out of the absolute necessity of bringing the government's liabilities within reach of its probable income. Were the government, with its current expenses, — always liable to increase from contingent demands, — to attempt to pay the interest of the entire mass of the public debt on the basis contracted for, it would have to control a revenue of not less than five millions of dollars annually. To undertake to secure this sum by means of taxation would, it was apprehended, put a very great strain on the nascent capacity of the country, as its ability to bear taxation was as yet practically untried. In lieu, therefore, of the original basis contracted for, a provision for the debt was made under the funding act on a basis calculated at four per cent. The measure was an appeal to the intelligence of the creditors, and to their interest as well, in favor of an arrangement which was considered to be based upon a real and fair equivalent. This reorganization of the old debt made it easier to be provided for, while at the same time it offered unquestionable security for the strict fulfillment of the new engagements.

A loan was now opened for the full amount of the domestic debt, the subscriptions thereto being made payable in the certificates that had been previously issued for it. For every sum subscribed in the principal of the debt two certificates were issued: one of them for an amount equal to two thirds of the subscription, bearing interest (payable quarterly) at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the 1st of January, 1791; the other for the remaining third of the sum, bearing the same interest after the year 1800. The debt in this new shape was subject, upon the accruing of the interest, to redemption in such payments as were not to exceed in a single year, on account of both principal and interest, the proportion of eight dollars upon a hundred dollars. The arrears of interest, computed to the last day of December, 1790, were fundable, dollar for dollar, into a stock redeemable at the pleasure of the government, and bore interest at three per cent. per annum, payable quarterly from the 1st of January, 1791.

Lest it might be imputed that this new measure acted upon the necessities of the creditors, and so carried with it an appearance of coercing them, the change in the form of the debt was left to their own choice. To this end, a solemn legislative declaration was made in protection of the rights of any creditors who did not think proper to subscribe to the new loan, and which stated that those rights should in no wise be altered, abridged, or impaired, and that their contracts were to remain in full force and validity. An appropriation was made for paying them an interest on their respective claims equal to the interest payable to the subscribing creditors. The sole condition attached to their payment was the return of the old certificates in exchange for new ones of like tenor, or their registration. This was necessary as a protection against fraud, and also as a help towards ascertaining as far as possible the extent of the public debt. The option of separating the arrears of interest from the principal and funding them at three per cent. was also given the creditors. But it was well understood that no more was to be done for the non-subscribers than was positively due to good faith.

Under the new form now assumed by the public debt the government relinquished the right of redeeming it at pleasure, which it could previously use to its advantage whenever there was a fall in the market-rate of interest. This surrender served to give to the debt a more fixed character. Again, instead of the interest being paid at the end of the year and only at the treasury, it was now to be paid in quarterly payments and at thirteen different places, which made it equivalent to 6.15 per cent. per annum in lieu of the stipulated rate of six per cent. Furthermore, by the original contract only an annual provision for the interest was required, whereas the funding act appropriated and pledged funds for both the interest and the principal, and this appropriation was made coextensive with the duration of the debt.

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Considerable intrinsic value now accrued to the public debt in its new form from these stipulations. Nor is this statement negatived by the fact of the reduction of the interest from six per cent. to four per cent., inasmuch as it was made on an estimate of the resources of the country below the value of their subsequent growth and expansion. And it is this growth in the national finances which might hinder the measure, without adverting to this fact, from being appreciated in our day at its full value. The very change in the mode of appropriation formed of itself a valuable consideration; and this was evidenced at the time by the opposition of a strong party to the funding of the debt upon terms so advantageous to the creditors as those offered. This party contended that a discrimination should be made between the possessors of the certificates by purchase and the original holders, as the latter, under the pressure of need, had had to sell their certificates at a very great discount. The permanent had this advantage over the annual provision, namely, that once it was made it was absolutely safe, at least until all the three departments of the government should concur in revoking the solemn pledge given to the creditors. The annual provision, on the other hand, was always liable to be defeated by the prevailing passions, prejudices, or intrigues of a majority of but a single branch of the government. Some of the creditors were at first for insisting on better terms, and in a memorial to Congress entered their protest against the commutation as a breach of faith, particularly in view of the favor shown to the foreign creditors. Nevertheless, seeing on the whole that there was now secured to them a permanent and reliable settlement of their claims, all agreed to accept the modification proposed.

The books for receiving subscriptions were opened in all the States on the 1st of October, 1790, and were closed on the last day of the year 1797. During this interval nearly the whole of the old debt was subscribed to the new loan; there were a few, however, who still held back from funding their certificates, although they had registered them. All evidences of debt presented after the loan should be closed, and previous to the 12th of June, 1799, were to be paid in specie at their nominal value if registered, and at their market value if not registered. If any of them failed to be presented within this defined period, they became, by the fact, forever barred from settlement or allowance. The total amount of domestic debt that was funded was $41,963,561.98; $19,622,505.52 of this amount were in six per cent. stock; $9,416,382.92 in deferred stock; and $12,924,673.54 in three per cent. stock. The difference between the amount actually funded and the amount at first computed to be outstanding was attributable not so much to the act of limitation as to the loss or casual destruction of certificates throughout a period of more than twenty years. To this chief cause may be added the errors made in the estimates themselves, as for instance in the old emission bills, which, while computed at forty for one, were provided for at one hundred for one. Loan certificates, also, which were thought to have been already applied to the public service were returned to the treasury and canceled.

An important feature in the general plan for reorganizing the public debt was the assumption by the government of the debts incurred by the States in support of the war, and which in their nature and of right were properly a charge against the United States. The Congress which assembled at the commencement of the war of independence, possessing no defined powers of government, had no right to tax the States. However, when an appeal was made to them, the States furnished money and supplies according to their ability, considering these contributions as loans or advances for the common weal. By the adoption of the articles of confederation in the year 1781, no practical change was made in the mode of carrying on the war. The public contracts still continued to be turned over to the several States for settlement, a course which was not only a relief but a necessity to

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a government with an empty treasury. The main obligations thus undertaken by the States were that they should settle the arrears of pay of their respective lines of the army, as well as the claims of their own citizens, many of whom already held the certificates of the commissioners or other officers of the United States for supplies furnished or services rendered. Now these obligations the States either paid in their own bills of credit, or substituted their own State certificates for the certificates of the United States. Such creditors therefore not only had never been asked to consent to this transfer of their claims from the United States, but had besides received no actual payment, but only promises of payment, which remained still unredeemed. Here arose a conflict between justice and generosity. Each State from the first was bound for its just proportion of the expenses of the war; anything advanced in excess of this of course gave the State a claim to remuneration. Until, however, the extent of these latter demands had been ascertained, the United States were not strictly obligated to assume their indebtedness. But on the other hand it would have been impolitic, and even invidious, to make a discrimination between equally meritorious public creditors, by paying one class and leaving the other to look for payment to the States, which were already overburdened with debts.

The debts of all the States taken together were found to amount to about $21,500,000. For the full sum a loan was opened at the same time and the same places as already prescribed for the domestic debt; and to each State was assigned a quota of it about equal to its estimated and still unpaid war debt. The subscriptions were paid indiscriminately in the certificates of the principal and of the interest (this latter computed to the 31st of December, 1791) of the debts of the respective States, issued prior to January, 1790, for services or supplies furnished for the prosecution of the late war. Each person subscribing received three certificates: one for a sum equal to four ninths of the subscribed sum, with interest at six per cent. per annum from the 1st of January, 1792; another for two ninths of the subscribed sum, to bear interest after the year 1800, at six per cent.; and the third certificate for the remaining three ninths, bearing an interest of three per cent. from the 1st of January, 1792. The interest on these several certificates was payable in the same manner, and the principal was made subject to a like mode of redemption, as the correspondent stock created by the loan funding the domestic debt.

The subscriptions to the funded assumed debt were closed on the 1st of March, 1793. Out of the total amount which had been assigned to the States only $18,271,814.74 had been subscribed. This difference is chiefly accounted for by the fact that the sums assumed for some of the States were in excess of the actual amount of their outstanding debts. In some instances, too, the debt was of such a kind as to preclude its being accepted; in the case, for example, of certificates issued after the 1st of January, 1790. A number of persons, besides, not noting the limitation of time for receiving subscriptions, or from entire ignorance of it, lost thereby the opportunity of subscribing.

The debts of the States did not, however, furnish any criterion of their relative contributions to the war. Some of them, escaping more than others the ravages of actual warfare, had therefore been able, by means of current taxation and their ample resources, to meet their expenses and reduce their debt; while those which had suffered, and were therefore forced to make all the heavier drafts upon their credit, found themselves exhausted when the war ceased, and ill prepared to face their liabilities. These grave inequalities in their financial condition, the result of a random distribution of the burdens of the war, it was now necessary to correct; and accordingly the assumption of the state debts was followed by the appointment of a board of three commissioners for the settlement of the accounts between the United States and the individual States.

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Under the arrangement effected by this commission, the States were charged with all advances made to them by the United States, including the amount of assumed debt, with interest computed to the last day of the year 1789. The bills of credit, of which the advances principally consisted, were liquidated according to an established scale on a specie value at the date of each of the advances. On the other hand, the States were credited with their individual expenditures, whether of moneys paid or supplies furnished to the United States. This total of credit was liquidated to a specie value also, with interest to the last day of the year 1789. The expenditures on the part of the States having been found to exceed the advances from the United States by over seventy-seven and a half millions of dollars, an apportionment of this excess was made among the States according to the rule for apportioning representatives and direct taxes, as prescribed by the constitution of the United States. In order to insure perfect equalization it was necessary that the newly apportioned sum together with the advances should exactly correspond to the expenditure of each State. This was the standard of adjustment. In every State in which the expenditures fell short of this amount, a balance equal to the difference became due to the United States; and where any of them exceeded it, the balance was in that case due the State from the United States.

The debtor States were New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina. The creditor States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Georgia.

The balances due to the creditor States amounted to $3,517,584, and were funded by the United States in accordance with the law providing for the settlement of accounts. These balances stood on the same terms as the other part of the domestic debt, except that the stock was not transferable. The purpose of this restriction was to keep as much of the debt as possible out of the hands of foreigners, who were already holders of a large portion of it. But it was soon found necessary to suspend it, so as to enable the States to pay their remaining creditors. The balances proper were funded in six per cent. stock, two thirds of the amount to bear interest at once, the other third only after the year 1800. Each State also received interest upon its balance at the rate of four per cent. per annum, dating from the last day of December, 1789, to the last day of the same month, 1794. And this interest, which amounted to $703,516.80, was funded in three per cent. stock. The annual interest on the whole, except as to the deferred stock, began to accrue on the 1st of January, 1795.

The sum total of debt undertaken in behalf of the States amounted to $22,492,915.54. By the assumption proper the public debt of the country at large was not augmented. This measure only transferred a portion of it, which was thereby lifted off the States in their separate capacity and placed upon them in their national or united capacity. In this shape the general government was able to manage and provide for it, and it could do it more efficiently than would have been possible under the conflicting systems and less ample resources of the States. For it must be remembered that the States had now vested in the federal government a concurrent and superior power of taxation; and, moreover, that in giving up their right to lay duties on imports and exports they had parted with their most productive source of revenue. In a word, the assumption was a measure devised for fixing the responsibility for the payment of all the debts arising out of the Revolution upon the national government, where it properly belonged.

The case was different with the funded balances. Here there was an actual increase of debt. The United States in funding the balances of the creditor States acted only in behalf of and as guarantees for the debtor States, from which their payment was really due. But the United States have never succeeded in collecting the balances due from the debtor States, which would, as was orig-

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inally intended, have offset the newly created debt. These States were given the option of settling their accounts either in money or in public stocks, or of expending the sums due upon the fortifications belonging to the United States. This invitation was made to them in the year 1799, at the time of a threatened outbreak with France. The State of New York partially complied with it. With this single and unimportant exception nothing has ever been recovered upon the balances of the debtor States.

The funding of the public debt on the terms already mentioned enabled the government to introduce system into the finances from the very beginning. The postponement to the 1st of January, 1791, of the annual payment of interest (all accruing to that date being converted into new capital) afforded an opportunity of testing the unknown resources of the country in advance of the necessity of a large revenue. In other respects also this delay was opportune, for the old government, not possessing the right to raise direct revenue, had no fiscal service. This branch therefore needed to be organized from its foundation. Officers were to be appointed all over the country, buildings provided for the transaction of business, and all other arrangements entered into incident to the collection of revenue.

To aid in administering the finances, a national bank, under the name of the Bank of the United States, was also chartered, with a capital of ten million dollars. It was granted the privilege of issuing notes, to be receivable in all payments to the United States; and the government likewise subscribed to two million dollars of the stock, paying for it by means of a loan of the bank of the same amount, which was reimbursable in ten years by equal annual installments. The interest on this loan, at six per cent. per annum, was derived from the dividends on the stock. As these averaged all through the duration of the bank's charter 8 13-36 per cent., a handsome profit was annually coming to the government.

On the 4th of July, 1789, the temporary tariff was adopted to meet the immediate wants of the government. It was based on the one which, as a federal tax, had been proposed to the States by the Continental Congress, and agreed to by all but two. The initiatory expenses of the government being mainly on account of the current service, the duties for the seventeen months this tariff was in force yielded a surplus over appropriations of $1,371,430. A large portion of this sum was subsequently invested in purchases of the public debt.

From the 1st of January, 1791, the annual income needed by the government for all demands was $2,839,163, distributed as follows: for the annual interest on the foreign debt, $542,600; for the four per cent. interest on the domestic debt, $1,896,563; and for current expenses, $600,000. In order to provide this sum an average increase of two and a half per cent. was placed on existing duties. Moreover, on the 1st of January, 1792, the date of the interest on the funded assumed debt becoming due, duties were laid on spirits distilled at home, while a higher rate was then too put on the foreign article. These additional duties gave an annual product of $800,000, and served to raise the national income to the level of all probable demands. All taxes and duties now established were to continue permanent as long as the debt lasted. Moreover, with the single exception of an annual reservation for the government of $600,000, their first proceeds were pledged and appropriated to paying the annual interest of the debt. Congress, however, reserved the right of substituting for these duties others of equal value.

But no sooner was this equilibrium in the public accounts secured than it was disturbed by unforeseen causes, demanding a still larger revenue. An expensive war with the Indians of the Northwest was almost immediately thrust upon the government. The Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, growing out of resistance to the excise law, broke out in 1794; and in the same year, our relations with England becoming critical, the harbors were fortified, arsenals and

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armories established, supplies of arms and stores purchased, and new ships built for the navy; finally, a treaty at heavy cost had to be purchased of Algiers. To meet these unexpected demands upon the treasury, fresh taxation had to be resorted to.

Apart from a deficit of $526,000, to provide for which some additional duties were put upon imported articles in May, 1792, the year 1794 was the one of greatest embarrassment during this period. The appropriations in that year exceeded those of any former year by upwards of two and a half millions of dollars; while the revenue, by reason of the interruptions to commerce, was estimated to fall off from the receipts of previous years $1,300,000. The tariff was again increased, and internal duties were laid upon carriages, refined sugar, snuff, licenses for selling wines and foreign liquors, and property sold at auction. Besides this, a prospective deficiency of cash in the treasury by the 1st of April made it necessary to provide immediately a million and a half of dollars. This sum was raised by a loan on the new internal duties, pledged in anticipation. By the close of the year signs of relief were apparent. In 1795 the Indians made peace, and England, too, modified her foreign policy in regard to neutral commerce.

The public expenditures were at once reduced, and soon there was a well-grounded assurance, on the basis of the existing revenues, of a surplus of more than a million of dollars in the year 1795, and in succeeding years also. The annual revenue was placed at $6,552,-300.74; the current annual expenditure at $5,481,843.90; giving an excess of income of $1,070,456.84. Making allowance for unforeseen demands and for deficiencies, the latter sum was deemed a sufficient guarantee for commencing a regular and immediate reduction of the public debt. With this view the temporary tariff duties which had been imposed under the pressure of recent complications, foreign and domestic, were retained as an addition to the permanent revenue; and the five internal duties, yielding a sum of $380,000, were also continued in force until the 1st of March, 1801, the year in which the deferred stock was payable. At that time Congress could decide from the actual condition of things whether those duties or any others would be required.

This was not, however, the earliest provision for reducing the public debt. There had prevailed from the very outset a paramount determination of lessening its burden as soon as practicable. By the terms of the funding act the proceeds of the public lands in the Western territory were appropriated solely in redemption of the debt. The fund from this source was set down at between three and four millions of dollars, the estimated price of the lands being twenty cents per acre. Again, after ample provision, according to the act, had been made for funding the debt, the surplus revenue to the end of the year 1790 was set apart for the purchase of any public stocks which were selling below their par value in the market.

These purchases were doubly beneficial at the time; for, besides sinking a capital often more than fifty per cent. greater than the sum expended, they accelerated the rise of stocks that were in great demand abroad, thus producing a clear profit to the nation proportioned to the enhanced price foreigners were obliged to pay for their purchases. A loan of two millions of dollars was even authorized for the same purpose, in order to place in the hands of the government sufficient means to influence the market whenever it was desirable. In the first quarter of the year 1791, the six per cents sold at eighty-two cents on the dollar; the three per cents and the deferred stock at forty-two cents. As early as the 1st of August, the six per cents had risen to par value, and the other two stocks to sixty cents; and in the month of January, 1792, the former commanded a premium of twenty-five per cent., and the two latter as much as seventy-five cents on the dollar. But they all subsequently declined, owing to the troubled state of public affairs.

The nominal amount of all the stocks

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purchased on account of the two funds was $1,994,801.43, for which $1,392,-672.54 in specie were paid. Of this sum $957,770.65 were credited to the surplus revenue, and the balance to the loan.

A permanent fund for the extinction of the public debt was first established by the act of the 8th of May, 1792. This fund had a twofold endowment: first, it was endowed with the annual interest on the public debt, that is, on the portion previously purchased, redeemed, or paid into the treasury for any debt or demand of the United States, and also on any portion that might thereafter be purchased, redeemed, or so paid; and secondly, it was endowed with the surplus remaining of the sums appropriated to pay the interest on the public debt. The annual proceeds of this fund, which increased as the outstanding stock decreased, were appropriated and inviolably pledged to the purchase, in as equal proportion as possible, of the several species of stocks constituting the public debt, at their market price respectively, if it did not exceed the par or true value; and this purchasing was to continue until the annual income of the fund should be equal to two per cent. of the whole amount of the outstanding funded stock bearing a present interest of six per cent. The fund was thenceforth to be applied to the redemption of that portion of the debt (according to the reserved right of the government), until the whole of it was redeemed. This redemption being accomplished, purchases were to be resumed out of the fund of the remaining unredeemed debt.

The fund was, however, inadequate to any very serious or immediate reduction of the debt. The annual interest account, its only certain resource, was of slow growth, and amounted at that time to less than forty thousand dollars; whereas a sum equal to two per cent. on the whole amount of the six per cent. stock subject to be created was upwards of six hundred thousand dollars.

The plan of redemption devised by the act of the 8th of May, 1792, was now enlarged and perfected by the act of the 3d of March, 1795, in which the name of sinking fund was first adopted. The resources of the sinking fund were now enlarged to such an extent out of the permanent revenues, out of the proceeds of former provisions, and from the bank dividends in excess of the annual interest on the unpaid installments of the subscription loan as to enable the government, on the strength of this increase, to commence on the 1st of January, 1796, the annual reimbursement of the six per cent. stock; to pay as they became due the annual installments themselves of the subscription loan of the National Bank; and upon the final settlement of this last-mentioned debt to begin on the 1st of January, 1802, the regular reimbursement of the deferred stock.

The absolute appropriation of more liberal funds was deemed imprudent and unsafe in the existing state of the revenue; but some auxiliary resources of a contingent character were made available to the sinking fund. These consisted of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands, of all moneys received into the treasury on account of debts which originated under the old government, and of all surpluses arising from excess of revenue or from unexpended appropriations. These accessions it was hoped would amply secure a more speedy redemption of the debt than had been expressly stipulated for. No further provision in the sinking fund was made applicable to the purchase or redemption of any other component part of the public debt until the six per cent. and the deferred stock had been discharged. Upon such discharge, all the moneys of the fund were to be used in the purchase or redemption of the remaining unpaid debt, whether funded or unfunded, foreign or domestic. If, however, prior to the discharge of the six per cent. and the deferred stocks, the resources of the sinking fund were found adequate to paying the sums applied annually to the reimbursement of these two stocks, and yielding a surplus besides, then this surplus might meanwhile be employed in reducing the other parts of the debt. Nor

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could the moneys of the sinking fund be diverted to any other purpose than the paying of the public debt until the whole of it was paid, except when its only remaining outstanding portion was the three per cent. stock; in which event Congress reserved the right of using the moneys of the fund thereto pledged for any purpose it might see fit.

The president of the senate, the chief-justice, the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of state, and the attorney-general, for the time being, were appointed the commissioners of the sinking fund. All reimbursements of the capital of the debt were placed under their superintendence, and all moneys accruing to the fund were so vested in them as to acquire the nature and quality of a proprietary trust, incapable of being diverted, except by a violation of the principles and sanctions of private property, to any other object than the reduction of the public debt.

In order that this system of redemption might not be dependent on extraneous provisions, but have within itself full means of complete execution, the commissioners were empowered and required to anticipate the revenue already appropriated, and make loans whenever the prompt payment of the annual interest rendered such a course necessary. These sums were not to exceed in any one year one million of dollars, and were to be payable within a year from the date of each loan. Furthermore, if in their judgment there was reason to apprehend that all the probable receipts into the treasury for any year would fall short of the amount needed for the annual current expenditures of the government, as well as for the payments they had in charge, they were in such contingencies also authorized, and even enjoined, to borrow, either by direct loan or by the sale of certificates of stock, any sums requisite for paying installments falling due of the debt existing on the 3d of March, 1795. For the payment of the interest on these projected loans there were pledged and appropriated, first, the interest on the sums reimbursed from their proceeds; and secondly, such amount of the permanent revenue as might be necessary to make up any deficiency. The interest on the six per cent. and the deferred stocks was, however, not included in this provision, as that interest was already set apart to form accumulations for paying the successive installments of the principal of these stocks; for these installments increased each year in the ratio of the interest liberated by each payment.

The great object of the law of the 3d of March, 1795, seems to have been to make efficient provision for the gradual reimbursement of the six per cent. and deferred stocks, and so pave the way for a future though distant payment of the remainder of the debt. As the successive reimbursement of these two stocks became thenceforth an irrevocable stipulation with the creditors, they were virtually converted from an annuity of six per cent. per annum for an indefinite period into an annuity of eight per cent. for a period of somewhat less than twenty-four years from the first payment under the new system. The first payment was made in one undivided sum, but after that no distinction was observed in the payments between the interest account and that of the principal. Dividends at the rate of one and one half per cent. on the original capital were declared on the last day of March, June, and September, and of three and one half per cent. on the last day of December. This arrangement was adopted because of its easy execution, and was most favorable to the equal and regular circulation of the revenue.

The foreign debt already rested in contracts which provided for its gradual reimbursement at stipulated periods. The Dutch debt made up the largest part of it. This debt amounted to $12,200,000, and for its extinguishment during the next fifteen years required annual payments ranging from $80,000 to $2,220,000, and averaging for each of these years $813,333.33, not including premiums, gratifications, commissions, and expenses of remittance; for all of these debts no provision was practically made except by borrowing money. However,

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as an expedient for postponing these payments as long as the state of the finances required it, a proposal was submitted to the foreign creditors to convert their debts into a domestic stock, reimbursable at the pleasure of the government. An increase of interest of one half per cent. per annum in addition to the rate already secured by the original contracts was offered them in indemnification for incidental charges; such as the expense and hazard of employing agents in the United States, the chances of exchange, payments of insurance and commissions, and in general for equalizing the facilities attending the payment of interest at home. The French government, we have seen, subscribed the remaining portion of its debt to this domestic loan.

The act of the 3d of March, 1795, is an event of importance in the financial history of the country. It was the consummation of what remained unfinished in our system of public credit, in that it publicly recognized and ingrafted on that system three essential principles, the regular operation of which can alone prevent a progressive accumulation of debt: first of all it established distinctive revenues for the payment of the interest of the public debt as well as for the reimbursement of the principal within a determinate period; secondly, it directed imperatively their application to the debt alone; and thirdly, it pledged the faith of the government that the appointed revenues should continue to be levied and collected and appropriated to these objects until the whole debt should be redeemed.

Under the operation of this sinking fund the payment of the public debt was designed and anticipated to take place by the year 1826, or within a period of about thirty years. It did not respond to this aim and anticipation. Indeed, the practical working of a scheme so complex and intricate would have been in the long run problematical, even had events suffered it to take its regular and intended course. Be that as it may, the failure of some of its provisions, in concurrence with fresh troubles both at home and abroad, besides aggravating some latent defects, overstrained the weak points of a system which, under more favorable circumstances, might have been atoned for, if not wholly overcome, by the elastic resources of the country.

John Watts Kearney.

SOME FRENCH NOVELS.

It is one of the minor results of the war between Russia and Turkey that the world is learning a great deal more than it ever knew before about the real character of the contesting nations; and it is to the awakening curiosity of outsiders concerning the Russians that the appearance of Oblomoff[1] is due. We foreigners have learned to know Russian literature, and have formed our opinion about the people, in great measure from Tourguéneff's novels; but many must have noticed what Mr. Bryce says in his Transcaucasia and Ararat, that Russians give that author by no means the highest place among contemporary writers; they acknowledge his great power, but they speak of him as one of many, and sing the praises of his rivals. Whether or not this is, as Mr. Bryce suggests, a bit of revenge for his satire of his countrymen it is hard to say; but there can be no doubt that a writer may be inferior to Tourguéneff, and yet well

[1] *Oblomoff. Scènes de la Vie Russe.* Traduction de Piotre Artamoff. Revue, corrigée, et augmentée d'une Notice sur l'Auteur, par Charles Deulin Paris: Didier & Cie. 1877.

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worth reading. Especially is this true of the writers who form a class with Tourguéneff, so to speak; who have been exposed to the same influences, and, like him, have written with the intention of picturing Russian faults. Pisemski has written under the inspiration of dissatisfaction with the blight that rigid despotism had thrown upon the country, as it manifested itself in the listlessness of the weak and the corruption of the strong, as well as in the extreme violence of the reaction which has shown itself in nihilism. Gontcharoff, the author of Oblomoff, is a novelist of considerable fame in his own country. This story is one of his principal works, — in all he has written but three, — and it is said that the original is exceedingly well done. This quality is of course hardly to be distinguished in the translation, which, however, has a smoothness of its own, having been done with great care under the supervision of a large number of Russians who wished to commend one of their favorite authors to the outside world. This translation was made some eighteen years ago, but it could obtain no publisher until these days, when anything about Russia is sure of readers. As it is, great concessions have been made to the pampered public, inasmuch as only half the book has been given, from a fear that the whole would prove wearisome. This is a most unwise thing to do, and is exceedingly unfair to the author. It can hardly fail, too, to displease the reader, who, if he likes the book, must now ask for more, but who, if he had the book complete, could stop where he chose. To judge by a mere fragment the work of so careful a writer as Gontcharoff is said to be is impossible; but it is to be hoped that the success of this book will be such that more of this author's writing will be given to Western readers.

The purpose of this sketch (for in its present form it can hardly be called more) is to draw a picture of the aimless Russian who is frequently met with in the novels of that country, and who would seem to have been drawn from the life by those writers who saw with clear eyes the brutalizing effect that the reign of Nicholas produced upon a whole generation. Oblomoff is a man, but little over thirty, possessed of a competence, who has given up in disgust a position in the civil service, and at the time this story opens is beginning to seclude himself from the world, partly from hypochondria and partly from extreme indolence. The first part of the novel, all that has as yet been put into French, simply describes one day of his sluggish life. He wakes up in the morning to be met by the memory of a letter he received the night before from his steward, telling him that his next year's income from his estate will be two thousand rubles less than it has been before. At the same time he is requested by his landlord to leave his lodgings in St. Petersburg, some changes in the construction of the house being intended. These two alarming incidents almost crush him. He lies in bed, and tries to think how they are to be met; friends come in to see him, and he consults them in his misery; and finally he begins to recognize dimly the utter weakness of his character. An episode given in this volume is his dream, in which there pass before him all the memories of his childhood, and the reader perceives the ill-advised methods of his education. In the original the book goes on to describe his struggles to free himself from the incubus of helpless sloth that is slowly suffocating him, and the aid that is offered him by an energetic friend, a German, who has for ally a young girl who undertakes with enthusiasm the task set her of inspiring this amiable but weak man with ambition and energy. They fail completely, however, for the defect in Oblomoff lies too deep to be cured. It is especially to be regretted that such a mere scrap of the novel is given, because the heroine, Olga, of whom we have very little mention, is much praised by all the Russian critics, and the reader cannot help feeling defrauded of his just dues. It arouses curiosity to find anything cut out of a newspaper; how much worse it is when half of a book is excised!

From the little that is given, however,

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it is easy to see that Gontcharoff is an able writer who deserves to be better known abroad. It is, moreover, curious to observe the likeness that he bears to Pisemski and Tourguéneff, this story of his corresponding to Dimitri Roudine, and in some measure to Pisemski's Tausend Seelen; while the later developments of nihilism inspired Tourguéneff with material for his Fathers and Sons, Pisemski with a novel yet untranslated, and Gontcharoff with a novel, also existing only in Russian, called The Precipice, which would seem from all accounts to be a noteworthy book. That the fault which Gontcharoff attacked in Oblomoff was wide-spread there can be no doubt. The very fact that it is attacked seriously makes this plain. A writer who lived in any other country would treat such a subject as something farcical; the incompetent man would be laughed at as an amusing exception, and not chosen as a fair representative of a fault common to society. The keenness with which the leading Russian writers follow up the predominant faults of their countrymen is a proof of considerable intellectual activity of a kind that observation teaches us is the surest to bring forth good fruit. The flavor of the soil never injures good literature; and with reference to all these Russian writers we feel that they have learned how to combine imagination and observation. Still, the flavor of the soil is the most important quality in this brief bit of a Russian story.

It is to a much larger public that Daudet's new novel, Le Nabab,[1] appeals. Whatever Daudet's merits, it cannot be denied that he suits a large circle of readers. His Froment Jeune has reached its fortieth edition, and although it is hard to avoid feeling that the book has been exceedingly over-praised, and that its glaring faults have been singularly overlooked, it shows, besides careful reading of the principal English and French novelists, a certain knowledge of passion and emotion, and, to some extent, the ability to tell a story. Jack, that followed, was less good. Le Nabab, although it has great faults, is yet, to our thinking, the cleverest of the three; his earlier books may be left out of the reckoning. The story that it tells is one that is more or less familiar to Parisian society, which, like the rest of the world, rejoices to find itself reflected in novels. The nabob who is the hero of the book is a Frenchman from the south of France, who has risen from great poverty to the possession of enormous wealth by mysterious practices in Tunis. Of course his main desire, now that he has made a fortune, is to spend it in Paris; and at the opening of the story we find him supporting a crowd of detestable parasites, who all live with one hand in his pockets, and who are perpetually urging him to further their wild projects. So much of the later French literature, from Balzac down, is devoted to the description of adventurers that Daudet enters on a tolerably crowded field in drawing a man like the nabob and his flatterers; but he deserves praise for much that he has done here. The nabob himself it is hard not to like, and it is this affection the reader feels for the poor man that makes the book interesting. He certainly is not a faultless hero; there are very dark rumors concerning the way in which he made his money, to say nothing about the way he spends it; but it is hard not to sympathize with his ambition to become a deputy, and his desire to be successful in his conflict with the rival banker, Hemerlingue. This Hemerlingue had married a slave whom the nabob's wife had refused to receive in Tunis, whence a deadly feud had arisen between the two families, and the hostile banker is gradually compassing the nabob's ruin. In telling the story Balzac would have made much of this quarrel, and would have given us a full account of the ups and downs of the Tunisian funds, with all the particulars of the methods each of the contestants resorted to in struggling with his opponent. Moreover, it cannot be denied, he would have drawn with much greater intensity the passionate feelings of the two rivals, and with such sympathetic ardor that the reader

[1] *Le Nabab.* Mœurs Parisiennes. Par ALPHONSE DAUDET. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.

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would have been in no way repelled by the accumulation of financial facts. But Daudet, probably because the novel first appeared in serial form, has given a number of somewhat incoherent scenes rather than a connected story. We have, as it were, a collection of photographic views of Parisian life, and not a complete, rounded tale. In fact, it is as hard for the novelist as it is for any one else to serve two masters, and it is almost impossible to construct a story that shall be composed of thrilling incidents, each one of which shall be complete in itself and yet subordinate to the whole development. The author's powder is wasted in firing fine shot. Consequently, the reader's attention, when he has the whole novel before him, is turned from one incident to another in a somewhat irritating way. But most of the separate scenes are described with ability. There is much, for instance, that is clever in the account of the oily-tongued quack, Dr. Jenkins, but it is impossible not to feel distracted with the exaggeration with which the whole book is profusely filled. The scandal about Madame Jenkins may serve as an example of overdrawn and unnecessary incident. To be sure, it expresses the author's contempt for the vicious society of the empire, abuse of which serves to enliven the French novels of the last few years; but it reminds the reader much more of a man who should enter a banquet hall where he disapproved of the festivities, and should pull the table-cloth from the table, than it does of one who is filled with righteous but sober indignation. Again, the episode of Felicia lends a good deal of unattractiveness to the book; and, attractive or not, this character can hardly be considered a happy addition. Indeed, the scene is much overcrowded. One of the most prominent figures in the motley crowd is the Duc de Mora, a very flimsy disguise for the Duc de Morny, whose private secretary Daudet was in the days when, possibly unconsciously, he was making studies for his denunciations of imperial society. This worthy nobleman is distinctly drawn, and so are some of the less aristocratic characters; but it is the nabob himself who rises far above them all. The story of his crude, boyish ambitions, of his sincere delight in his success, of his humility in defeat, of his affection for those he loved, and of his kindliness for every one is good reading, although the narrative is too profusely enriched with all sorts of scandalous tit-bits that forever tickle the reader's appetite.

With all its faults, the book is, to our thinking, more genuine than Froment Jeune, and less narrow and willfully pathetic than Jack. The reader closes it with real admiration for the author's cleverness, in spite of all that there is overdrawn in the caricatures of men and women that fill so many pages of the story. It is, too, a curious example of the way in which, to speak plainly, the love of gossip, at least of scandalous gossip, has become a prominent literary appetite. The passages from the servile memoirs of the *garçon de bureau* in this book are typical of much recent fiction, which seems made up of eavesdropping and interviewing. The empire that met with a violent death at Sedan was bad enough, but it is hard to praise those novelists who fill their books with tattle about it.

By a singular chance, the reader in search of novelty can now lay his hand on a romance of Balzac's that has only within a few months seen the light, and can, if he pleases, make a comparison between the great master of French fiction and his somewhat degenerate successors. To be sure, the chances are that there are other novels out of the enormous collection of Balzac's works which most people have not yet read, but they have not the charm of novelty which marks Les Petits Bourgeois,[1] the title of the one just exhumed. Whether it had been lying in some forgotten drawer, or had been condemned by its illustrious author, the publisher does not state. The book also lacks the dates of beginning and ending that mark the marvelously brief time of composition of most of his

[1] *Les Petits Bourgeois.* Par H. DE BALZAC. Two vols. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

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novels; but yet in Balzac's Correspondance the reader will find frequent mention of this book. The first time its name occurs is under date of February 5, 1844, in which he speaks of writing the story for the *feuilleton* of the Journal des Débats; and although a few days later he speaks of the story as awaiting correction and completion, he refers to it again as unwritten in October, 1846. Probably he left it unfinished for a long time, or possibly, even after completion, he was dissatisfied with it. One is safe in setting the date of its composition at about the year 1846, for Modeste Mignon was published in its place in the Débats.

The title well defines the subject of the story, which was a subdivision of Balzac's attempt "to paint the great modern monster in all its phases.[1] It was Paris that he aimed at presenting in his pages; and every reader of his novels knows with what thoroughness he performed his task. Les Petits Bourgeois is not the best of the series, yet it is a remarkable book, and is full of that force which marked all of Balzac's stories. Their most noteworthy quality is their intensity; the lumbering beginning of most of them gives but a faint indication of the whirl of passion and of incident that is to follow, for Balzac always lingered over the setting and framework of the story before he brought in the characters whose delineation was to fill the pages.

In this novel it is a hypocrite that is drawn. In the dedication, it may be noticed, Balzac speaks of this book as one of those works which spring into the mind no one knows whence, and please the author before he knows how the public will receive them. He goes on to say that a few scraps of the clay left by Molière at the foot of his colossal statue of Tartuffe have been wrought into shape by a hand more bold than skillful. The hypocrite in this novel is one Théodore de la Peyrade, a Provençal of an attractive exterior, who tries to build up his fortunes by intriguing for the hand of the rich Mademoiselle Céleste Colleville. In this undertaking he plays a difficult game, for he has to succeed by making himself a sort of protecting deity to the family Thuillier, who, like most of the *dramatis personæ*, belong to the *bourgeoisie*. The father, an ex-employé, is a fatuous lump of vanity; his wife is a mere puppet in his hands and in those of his sister Brigitte, who is one of the main characters of the book. It is unnecessary to say that the pages swarm with a multitude of figures. There are Colleville, the easy-going husband, and Madame Colleville, Céleste's mother, who makes up by devotions for a "youth of frolics;" there is Phellion, a good-natured, pompous creature, whose only amusement is gazing at the demolition of old Paris, and whose main interest is watching the career of his worthy son. Besides these, Minard, a rich shop-keeper, and his family make their appearance. All of these characters are types as well as individuals, but their individuality is never sacrificed for the purpose of enforcing a general truth. Balzac's aim was to show one side of Parisian society, and also to show one character, the hypocrite, in the surroundings that would prove most congenial to such a man, and he has drawn as vivid a picture as one could wish to see, but the reader feels very strongly the breadth as well as the depth of Balzac's mind. He detested the Revolution of July and the bourgeoisie, yet he did not devote himself to painting this class of society in black colors without relief. He says it has great virtues as well as faults; and although he exposes the pettiness of social strife, the greed of the bourgeois and their mean ambition, he shows too that there is a chance for unselfishness, as in the unexpected outburst of Madame Thuillier in behalf of her godchild, and in the virtue and energy of young Phellion. Most of those writers who, like Daudet and Zola, thrive on the corruption of the second empire lack their great master's philosophic justice. They are not judges summing up the whole matter, so much as advocates arguing against something they despise. These writers are men of

[1] Vide Correspondance de H. de Balzac. Vol. ii., page 64.

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undoubted ability, but it is not easy to say that they surpass Balzac. He had certainly a cunning hand, and his earnestness was something above all praise. If he had written in German there would be a Balzac Lexicon, with a list of all his characters and a brief outline of their qualities, to show us what a populous world he ruled. As it is, no memory can recall all the figures into whose nostrils he breathed intense life, so vast and so multiform is their number. The drawing he has here made of the hypocrite is in his best style, and the story runs on well, although perhaps with more melodramatic effect than is consistent with probability. The way in which Corentin, the mysterious chief of police, whisks La Peyrade out of the net into which all his intrigues have brought him, and gives him a place in that mysterious force, the secret police, does not read like the soberest realism, although a French detective is reasonably enough to be considered a sort of authorized fairy, above most laws of probability. However that may be, all of La Peyrade's career with the bourgeois is very life-like. Nothing could be better than the way in which he slyly ingratiates himself with the different persons, and manages them all to his own profit. He is a most consummate scoundrel, and Balzac thoroughly enjoys exposing his financial trickery: the young adventurer ingeniously finds for the Thuilliers an opportunity to buy at half-price a house near the Madeleine, but to do this he has to bind himself by all sorts of clogging ties; so that we see him once more struggling with his accomplices, who understand him, as well as inveigling the less suspicious.

It is not merely slavish adoration of a great name that makes the reader bow down before the author of this novel, nor is it only impatience of one's contemporaries that makes one feel as if there were a more generous air in the work of the older writer. When one recalls the immense amount of Balzac's production, and is under the charm of his enormous personality, — as it is called, — that writer seems to belong to a race of giants. For since Shakespeare there has been no man who has enriched literature with so many life-like studies of character, who has so vividly pictured the world about him. Zola is doubtless the ablest of his followers, but it may be fairly questioned whether his hostile spirit has not warped his judgment. He is a sort of prose Juvenal; not an imitator, as Dr. Johnson was when he wrote his satires, but a man writing under a similar impulse. And although the *sæva indignatio* of the Latin poet is a fine and indeed a noble quality, it is, so far as literature is concerned, a less precious quality than that true vein of poetry that is to be found in Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace. Zola may be compared to Hogarth, who showed all that was terrible and odious in corruption; but does any one name Hogarth, with all his genius, in the same breath as Raphael or Titian? Balzac by no means avoids describing the seamy side of life; but although the air in which his characters move is heavy and close, they themselves are truly living.

Of new writers there is one to be named who has some good qualities, but who is far inferior to any of those mentioned above. A few months ago we had the pleasure of speaking of two of the novels of Henry Gréville, and although at that time she was almost an unknown writer she has in this brief interval managed to acquire a considerable reputation. Her novels have come from the press almost faster than they could be read and noticed, so that now the list of her books[1] is a tolerably long one; for this writer belongs to that class whose fluency is as remarkable as any other characteristic. This is not a sneer at those whose inventive faculty is great, for it is by no means the poor novelists who write the most; Scott, George Sand, and Balzac certainly have claims to respect, and if Henry Gréville cannot be compared for a moment with these masters of fiction there are some in the lower

[1] *Dosia. Sonia. L'Expiation de Savéli. Suzanne Normis (roman d'un père). La Maison de Maurèze. Les Épreuves de Raïssa. Nouvelles Russes.* Par HENRY GRÉVILLE. Paris: Plon. 1877-1878.

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rank to whom she bears great likeness. Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, is a very busy writer, and it is safe to say that the resemblance between her and Henry Gréville is worthy of note. Both have a ready invention, agreeable humor, and very similar power in the drawing of character. They take some story which often has not the charm of novelty, but they manage to fill it with such skill that it reads like something new, or, at any rate, like something that has sufficient merit to make us overlook the familiar groundwork. Yet the analogy between them is not to be carried too far. Henry Gréville, who, it may be as well to state here, is a French lady who has lived for many years in Russia, writes stories about Russian life, both of the aristocracy and of the peasants; and in her narration, which is often grim and painful, there is but little likeness to Mrs. Oliphant's quiet record of the complications of English society, where curates tepidly love their predestined wives, or the unjustly ousted heir gets his own again and turns out a faultless gentleman. But again, as Mrs. Oliphant, like English novel-writers in general, undertakes to give us pictures of life rather than discussions of problems, so Henry Gréville, unlike most French novelists, aims at describing what she has seen in Russia, instead of trying to present some new possible combination of the conventional relations of man, wife, and lover. This is a change, and one in a good direction. It is not to be supposed, of course, that this writer will alter the long-established grooves of French fiction, but she will doubtless find imitators as well as admirers.

There has been so complete a lack of French novels that could be recommended to any but a hardened class of readers that it is pleasant to find many of Henry Gréville's that can be praised on the score of general suitability for the "young person," without the modifying statement that they are at the same time exceptionally dull. Dosia, for example, is as bright and entertaining a little story as any one would care to read. The heroine is a charming girl who is not at all the conventional young lady of fiction, and the whole account of the way she gradually becomes civilized is full of humor. This is not a book written for all time, — the reading of books of that sort is generally put off, in the same way, for all time, — but it is by no means to be overlooked for that reason. The girl's ignorance and brightness are amusingly set before us, and the whole invention of the tale is easy and agreeable. The merits that it has will perhaps make clear the comparison of this author with Mrs. Oliphant. From the writings of both we do not get the impression that they — so to speak — carry very heavy guns, but rather that they have a pleasing vein of story-telling; they entertain, at least, if they do not try to make the world over again. It is not impossible to see from afar some of the incidents of the story, but they are cleverly told when they do appear, and are natural and amusing. This is always pleasant to find, and naturalness is a thing not over-common in a French novel.

Sonia, again, is good reading. It is very simple and not wonderfully impressive, but it shows the author's intelligence and ready wit. The story of the young man's love for the girl who does not care for him, and of her subsequent fate, makes the book bright and noteworthy. There is an agreeable flavor in it which it is not easy to define. The author does not by any means confine herself to such simple methods as make up the two books we have just mentioned. In spite of the current representations of optimistic Englishmen who persist in seeing nothing but amiability and gentleness in the Russians, there is no doubt that only a thin veil of civilization covers thick layers of savageness; and those writers who tell stories about Russian manners that might have been possible in England, judging from similar testimony, a hundred years ago and more doubtless do not pervert the truth. At any rate, Henry Gréville at times leaves those paths in which tender readers can follow her, to paint some of the darker sides of Russian life. She can hardly

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be said to move easily under this heavier burden. Les Épreuves de Raïssa, for instance, deals with as ghastly a subject as any *feuilletoniste* could care to write about; but it is treated with considerable skill, although not without a touch of the melodrama in the intervention of the Czar, and with something like tawdry sentimentality in the love of the young woman for the young man who has most grievously wronged her. Only the masters of fiction could be trusted with such exceptional subjects, and this author is too evidently a follower of greater novelists to be quite sure upon their ground.

It is Tourguéneff whom Henry Gréville has selected for her model, and whom she follows *haud passibus æquis*. She does not, like that famous writer, show the simplicity which is the triumph of art. When she is simple she approaches the commonplace, and she is not always impressive when she aims at something higher than the ordinary record of every-day life. But some of her shorter stories show her power at the best advantage. The little volume entitled Nouvelles Russes contains five slight sketches, and at least three of them rise above the average merit of her work. The first of these is tragic, and bears the stamp of genuine feeling to a much greater extent than most of her work. The story is said to be a true one, but it is not a bald enumeration of facts so much as their presentation by a writer who has a well-trained eye for the artistic value of things and their relative proportion. Le Meunier is also a readable sketch, which is superior to the ordinary tale, with, as might have been expected, the smoothness of execution characteristic of almost all French work. The last tale, too, is clever, so that, on the whole, the volume is well worth reading in spite of the feebleness of two of the stories.

In judging these books it is to be remembered that they describe Russian life, and that the local color with which they abound is very apt to seem more valuable from its novelty than an exact estimation of its merits would warrant. Incidents that are trite and unimpressive when laid in familiar scenery have a new charm when they are told of people whom we hardly know. In general, we prefer imported things to those of home make; and although there is a joy in seeing one's self reflected in a story of one's own surroundings, there is yet an added piquancy in stories of foreign life. But Henry Gréville writes, too, about French life. Suzanne Normis, for instance, is a novel of which the scene is laid in France of the present day, and La Maison de Maurèze deals with French life before the Revolution.

The only advantage to be got from reading the novel by Gustave Haller, entitled Vertu,[1] is the certainty that this is nearly, if not quite, the most foolish story that has been published for a long time. Its author, it will be remembered, wrote Le Bleuet, a book that was lucky enough to have a pretty paper cover and a warm recommendation from the pen of George Sand; and since it broke the monotony of most French novels by discussing a strictly Platonic affection it had some slight success. With all its faults, it is a classic compared with this medley of murder, condemnation to death, narrow escape from drowning, etc. There is an illustrated cover that some may find worth looking at, but let no one go further unless it be to know how the stories of the New York Ledger sound in the French tongue.

Zola's Une Page d'Amour[2] tells for the thousandth time the usual story of the French novel. To be sure, the heroine had appeared in one of the earlier volumes of the set, but the connection is remote, the main point being the fate of her daughter, who had inherited a feeble constitution and a tendency to divers nervous diseases, for which it may be said, by the way, that the second empire was in no way responsible. This daughter, Jeanne, is a most unpleasant little creature, — a sort of French Paul Dombey, — whose body is tormented by several

[1] *Vertu.* Par GUSTAVE HALLER. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

[2] *Une Page d'Amour.* Par ÉMILE ZOLA. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.

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kinds of illness, while her soul is wrung with jealousy of her mother, to whom she is strongly attached. Nor is this jealousy unreasonable: the mother, Hélène, calls in a physician one night when her child is taken with one of its alarming attacks; the physician, who is very handsome, manages to cure the child and to see the mother's beauty. The two happen to be brought into one another's company a great deal, — Hélène becomes intimate with the physician's wife, — and their acquaintance soon ripens into something different. This passion becomes very violent, and Hélène, after some slight coyness, yields to his fascinations. This distracts her from her child, who becomes morbidly jealous; and more than this, being left alone one rainy day while her mother and the doctor are together, she contrives to open the window and to catch a fatal cold. All this part about her last illness is described with great power, and the relative position of the different people to one another is most distinctly drawn. The mother naturally suffers grief and remorse, especially because her daughter died without expressing forgiveness; but she manages to forget her errors when she marries a worthy man, a great deal too good for her, whom she had known all the time.

Many of the minor characters and scenes of the story are well conceived and well executed. The infamous Mère Fétu, for instance, is drawn most cleverly. Yet it is hard to call the novel very successful. The story of a foolish woman's fall is not new, nor is it in this instance told with astounding skill. The most painful parts are the best done. Such is uniformly the case with Zola's novels, just as some artists paint shadows best, and it is impossible to deny his great technical skill. This is, however, far from feeling admiration for what distinguishes him from other novelists, namely, his pitiless realism. The general principle has been already discussed in these pages on the appearance of L'Assomoir,[1] and there is no need of taking up the matter now. Every one will acknowledge Zola's power; the question of its use or abuse is the only point unsettled.

Many critics have been so relieved to find this book comparatively free from noisomeness that they have called it almost idyllic; but this is going too far. If any one else had written it there would be a general outcry about its blackness. Besides the story, there are many pages devoted to rapturous descriptions of Paris at sunrise, at noonday, at sunset, and at night, which contain a good deal of "fine writing." This is lamentably overdone, and indicates only too clearly the narrowness of the ruts in which French novelists work; we all know the usual plot and the usual setting. Zola in some of his other novels stepped aside, but it was upon even less attractive ground, while here he has accepted all the ordinary conditions, and has not written an immortal book. He has made his name famous, however, and he will find plenty of readers for the dozen volumes still required for the completion of his series. So far, at least, he has drawn with great skill all sorts of outside surroundings of people in diverse circumstances, but he has not yet enriched literature with one memorable representation of some grand passion, and that is the only thing that lives. His books will be invaluable for the statistician in future ages, but where is there one like Balzac's Père Goriot? All the description of all the back streets and roofs in Paris will never make up for the absence of this. But, of course, it may come in time.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

[1] Vide Atlantic Monthly for June, 1877.

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A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

I.

THE road upon which Holcroft's Tavern stood was a disused turnpike. Years ago, when it was made, it ran straight as a railroad on its unbending way to the city, forty miles to the eastward. Not far from the tavern it encountered a slate quarry, cut it in two instead of avoiding it, then entered the woods, and, crossing the wet intervale upon an embankment made just wide enough, was carried by a bridge over the river, and climbed the hills on the other side. Then there were toll-gates, and a thriving business was done. Now it is not easy to tell where the road ran. By the tavern it has become obliterated in a wider, more pliant road, which winds and bends, in deference to houses and farms, this way and that; the slate quarry, abandoned since, had yet vigor enough to cover the old road-bed with slate chips, and in one place drown it under a stagnant pool; where once it emerged from the quarry is now a buckwheat field, and though its course can be tracked by a grassy wood-road which leads thence to the river, it cannot be long before that part also is reclaimed by nature. I went down the wood-road yesterday, and just made out the rude abutments of the long since ruined bridge; in rambling upon the hill beyond I stumbled once on a piece of the old turnpike, with a sign warning people that it was not for public travel. The road that once was a great public thoroughfare now begins nowhere and ends nowhere.

At intervals upon the turnpike stood solitary houses of entertainment, which drew all their nourishment from the dusty stream that flowed past, and so became, when that was drawn off, very weak and helpless. One sees great rambling buildings which may have looked hospitable enough to the tired traveler or drover, but now are suspected of being the resort of gangs of thieves; large barns, with weakness in their joints, stand heavily about, their capacity rendered impertinent by the emptiness that reigns there; long sheds, with roofs that rise and sink as if a perpetual sigh had taken possession of them, are in readiness for the wagons and horses that were long since transformed into freight cars and locomotives, — when the railroad, carried through this part of the country, extinguished the turnpike; and a sturdy pole stands, stiffly skewered at the top by iron rods, from which once swung and creaked a sign in token of the good cheer to be found within the house. The only part of the old establishment grown thrifty with age is the environment of oaks and elms, which throw a grateful shade over the buildings and hide the infirmities of a pride that sinks lower year by year.

Holcroft's Tavern was one of these roadside inns; not, indeed, a prominent one, but rather a baiting-place. It had kept its name through various vicissitudes, even after it had ceased to afford slender entertainment to man or beast. It was at one of the loneliest places on the old turnpike; at its back were some shy woods that crept with increasing confidence nearer the house each year, and had little fear of being discovered, for very few people passed in front. The innkeeper and owner worked his meagre farm and kept the ghostly show of an inn, but the misfortunes of the house easily passed upon the family within, and one after another dropped away to join the procession of travelers who never used the turnpike. It had long been wholly closed, when it was opened one day to admit the law, that unwelcome guest that so often comes as undertaker when good fortune has died in a family.

The inn was the only property which could be found in the possession of a certain scampish son of the old innkeeper, when his pockets were turned inside out

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in the chance of finding stray coin to satisfy just claims. Notice was accordingly given of a sheriff's sale of the house and land, the barns and outhouses, and all the furniture and agricultural implements and what not to be found on the premises. There was a small gathering of farmers and their wives and idlers of both sexes on the day of the sale. The women went cautiously through the cobwebbed rooms, holding their skirts about them, properly shocked at the lamentable neglect that prevailed, while their lords walked about the barns and sheds, scoffing at the remains of what had once been industrious tools and serviceable vehicles; but when the hour of sale came, it appeared that there had been some shrewd calculation going on as to the worth of the place and its appurtenances. Estimates were ventured warily, and the old tavern was apparently only waiting certain formalities before it should be dismembered by an unsympathetic crowd.

The auctioneer stated the terms of sale and announced that he was instructed first to offer the entire estate, and if no sale was made then to dispose of it in lots, beginning with the buildings. As no person present proposed to buy the whole of this worthless estate, there was some curiosity to know who the voiceless person was whose bid was taken by the auctioneer as a starting-point. It was supposed that the glib salesman, with the vivid imagination of his profession, had suddenly constructed a buyer and was using him as a lure to others; but after all the urging which the impassive company seemed likely to stand, the announcement was made, as the hammer fell, that the tavern was sold to Alden Holcroft.

Who Alden Holcroft was no one knew; certainly he was not of the innkeeper's immediate family, and the auctioneer could give no further intelligence than that he was a young man doing business in the city. The law was satisfied, the young scapegrace lost his homestead, another of the same name succeeded to the property, and the neighbors scattered to their houses.

II.

Alden Holcroft was a banker's clerk. He had no father or mother, brother or sister, and there were none who would have ventured to call him more than acquaintance. For years he had been at his desk promptly every working morning, and had discharged his duties with precision. With that all connection with his associates ended, and though his lodging-place was known to his superiors, his life outside of banking hours was entirely unknown to them. The salary which he received had been increased from time to time, and punctually drawn, but Holcroft never seemed either to lack money or to have it. He was indeed so silent and retiring that his fellow-clerks, after ineffectual attempts at penetrating his reserve, accepted him as they would the ink bottle or blotter, — a necessary part of the office furniture, and that was all.

It was shortly after the auction sale of Holcroft's Tavern that a letter was received by the firm of Goodhue, Son & Co. through the mail, which ran as follows: —

GENTLEMEN, — I beg to ask the favor of being permitted hereafter to come to the office at half after nine on Monday morning of each week instead of at nine o'clock, as has been customary with me for the past fifteen years. Respectfully yours. ALDEN HOLCROFT.

A city postage stamp was inclosed for prepayment of the reply.

"That Holcroft is an odd stick," said Mr. Goodhue to his son, handing him the letter. "Who but he would have taken such a formal, roundabout way of asking a favor, when he is only thirty feet away from us all day? And see! the only approach to a justification in his request is in the intimation that he has been uniformly punctual for fifteen years. Write him a note, Theodore, put the two-cent stamp on, and drop it in the nearest box. I would n't offend his sense of propriety." A keener sense,

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however, than that of propriety was touched in Holcroft when he received the permission. "A single word of praise might have been given," said the solitary man to himself. "They might have known what it cost me to write that note. Theodore Goodhue finds no difficulty in saying a friendly word to others; why could he not say it to me?" It was the inconsistent yet natural expression of a man who had fenced himself in with reserve, not because he hated his fellows, but because he was afraid of them. Behind that fence all manner of dumb show went on, so real to the man himself that he sometimes forgot how impenetrable he was to others. To be shy is not always to be unlovable, but it is very apt to be unloved.

The routine of office hours was the least part of Holcroft's life, though it was the most conspicuous. It was then that he was visible, and the side which he showed to the small world upon which his little light shone was that of a perfectly methodical, impassive fellow, who blushed when he was spoken to, and answered in a low tone; whose handwriting was regular and exquisitely delicate, entirely free from ornate flourishes; whose manners were so unobtrusive that it was quite impossible for his fellows to characterize them at all; and who did his part of the work with unfailing accuracy. He had been discovered now and then at concerts and plays, but only by those who chanced to pass by the most obscure corner of the hall or theatre, and when in the street he always seemed to court disguise by the hat which he pulled down over his face. His quick gait appeared curiously out of keeping with his ordinary quiet, but it was explained, by those who took the trouble to account for it, on the theory that he was hurrying to a hiding-place.

As a matter of fact, Holcroft led a much more out-of-door life than his acquaintances suspected, for his course and theirs lay in different directions. If it had chanced that any of his fellow-clerks had a fancy — which none of them had — for old books, or odd musical instruments, or rare prints, or antique furniture, they would probably have stumbled upon their shy companion in some one of the dingy recesses where old things bestow themselves before they are dragged out into the glare of fashion. Still, dealers in old things were scarcely a step nearer to a knowledge of this buyer, and the fancy which he showed would tell nothing more than that he was possessed of a certain refinement of taste and education. That he had, and in the exercise of it came much of the pleasure of his life; yet it would have been a barren existence after all which was divided into the two hemispheres of toil at the desk and solitary delight in art, even where, as in the case of Holcroft, there was some little power of creation in art, the faculty of drawing and coloring, the knowledge and use of harmony in music, the power to set down his thoughts in orderly form. Gifts like these create as well as satisfy wants.

To get at the secret of this man, we must be told what he himself never breathed to others: he was in love. Did he not then confess his love to the one who drew him? No, for there was no such person who could receive his passionate expression. He could scarcely be said to be in love with his own ideal; for there was a certain solidity of sense in him which forbade such ghostly and empty love-making. He had no ideal, he was waiting for that to be projected from the real, and meanwhile, in the activity of his passion, he was compelled to feed his flame from very combustible material. When Theodore Goodhue discovered him, one evening, shrinking into the corner of the concert-room, that easy-going young man would have laughed at frequent intervals had he once known that Holcroft was for the time in love with the beautiful singer on the stage; but he never would have known it, for the lover made no sign to his mistress, least of all to his employer. It could hardly be, one would think, a very satisfying devotion which could be contented with love at such long range; but the simple truth is that Holcroft, shrinking from what Brockden Brown calls "the awfulness of flowing muslin,"

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had positively no acquaintance in society, and was compelled to let his eyes seek and his feelings run out to those whom he could gaze upon at a distance with unabashed glances. He shared, in common with the audience about him, the privilege of looking steadfastly upon the beautiful creature who came gracefully forward; his own attention could not possibly be construed into any marked devotion, and it was equally true that he could not fairly claim any individual response from the singer. But she sang, and with a lover's right he made song and voice interpretative of her nature. She sang ballads in a deep contralto, and there is something in such a voice which seems peculiarly sincere. Night after night, therefore, Holcroft waited upon this lady's appearance, and suffered his fancy to follow her when his own feet carried him no whit nearer. Once, indeed, lingering after the concert, he caught sight of her entering her carriage, and enjoyed a new delight in the transformation into something domestic and homely which the cloak thrown about her produced.

Yet such a Barmecide feast of love scarcely leaves a full heart behind, and Holcroft bitterly reproached himself at times that with his passionate longing for a wife, and his entire willingness to be loved by some beautiful girl, he seemed never to be any nearer the end. Moreover, while no suspicion rested in his mind upon this or that beautiful singer or actress whom he in turn heard or saw, the possibility of taking any step toward personal acquaintance caused a rush of feeling through his mind at the horrible publicity of such a love the moment it began to be formal. He could love her, but if she really began to love him, and yet sang night after night before all those men, — nay, that she had already so sung, even if never thereafter, — this shattered at once any faint resolve for turning his romance into fact.

He had noticed in the papers advertisements of the sale of the Holcroft Tavern, and the name attracted him. He visited it stealthily one afternoon, peeping in at the windows and getting such knowledge of the interior as he could from the outside. He knew nothing of the owner or his family, and felt no inclination to identify himself with the succession. He was satisfied to learn that the young scapegrace who held the title was the last of his family, and was not likely to interfere with any new owner. The project of buying such a place had long been in his mind. For one thing, his acquisitions had begun to accumulate beyond the capacity of his lodgings, and he had been obliged to store some of his furniture and books; a grievance to him, since it was not possession but use that pleased him. The opportunity now was excellent of owning a house near enough to the city to permit him to visit it occasionally, until he could live there permanently, while far enough away to remove him from fear of intrusion or observation. In effect, no counterfeiter plotting devices could have taken more pains to conceal himself than did this shy man, whose outward motive seemed to be to make himself a home, and whose secret hope was that with a house made perfectly ready, the visitant whom he longed for would enter the open door, take her seat by the fireside, and remain near to bless him.

Indeed, the buying and renewing of Holcroft's Tavern seemed to the young man so positive a step toward his marriage that for a time he was perfectly happy in his plans and work; it was so far an outward fulfillment of his purpose that the other and really more essential matter gave him now little concern. The lack of confidence in himself from which he had so frequently suffered was less painfully present, and he set about making the house ready for his wife in a cheerful spirit which partially recompensed him for her delay in coming. It might be questioned by some whether a man so ignorant of the companionship of women could properly appreciate the peculiar wants which such might be supposed to have. But Holcroft had in his own nature a certain femininity which was almost an added sense. Moreover, he was a careful reader, and a very close observer. He had not visited picture

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galleries, or studied prints, or narrowly examined furniture and all the trappings of a household, without detecting the fitness of this or that to the wants of a refined woman. Besides, he trusted very wisely in his own artistic nature that such arrangements as he might make in the old tavern would cause at least those agreeable effects which render a house, when one enters it, hospitable and cheerful. Had he been a confirmed bachelor with an eye only to his own comfort, his dispositions would have been awkward and uncouth the moment a woman entered. But he was not an old bachelor; he was an ardent lover who saw everything through the eyes of his mistress, so that he was constantly asking himself how she would like this and that.

Shortly after his purchase of the tavern, having secured a perfect title, he began his weekly visits. The railroad carried him in an hour and a half to the village, and a walk of a mile brought him to his house. He would carry with him a basket of provisions sufficient for his stay, and make his way at once to his property. It was in September when he began his visits. The Saturdays and Sundays, by some happy fortune, were invariably bright, sunny days, and the old place at once gave him such a welcome as a rambling house with capacious fire-places could give him during autumn days, when the changing foliage of his trees paid him at once a rich rental on his ownership. Sometimes he would be obliged to hire a wagon at the village to carry the furniture and effects which, from time to time, he sent up from the city, but he never invited any one to help him. It was entire satisfaction to close the door behind him, build a fire in one of the great chimneys, and set to work upon the interior of his house. The week through he planned, and when Saturday came he was ready at once to put his plans into execution. One room at present he used as a storeroom for his furniture, the last room to be touched; but upon the others he began at once to exercise his skill. Added to his artistic taste was a considerable knowledge of the artisanship which makes so solid an accompaniment to art. He was an unusually good carpenter, and what he lacked of special knowledge he made up for by taking lessons during the week of an acquaintance. He was a good mason, and he set himself to learn the art of stair-building; for the changes which he designed included some very considerable alteration of the old plan of the house, and he had especially set his heart on a great hall and a grand staircase.

It will readily be seen that a day or two of work in a week, by one man, would not go very far or fast. But Holcroft was in no hurry. Occasionally, when all his ingenious contrivances of help failed, and he needed a man, he brought an assistant from the city, and sent him back the same day; for it was part of his sentiment that no one should really occupy the house, except himself, until he should bring his wife into it. He worked thus through the fall and winter and spring, and when his fortnight's vacation came in the summer he arranged to have a young man come daily from the city to help him, so that at the end of the season he had really gone far toward making the house assume inside the form and arrangement which he had planned; but he had plenty of work before him yet. The house which had been wont to entertain a dozen guests had been so rearranged by its new owner that with its large halls and rooms it would do little more than give space for himself, his wife, and their fancies.

III.

It was not long before the regular movements of the stranger attracted the attention of the villagers, and it was easily surmised that he was the Alden Holcroft who had bought the old tavern. But the people had a lazy curiosity; the few advances made by one and another failing to elicit anything, he was looked upon simply as an odd stick, and left to himself. He managed to keep an entire independence of his neighbors, and it was nearly two years after he had taken possession of his house before he formed

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even the most trivial association with them. He had then completed the more important changes, and was mainly occupied with lighter matters of decoration and furnishing. There were therefore idler moments than he had known, and something of the old restlessness came back, repressed as it had been by his occupation. One Sunday morning, tasting the fresh life of a June day, he locked the door upon the outside, and walked along a road which he had occasionally taken on his way to or from the railway station, less direct than the customary road. It passed through a small settlement of the people known as Shakers, who had established themselves upon the slope of a hill which overlooked the river valley. Their houses and barns and outhouses had the air of keeping up a continual conflict with nature, as if a strong resolution was maintained not to suffer them to harmonize with the landscape. A prodigious barn, long unpainted, and by the lapse of time subdued to a russet hue, which diminished its proportions and made it look almost as if it had grown through generations, like the trees about it, had recently been clapboarded and painted white; so that now it put nature out, and shone in the midst of the greenery with a blank immensity which was the very triumph of ungovernable order. In this settlement Holcroft was always reminded of monasteries in their prime: the gardens were so rich; the slow-moving men, with their broad hats and sombre garments, led so monotonous and regular a life; the bell tolled at intervals; and he could fancy the brothers, with their few books of devotion and their petty duties, mingling religion and worldly comfort by that subtle combination which produced almost a new order of life. Only the Yankee thrift and barrenness of æsthetic predilection gave to the whole a hopelessly modern look, as if by no lapse of time could the buildings and family ever become picturesque.

It is true, the comparison with a monastery failed again in an important point: that the family held a goodly number of sisters, young and old; for their faces were at the windows, — there always seemed to be one or two whose business was to keep watch of passers-by, — and figures of women could be seen moving about between the houses and through the fields. The poke-bonnets which they wore reduced them all to one undistinguishable age and condition, and they seemed to Holcroft, when he casually passed them, scarcely more human than the stacks of beans which he saw in their fields in autumn. Once, crossing a cornfield in the early summer, he had come upon a scarecrow made with grim pleasantry out of the ordinary dress of a Shaker sister. It is true, they could hardly be supposed to have any other clothes to put to such a use, but the sight gave him a queer start, as if he had come upon one gone to seed; and he wondered besides if the crows would really be afraid of anything so harmless and patient.

As he drew near the village this morning he heard the toll of a bell, and was surprised by the sight of a procession crossing the road from one of the houses to the plain meeting-house opposite. He stopped in admiration. Two and two the women walked, carrying music-books in their hands, and dressed now in quiet-colored, delicate gowns which hung in straight folds, but were rendered singularly beautiful by the addition of the soft silk handkerchief about the neck; while the head was inclosed in a snug cap, which could not be called lovely in itself, yet had an undeniable harmony with the rest of the dress. The placid manners and quiet dignity of the little procession moving under the blue sky brought a singular sense of quiet to him, and as they entered the meeting-house he suddenly resolved to follow them and see what their service was like. Some wagons and carriages stood near by, and strangers — world's people — were moving into the little building. He followed through the men's door and seated himself upon one of the benches set apart for outsiders. The whole company of men and women were standing in opposite rows and singing, a few holding music-books, but most familiar with music and words. The hymn sung was introducto-

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ry to the service, which began with the reading of a chapter from the New Testament by one of the elders. The chief part of the service, however, was in the combined music and marching, or dancing, as it might sometimes be called. By some understanding, the company quietly formed, eight young men and women occupying the centre of the room in an oval figure, the remainder disposed in two circles outside the smaller one; this small circle was stationary, and seemed to form a choir; the song was started by it, and the two circles began moving round it, the inner in an opposite direction to that taken by the outer. The choir members held their hands before them with uplifted palms, and gently let them rise and fall to the cadences of the music. So also did the two circles of marchers, and the singing was carried on not only by the choir, but by so many of the marchers as were possessed of musical powers; while those who could not sing moved their lips with the words of the song and seemed thus to share in the singing. When the song was ended, the double procession stopped, each member in place, and all, choir and marchers, swept their hands downward and by a gesture appeared to arrest the music. Then, after a pause, either new singing with a resumption of the marching would begin, or some one would speak a few words of thanksgiving or exhortation.

It was the first time that Holcroft had ever been within the Shaker meeting-house, and he was surprised into a spirit of reverence. Whatever of the grotesque had been associated with the service in his mind, from the descriptions he had heard, disappeared in the actual presence of these sincere men and women. It is true that now and then he had to repress a smile, as some peculiar earnestness of expression turned its odd side toward him, and he thought also that he detected certain sleepy and perfunctory movements on the part of some, as if their minds were on some remote occupation, perchance the gathering of roses for the distilled rose-water to be made shortly, or some like innocent occupation in their unexciting life; but the congregation doubtless had its range of devotion, like other congregations. The main effect was of a simple-minded and single-hearted people, who threw into this service a fervor which expressed the ideal of their life. To be neat and practical was not the whole of their religion; for them also were aspirations and anticipations; and sometimes, as they marched to the singing of a hymn which spoke of them as pilgrims on their way to a heavenly home, their faces were turned up with an eager, joyous look, their feet seemed only to touch the floor, and their hands pushed back the sordid world with an energetic gesture. It was at such times that Holcroft was thrilled with a sympathetic emotion. The rude singing and the quick movements of the marchers blended harmoniously, and his soul was fanned as it were by a breath from some distant sea. There were, besides, other times when the gestures, changing their meaning with the varying hymn, swept the world away and brought back heavenly presences, and the refrain was repeated again and again, so that the meaning was driven in upon one with renewed waves of feeling; and finally, by a sudden movement, the inner circle of singers was itself transformed into a moving circle, making three rings of worshipers, passing and repassing each other with rhythmic tread, and singing joyfully a triumphant song. Holcroft half closed his eyes, and the moving bodies before him seemed almost resolved into a cloud of witnesses, wavering under a divine power which swept it backward and forward across the heavenly field.

There was doubtless in Holcroft a sensitiveness to subtle influences which made him easily affected by the spectacle. It was the visible and frank manifestation of emotions which he shared with others, but was rarely permitted to witness, because in most cases one needs first to express like emotions, and Holcroft by his constitutional shyness was prevented from soliciting or sharing in any exhibition of feeling. Besides, the humorous was not strongly developed in him, and very simple sentiment, from his long

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brooding in solitude, had come to have an elemental force likely to be overlooked by persons more familiar with the process of expression and repression. In the scene before him he thought he was looking into depths of the human heart, just as in hearing a few chords of music he might believe himself listening to spheral harmonies. Perhaps it was because he was so sympathetic and responsive that the faces of the men and women were hallowed by a light not ordinarily seen by him. Be this as it may, it is certain that his eye rested with peculiar reverence upon one of the worshipers who was in the outer circle, and in face, manner, and dress seemed to hold and give forth the perfume, as it were, of the religious ceremony. There were all ages present, from young children to old men and women; but the beauty of devotion never appears so fair as when residing in a girl who is heiress to all that the world can give, yet reaches upward for more enduring delights.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed, like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft pearly tint, which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep blush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshipers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing, once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said, "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave and stood in knots by the meeting-house, watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

IV.

The vision which he had had this Sunday morning came, like many such, to shatter a fabric which he had long been constructing. The solitary life which he had led, with its fancies made solid and its careful foundation of possibilities, was suddenly invaded by an enemy which disclosed its shining metal as only fool's gold after all. When he turned the key in his door and entered what had hitherto seemed his castle, he could think of nothing but opening the gate of a tomb and locking himself within. The unreality of his life stared him in the face. "For what have I been building this house of cards?" he cried to himself, as he looked about upon all the contrivances and decoration which his ingenuity and art had devised. "What a mockery is this! How complacently I have been setting my house in order, with all its frippery of earthly taste, when so near me move people who have shattered all these walls that separate us from the divine! I have deluded myself with the notion that I had but to build my nest and the bird would fly to it, when I find the bird to be a bird-of-

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paradise, that makes its nest in the clouds if anywhere."

There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Holcroft, amid the ruins of his fancies, was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. Every Sunday found him at Shaker meeting, fascinated by the spell which the worship cast over him, and still, as at first, seeing in the graceful girl the very spirit of the society and its aims. He began, also, to listen attentively to expositions of the Shaker life which fell from the lips of the speakers. There was one venerable elder, called Elder Isaiah, who by tacit consent was the exponent of the Shakers' creed to the company of world's people who occupied the benches in front. Every Sunday, toward the close of the service, Elder Isaiah came forward and made a short, vigorous address, intended to illustrate some phase of belief, or to attack some conventional doctrine of the world. He had a precision of speech which made whatever he said doubly forcible. Every blow which his brain gave served to cleave the subject before him, as if he were driving a wedge. His logic, lightened by shrewd, witty sayings, had a certain force by the confines in which it was asserted. He had a pitiless way of driving an imaginary opponent down a narrow path, keeping close at his heels all the while, all the while deriving his own power from a broad, universal philosophy behind him. He never undertook to set forth the whole Shaker life in one address, but his series of addresses was evidently intended to cover the field of Shaker views. Thus it was that, as the summer wore on, Holcroft came to hear, one by one, the tenets of Shakerism set forth with a decision and temperate force which went far toward justifying them.

It was not any single article of the Shaker creed which attracted Holcroft. He might perhaps have answered each in turn; but the general spirit of the life that seemed possible in this isolated society had an elevation, and a grandeur, even, which moved him in a degree unaccountable except as one considered how solitarily he had lived, and how unreal and fantastic were the objects of his ambition. "What is there in my life," he exclaimed, "to compare with this ideal life? Could there be anything more selfish than this isolation which I have been peopling simply with the shapes of what I hoped some day to enjoy more positively? I have built my house for myself and some Eve to be fashioned out of me when I am in a deep sleep, and all my devotion to this unseen woman is but a tribute to my own pride of choice and possession. The best woman, it seems, is good enough for me, and I am preparing for her a solitude in which she shall find only me. The doors of my house of entertainment are to be opened only to her, and to be shut behind her. But these Shakers ask simply that they may work for one another, and expel from themselves everything that looks like individual possession. Elder Isaiah claims that their society is the true and lineal descendant of the Christian church of the first generation, when no man called anything his own. I have carefully studied to have what I cared for exclusively my own, and to shut out the remainder of the world. Their society, set down here in the country, is not hedged apart from the world, but is an open home to any who choose to enter. Their invitation is as broad as that of the kingdom of heaven." It was after such reflections that he would enter his house and try to engage himself with book, or pencil, or music. Once and again these friends would draw him back into his familiar world, but they could not withdraw him from the attraction of the Shaker meeting.

His constant attendance there had been marked by the brethren and sisters, but he had so evidently avoided intercourse that no one was moved to speak with him. His name was known, and his occupation of Holcroft's Tavern, but the silence of his surroundings had not been disturbed by anything more than the idlest rumors of the villa-

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gers. One Sunday, Elder Isaiah came forward as usual, and placing his hands together with a familiar gesture began what at first might more properly be called a meditation than an address: —

"Jesus Christ said that if any man would be great among you he should be your servant. The law of service is the law of supremacy. If I use my neighbor for my personal ends I degrade him, but I degrade myself still more. I show that I am not free; that I am the slave of my ambition, my appetite, my propensities. He is free who has learned to govern his propensities. The rich man has a propensity for property, and he gets it from the poor. The more he gets, the more he wants; and as the poor man grows poorer, the rich man grows richer and more and more unable to do without his riches. His wants are increased, and they increase faster than he can supply them. He becomes a slave to his avaricious desires, and sinks lower and lower. The politician has a propensity for power, and he gets it by using men; he makes them serve him while he professes to serve them; he never gives anything except for a greater return. Every step he takes toward power brings him more under the control of other men; he binds himself by obligations, and when he gets supreme authority he finds that he has lost the right to call his soul his own, and he can do nothing without reference to meaner men. The selfish man has a propensity to gratify himself, and he seeks his end by shutting out everybody else from the participation of his pleasure. He will end by being himself shut out from the kingdom of heaven, an outcast who, seeking to gratify himself alone, finds that he has none of the things which he thought he had; that he has become a paralytic, unable to use the power that had been given him. The people called Shakers have set themselves a higher law, the law of service, and they have found that it has made them great by lifting them above the meaner desires that lead men captive. Are you rich? Come to us and learn that no man is rich till he calls nothing his own. Are you a politician? Come to us and learn that no man is exalted until he has made himself a servant of all. Are you selfish? Do you look for your pleasure in those things that minister to your ease, to your intellectual gratification; yea, to your love of family, of wife, and of children? Let me tell you that no man is worthy of the society of the head man of the race, Jesus Christ, who does not leave father and mother and wife and children to live as Christ lived, who called no man father and no man brother after the flesh; who did not marry, but loved all women with the pure love of a brother for his sisters. Come out and be ye separate from the world; crucify your lusts, conquer your propensities, and come up into the higher manhood, where all are equal, and every one loves his neighbor as himself, instead of loving his neighbor for the sake of himself."

There was nothing very new in these words, but as Elder Isaiah went on, his pointed hands were extended to where Alden Holcroft sat, and his voice was penetrated with a persuasion which in after-moments he was fain to believe was the direct result of an inspiring power. Be this as it may, when he ended he was suddenly moved to add, —

"If any one here present sees fit to address the meeting, the opportunity is given." His eyes were still upon Holcroft, and Holcroft, who had been looking steadily at him, rose at the word, as by a sudden impulse, and broke into hasty, scarce premeditated speech.

"I have sat here many Sundays, and I will say a word. I am a stranger to you. I am not a Shaker. I never spoke to a Shaker. I know nothing of you except what I have heard here, but a man testifies out of the fullness of his heart, and I believe what you say. There must be something better than the life I lead, and I think you have it." Here he sat down abruptly. The Shakers were taken by surprise, but a murmur followed his speech. "Yea, we have," "Yea, we have," came from one and another, accustomed in such fashion to approve and certify the testimony of

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their own brethren. The meeting broke up shortly afterward, and Holcroft, who under a transitory excitement had spoken to a company, though he could not have been induced to speak to a person, left the room hastily. He had gone but a little way, when he heard steps behind him. Elder Isaiah advanced to his side.

"Friend Holcroft," said he, "will you let me have a word with you? It is an unusual thing to hear strangers speak in our meeting, but I was interested in hearing you. There was truth in what you said." Holcroft stood with his hat drawn down and his foot searching the earth. Elder Isaiah went on, "I do not want to obtrude myself, but I would gladly have a few words with you. If you do not mind I will come up to see you this evening." The young man assented, more anxious to get away from this interview than to avoid another. As he looked up, he perceived the young woman who had attracted his attention standing not far off, and evidently waiting for Elder Isaiah. The old man turned from his companion and walked away with her. Holcroft himself hardly knew whether or not to welcome the elder, yet the sudden plunge which, without premeditation, he had taken in the morning had thrown him into an excited state, and mingled with the crowd of thoughts that confused his mind was the possibility of being brought into some contact of knowledge with the girl whose hands, as they moved in the Shaker dance, seemed always beckoning him toward the devoted circle.

When, therefore, the early evening came, and he sat on his doorstep and saw the figure of the elder coming toward him out of the woods, he was for a moment disappointed at seeing him alone, although he was aware it could be but a childish hope that would suppose the old man to be accompanied by the girl; yet it is the improbable that seems easiest to recluses and dreamers. Elder Isaiah bowed to the young man, who made room for him on the doorstep. For a moment neither of them spoke; then Holcroft asked, with the abruptness of a person who speaks the last of a long series of words which his mind only has uttered, "Elder Isaiah, how did you come to be a Shaker?"

"If I were to answer you in the fewest words," he replied, "I should say that one day I saw the light, and have ever since lived in it; but I know you wish to learn something of what people call the practical side of Shaker living. Well, now, let me tell you that with the people called Shakers the law of their being is to cease to do evil; every man has in him a higher and a lower nature, and it is our life to crucify the lower nature. I was brought up in a Christian community and learned many excellent things, but I was always taught by example that the rules which Christ gave were to be obeyed up to a certain point, that is, just so far as the people around one had tacitly agreed it was well to go; and then, if one obeyed beyond that point, he was a fanatic, and very likely would be called an atheist and a disturber of the church. Well, now, I found that Christianity had only partly reclaimed the world, and for the rest had been itself perverted by the world; and I could not see that the church was much more than the world put into a meeting-house once a week. Then I looked about, and I saw a society of men and women who were trying to live just as the Christians did when Jesus was taken away from them. They were not wise beyond their years, and they did not say, The Pentecostal church was an accident, and cannot be repeated now; they said, If the form in which the church was cast, when it first came from the hand of God was good, then that form is not to be despised; and the closer we copy the form, while we try to keep the spirit, the more sure we shall be to keep the spirit. Well, I saw there were no rich people in this community, and there were no poor people, while in the world outside the chief misery sprang from there being rich and poor; that seemed to be a good thing. Then I saw that this community was one family, made up of brethren and sisters; and as I studied the words of Jesus Christ I saw that he came to establish a new order of things

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on earth; that as the first man was the beginning of the generations, so Jesus Christ was the end of the generations; and that in the kingdom of heaven there was to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but all were to be as the angels of God."

"You could not have wished to marry," broke in Holcroft, earnestly.

"Nay, but I was married, and we had a little girl. She is grown now. It was she whom you saw with me this noon. I never loved her who was my wife more than when we entered the Shaker family and became brother and sister. It was a cross for us to take up, but she bore it, and though we lived in different houses and saw each other only now and then, we were both far happier than when we led a selfish life just for each other. She is dead now, and Ruth has grown up. She does not call me father, and I do not call her daughter, — call no man father after the flesh, — but she loves the principles that I love, and we both work together in the house or the field, and have many words with each other. She is a good girl."

"And does she never go outside?" asked Holcroft, who seized his opportunity to learn more of her under cover of his general interest.

"Nay; she is content with our people. Once she went away to visit one of her mother's sisters, but she came back gladly. The world was no place for her; it frightened her with its wickedness. Do not misconceive me, Friend Holcroft; the Shakers have to contend against evil just as the world does, and it is very curious to see how the great movements of history are repeated in our little community. But we have a safeguard against evil which the world does not have. Here one is safer, where all are banded together to resist evil."

"Yet people sometimes leave your community, just as people enter it."

"Yea, they leave us. They go to their own. We do not seek to restrain them; but you must judge of a tree by its fruits, and not by the dead branches that now and then are broken off and cast upon the ground."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Holcroft, saying: —

"If I, now, were to join you, I should not give up much of the world, since I have no near relations, and I live alone."

"Nay," said the old man, looking keenly at him; "a man's world is not always in the family he belongs to, nor even in the things he possesses. When you give up the world, you will be giving up what has hitherto been your most secret wish, your darling desire, whatever that may be." Holcroft rose and walked hastily into the road and back again. "I would not deceive you," continued the elder. "It is no light thing to join us. We welcome all who come, but no one can bring with him all that he has; he must leave much behind."

"Let us say," said the young man, standing before him, "that I am a musician. Must my music be left behind?"

"Nay; we make much of music, and we are constantly adding new songs and tunes to our collection." A smile crept across Alden's face, as he momentarily contrasted the music that he was wont to play with the Shaker melodies that so remorselessly tormented him by their commonplace jingle when he was at his daily work.

"But say I am an artist, or that I love reading."

"We are plain people," said the elder, gravely. "What is more than yea or nay cometh of evil, and it will be a long while before the earth has been reclaimed and made to blossom. When that is brought to pass, it will be time to think of the arts. Now, our work is manifest, and we cannot escape it." Holcroft hesitated before asking his next question.

"These things may after all be outside of one's real life. I am a young man. Say I am in love. Shall I then renounce the girl whom I love?" The tremor of his voice easily justified Elder Isaiah in accepting the question as covering the fundamental fact in Holcroft's life.

"There was a rich young man," he replied, slowly, "who once went to Jesus Christ and wanted to know what he

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should do to gain the kingdom of heaven. He was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor; and we are told that he went away sorrowing. Every young man is ripe for the kingdom of heaven except in some one particular. The test of his sincerity lies in his willingness to sacrifice just that one thing. I will not press the matter with you, but be assured of this, that if you wish to join the people called Shakers, you must first ask yourself, not whether you are willing to give up this or that thing for which you do not much care, but whether you will give up the one thing for which you care greatly; and you may know this, that the principles of the Shaker life do not require a man to give up anything except that which is indissolubly connected with his lower nature. Now I must go. I shall be glad to see you any day at our house, and I will come here to see you if you wish me to. Kindly farewell."

Elder Isaiah gave his hand to the young man, took his stick, and walked away. He had drawn his bow and shot his shaft. More he did not purpose doing, for he was firm in his confidence that the principles of the Shaker life needed only to be stated to minds capable of receiving them; and were idle words, which it was folly to heap up, to such as had no interior sense of their reasonableness.

V.

To Alden Holcroft the question of becoming a Shaker was not simply that of intimate association with a girl whom by the very association he was forbidden to marry; he was so far master of his own mind as to be able to consider the wider relations of the society at which he was looking; yet the parting words of Elder Isaiah were prophetic in this, that they disclosed to the young man a test of his entire interest in the subject; and he honestly admitted to himself that, were Ruth eliminated from the problem, it would be easy for him to solve it by continuing in his present mode of life. But Ruth was not out of the problem, and he dared to fancy to himself a life in the community, where he might silently, after his wont, rejoice in the presence of a girl who could not walk before him without making him thrill with pleasure. The conception had in it a certain refinement which seemed to make an illusion a permanent and bright reality. Others had sought this life for the refuge which it gave from disturbing influences in the world; why should not he enter it to find a spiritual fulfillment of dreams which had so far never been satisfied?

He continued his attendance at Shaker meeting week by week, and though he said nothing more he knew that he had in a measure marked himself before the little community. He did not solicit nor receive attention from the members. Elder Isaiah bowed to him when they met, but offered no speech. Yet Holcroft was aware of a curious glancing and attention of which he was the recipient; aware too, in time, of an equally positive fact, that he never received a look from Ruth, and that she alone of all the members seemed ignorant of his presence. He could not help observing this, because his own attention was always fixed upon her, under such cover of discretion as he was moved to employ. One day, a holiday in the city, when he was standing in the doorway of his house of entertainment, he discovered a wagon-load of Shaker girls, accompanied by one of the elders, driving along the road on a berrying excursion. They were singing some of their melodies, and having such discreet fun as could bubble from the unrepressible parts of their natures. As they passed his door he retreated, but not before the elder and his company had bowed to him, one only keeping her head turned away. That it was Ruth he knew by certain signs, easily conveyed to him who had possessed himself of all the lines of her form and face; and her avoidance, in the light of his Sunday experience, struck upon him with a force which, for the moment, was painful in its disclosure.

Could it be, he asked himself, that this

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girl had come to look upon him with different eyes from what the rest did; that she was in any way affected in her consciousness by the steadfast gaze which his mind, rather than his eyes, had bent upon her? In the solitude of his life, noticing many times the superfluousness of speech, he had come to believe with confidence in the power of one person to communicate with another without spoken or written words; and as he stepped back into his empty house there rushed across his mind the belief that something of his constancy had become known to Ruth. For a moment there was mingled with this a feeling of regret, as if she had thereby stepped down from the place in which he had been regarding her; but this momentary regret was followed by an overwhelming desire to see her, to speak with her, to possess her. All the fine dreams of a brotherly intercourse under the protection of Shaker order were dissipated by the substantial image of a closer union, and the possibilities of a Shaker life fled before the possibility of a life with Ruth.

When the movements of action are anticipated and imitated in thought, the consummation is more rapid, and the changes are not so much surprises as quick developments. Within a short space of time Holcroft had performed several revolutions in his mind, and since his action lay largely in that arena, it was a natural exaggeration for him to believe himself much nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than a strict interpretation of the facts would warrant. He was always a little ahead of fact in any ardent pursuit like this. At all events, he was in a mood to magnify the smallest sign or incident. Shy as he was, the force of his desires had a momentum which comes from a long and silent gathering, able to break down any ordinary barriers. His shyness and his sensitiveness had always heretofore forbidden him to move from behind the intrenchment in which he lived, but never before had his nature been met and fairly subdued by a stronger force. Now a Shaker maiden had only moved before him week after week, and he knew that for the first time he had seen a woman; she had turned her eyes away from him, and he was ready to believe that a woman had seen him.

He took his hat, and, closing the door behind him, walked down the road in the direction taken by the party. He had no definite plan in his mind; he scarcely allowed himself to question what he should do, what he should say. In his eagerness he could not scheme; with a consciousness of his weakness he dared not deliberate. He simply gave himself to the controlling impulse which had urged him to follow Ruth. As he went down the road, he recalled the old slate quarry, which had outlived the turnpike that once drove through it, and remembered that from the top of a little ledge there one could get a pretty wide survey of the fields about. He entered the overgrown road that led to it, and crossing a little brook found himself soon among the loose chips which marked the beginning of the quarry; he climbed the side of the old ledge, past the little pool that reflected it, stood on the summit, and looked about him. His eye soon caught sight of the party engaged in stripping the blackberry vines. They were scattered in little groups or singly, and by herself was Ruth, somewhat apart from the others. He followed the lead of his impulse, still strong enough to master his habitual reserve, and as if fearing to be overtaken by prudence almost ran to where she stooped. He came upon her without passing her companion, and a clump of bushes sheltered them from immediate observation. She heard his footfall, and without looking up said, "Miranda, it is as I told you; the vines here have scarcely any thorns."

It was the first time that he had heard her speak, and wondering at the music of her voice he forgot for a moment the coming discovery; but she, getting no response, looked up, and saw standing by her the grave, brown-bearded man whom she had seen at the meetings and whom she had heard the brethren discuss.

"I thought it was Sister Miranda," she said faintly, turning again to her

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berries, her face hidden by the Shaker bonnet which she wore.

"It is Alden Holcroft," said he, making a rude sort of introduction of himself. "You heard him speak once in your meeting. Elder Isaiah came to see me afterward, and I talked with him. I live in the old Holcroft Tavern. I have been making it over to live in. But I am not satisfied. It is a selfish life, after all. One may be selfish when he fancies he has very high ideals. If the secret of a perfect life could be found it would not lie in solitude, I am sure." At this point voices were heard from the other side of the bush, and Ruth's name was called. A sudden sense of the embarrassment which would come upon her took hold of Alden, and he spoke out, "Ruth Hanway is here."

He himself stepped forward and confronted two or three girls, who looked in astonishment at him and retreated a step; but Ruth herself came from behind the bush and accosted one of them, whose face had more laughter in it than the others. "I called you, Miranda; did you not hear me?"

"Nay; I was busy picking berries," said the girl, with a roguish look.

To Alden Holcroft Miranda was the image of the laughing girlhood of which he was in mortal terror. All the shyness of the man returned with a rush which covered him with confusion, and without another word he turned and strode across the fields toward his house.

"Look, Ruth, how fast he goes!" said Miranda. "He is afraid of me. What was he saying to you? I wish I had heard you call, and had come up behind the bush in time to catch some of his words."

"Will he be a Shaker?" asked one of the other girls.

"Yea," said Miranda, who took it upon her to answer. "He will be a Shaker, so as to pick berries with Ruth here."

"For shame, Miranda!" said the young girl, indignantly. "You heard him in the meeting, and you know he is an honest man. He needs the light."

"And he comes to you for it," pursued Miranda, mischievously. Ruth was silent, and refused to talk further with her companions.

When they had finished their task and were jogging home again, they drew near the Holcroft Tavern, and Miranda, who sat next to Ruth, whispered, —

"Look, Ruth! here is his house, and I think I see him behind the window." But Ruth turned the other way, vexed at her companion, yet curious to look again at the house of which the owner had spoken to her. "There are red curtains to the window," continued Miranda. "What a queer idea! I should think they would fade. There! he has left the window, and the door is open." By a sudden impulse Ruth turned and looked at the house. The hall door stood open, and the light which came from an opening at the farther end revealed, in a shadowy way, the rich cabinets and stately stairway which one entering the house would first notice as characterizing the interior. Pictures hung upon the walls, and sculptured bas-reliefs projected from the surface. It was a glimpse only, and Holcroft himself did not cross her vision, but she turned back with a shrinking sense of having rudely forced her way into the house.

"What a queer place!" said Miranda, still chattering. "I 'd like to go in there. But what a place to take care of! My! there 's more than one girl could look after. Did you see the staircase? It was wide enough for an ox-team to go up. I should n't wonder if Sister Abigail could go straight up; she has to go sideways, 'most, in our house. I've a mind to get Isaac to sell him some melons, and then he 'll come back and tell us all about the house. If you 'd go, Ruth, he 'd welcome you."

"Hush!" said Ruth, indignantly.

"Oh, you need n't be so mighty about it. Of course, I meant you should go with Elder Isaiah, next time he goes."

Horace E. Scudder.

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JOAN MELLISH.

WHERE art thou now, Joan Mellish?
  Spring with its smiles slips past;
The great red rose in the convent close
  Crimsons and glows at last;
And with the time of roses
  Old hopes new life assume:
Where art thou, then, Joan Mellish?
  Shall naught thine eyes relume?

Thy step was free and stately
  As the step of the mountain fawn;
Thy cheek's faint flush like the rosy blush
  In the first sweet hush of dawn;
And oh, thy heart, Joan Mellish,
  Was just the truest heart
That ever the dear God sent below
  To bear an earthly part.

I seek for thee, Joan Mellish,
  At morn, at noon, at eve;
I turn and turn, and pant and burn,
  I strive and yearn and grieve;
But not for sigh or whisper,
  For passionate sob or cry,
Dost thou come back, my love, my life!
  And still the years go by.

Thou wilt not come, Joan Mellish,
  Thy feet the earth-dust holds;
Where strangers pass the long grave-grass
  Thy couch, alas, enfolds.
And I, thine earthly lover, —
  Ah me, how far am I
From that dark home of thine below,
  From thy bright home on high!

Ah me, the bitter parting
  Of love that is not hope!
Farewell for aye, dear heart! Astray
  In doubt's dark way I grope;
My eyes are dim with seeking
  The face they cannot see.
Farewell, farewell, Joan Mellish,
  A long farewell to thee!

Barton Grey.

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ADDITIONAL ACCOMPANIMENTS TO BACH'S AND HÄNDEL'S SCORES.

> "Der Stoff gewinnt erst seinen Werth
> Durch künstlerische Gestaltung."
> HEINRICH HEINE: *Schöpfungslieder.*

IT is both fortunate and unfortunate that people in general have got into the habit of regarding Bach and Händel with a rather careless admiration. Those great names are too often treated with mere after-dinner-speech complacency. This is fortunate in so far as the admiration, if careless and of somewhat second-hand quality, is after all of a respectful character, and offers no opposition to whatever serious attempts may be made towards doing real honor to the great composers' works; but unfortunate as it tends to induce a too lukewarm interest in the painstaking study of what is most to be cherished in the rich legacy of music bequeathed to the world by Bach and Händel, without which study our appreciation of its full worth is unintelligent and undiscriminating. Although the astounding development which purely instrumental composition has undergone at the hands of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others may seem to throw the instrumental works of Bach and Händel into the shade, it must be recognized that in the department of vocal composition the world has produced very little that can bear comparison with their monumental oratorios and cantatas. It seems strange, at first sight, that, while we can bring about an excellent performance of so huge a score as that of Berlioz's Requiem, with its four supplementary orchestras of brass instruments, eight pairs of kettle-drums, and all its imposing vocal and orchestral panoply, we stand utterly impotent before so apparently simple a work as Händel's Theodora. In the former case it is a mere question of good-will, orchestral resources, and money; in the latter, a question of something far more difficult to procure. In looking over the pages of a Bach or Händel score, we are surprised at the apparent meagreness of the instrumental portion. While the voices are treated with all the elaborate care that was characteristic of the composers' day, the instrumental accompaniment seems to have been unaccountably neglected. In some places the orchestral accompaniment is worked out with the same elaborateness as the vocal parts; in others we find little or nothing more than an instrumental bass to support the voices. But upon closer inspection we find that this bass is in most cases accompanied by a curious series of Arabic numerals, which were evidently not put there for nothing. In fact, both Bach and Händel were in the habit of writing a great part of their music in that species of short-hand known to the initiated as a figured bass. Wherever there seems to be a lack of instrumental accompaniment in their scores, we may feel sure that the bass contains the germ from which this is to be developed. This bass is called the *continuo* or *basso continuo*, and until it is developed into full harmony, until the frequent gaps in the score are filled out, anything like an adequate performance of the work is out of the question. In the composers' time, this filling out was in all probability done by themselves, or under their direction, on the organ or harpsichord. The organist played either directly from the continuo itself, or from an organ part prepared from it. All passages which the composer did not intend to be played in full harmony were marked *tasto solo;* the other portions were usually elaborately figured, that is, the harmony was indicated by figures written under the continuo. In some instances the figuring was omitted, the choice of harmony being then far more problematical. It is generally supposed that in such cases the composer intended to play the organ himself, or else that, although the figuring is not to be found in the score, it was written down

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by the composer in the separate part the organist was to play from, and has been since lost. It will be easily seen that the manner in which Bach's and Händel's continuos are worked out is by no means a matter of indifference, inasmuch as a very vital and essential element in the music depends thereon. The subject has given rise to much discussion, which has to-day assumed the proportions of an actual pen-and-ink war. Musician after musician has tried his hand at working out the continuo in many scores of the old masters, with very varying success. To distinguish those parts which were actually written out by the composers themselves from the indispensable additions to the score made by other hands, the former are called "original parts;" the latter are generally known by the name of "additiona. accompaniments." The violence of the discussion on the subject of additiona. accompaniments now going on in Germany, and its direct bearing upon the all-important problem of how to insure a correct and adequate performance of Bach's and Händel's vocal works, makes it interesting to see how the two present contending parties arose.

It must be borne in mind that, as far as the familiarity of the public with Bach's works is concerned, Sebastian Bach is practically a more modern composer even than Beethoven. By this is meant that the public recognition of his works is of much more recent date. For a long period, during which the works of Haydn and Mozart had become familiar as household words, and Beethoven — yes, even Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann — was very generally known and admired, Sebastian Bach was known only by name except to a very few choice spirits. Organists knew his organ works, and his Well-Tempered Clavichord had been more or less studied by musicians; but his oratorios and cantatas were almost unheard of. How hard Mendelssohn and one or two other men worked to bring the public at large into direct relation with some of Bach's more important compositions is well known to every one. The task was a severe one, as almost all of Bach's vocal works existed only in MS. Mendelssohn succeeded, however, in having the St. Matthew-Passion brought out in the Thomas-Kirche, in Leipzig, — the very church in which Bach had held the position of organist, — and in bringing one or two of his orchestral suites to a performance at the Gewandhaus. The annual performance of the Passion Music on Good Friday soon grew to be a fixed institution. A large portion of the public all over North Germany got to regard this work with peculiar veneration. The St. John-Passion was also given annually at another church, the Pauliner-Kirche, but it was not so generally admired as its mighty companion. The Gewandhaus orchestra continued playing the D-minor suite, more as a matter of routine than anything else, for their audiences were hugely bored by it. The fruits of Mendelssohn's strenuous endeavors in the cause of Bach were practically limited to this. Few persons knew, and still fewer cared, about the existence of some three hundred church cantatas from the pen of the great master. Surely, very few indeed suspected the fact that these cantatas were one of the most precious mines of musical riches that the world ever possessed. It was not until some time after Mendelssohn's death that the world at large began to learn anything about them. With Händel the case was somewhat different. Although his works have never, to this day, won anything like general popularity in Germany, the few musicians and musical *savants* who were interested in Händel took more active measures to have his oratorios publicly performed than the Bach lovers did, on their side; witness the great preponderance of Händel's vocal works, which had been supplied with additional accompaniments, over works by Bach, for which similar things had been done, in Mendelssohn's time. Many completed scores of Händel (made by Mozart, Mosel, and others) were ready for use by choral societies, while almost nothing of Bach existed in a performable shape. The violent discussions between "Bachianer" and "Händelianer,"

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about which the world has since heard a good deal, interested only the parties actively engaged in them; the outside world cared nothing about the whole question. It was indeed impossible that any general enthusiasm should have been felt on the subject at a time when new works by Mendelssohn and Schumann were continually making appeals to public interest; when Weber was exciting every one's attention, and Richard Wagner was beginning to stir up all the musical elements in Germany into astonished, chaotic strife by his music-dramas and theoretical pamphlets. Yet the true Bach and Händel lovers were not idle. Three years after Mendelssohn's death several musicians and men interested in the cause came together in Leipzig, to debate upon the practicability of publishing a complete edition of the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. They decided that this undertaking could be carried out only by subscription, as the demand for such music in the market was virtually null. Accordingly the now well-known Bach Society[1] was formed, the chief founders of which were C. F. Becker, the firm of Breitkopf und Härtel, Moritz Hauptmann, Otto Jahn, and Robert Schumann. The edition was to be published by Breitkopf und Härtel. The matter must have been taken up with a good deal of energy, for on the 18th of July, 1850, — the centennial anniversary of Bach's death, — an official circular soliciting subscriptions was sent out over Germany. Subscriptions came in quite rapidly, and among a host of names on the list we find especially prominent those of Franz Liszt, I. Moscheles, Louis Spohr, and A. B. Marx. The first volume, containing ten church cantatas in score, appeared in December, 1851. A list of the then existing subscribers was printed with the volume, classified according to their places of residence. It is interesting to note in this list, under the head "Boston," the single American name of "Herr Parker, J. C. D., Tonkünstler." The society has since that time continued publishing volume after volume, and the edition has at the present date attained its twenty-fourth volume. But in spite of these labors of the Bach Society, which were, after all, prompted by an archæologico-historical rather than a purely musical interest in Bach's works, the general love for Bach kept pretty much *in statu quo*. Some years after the appearance of the Bach circular, another organization was formed, namely, the Händel Society, for the purpose of publishing a complete edition of Händel's works. It was conducted on precisely the same principles as the other body, and the edition was published by the same firm. The first volume, comprising the dramatic oratorio of Susannah, appeared in October, 1858. That far more vital musical interest in its task was felt by this organization than by its fellow society is evident from the fact that, in its edition, all the orchestral scores of Händel's vocal works are accompanied by a carefully written-out part for organ or piano-forte, in which the bare places in the score are filled out according to the figured basso continuo. In the Bach edition there is nothing of the sort, but only the incomplete score, just as the composer left it. Thus, while the Bach Society gave to the world an edition of that master's works which was historically valuable, and only that in so far as the vocal scores were concerned, the Händel Society took active measures to make the vocal scores in their edition available for actual performance by choral bodies. The champion of the latter society was Friedrich Chrysander, a man who had always assumed the attitude of an almost exclusive admirer of Händel, and who, in his writings, rarely let a chance slip of saying something invidious about Bach. Chrysander had much more prestige as a musical authority than any man on the Bach side. Another man was G. G. Gervinus, who,

[1] This Deutsche Bach-Gesellschaft (German Bach Society), which to-day counts among its members distinguished musicians and music-lovers all over Europe and in many parts of America, must not be confounded with the Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union), a totally distinct society, which was organized much later.

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although not a musician in any way, had somehow got bitten with the Händel mania, and allowed his admiration for Händel to expand into all the implacable bigotry of an amateur. As most of Händel's vocal works were originally written to English words, Gervinus was of great service to the Händel Society in furnishing them with German translations for their edition. That a man like Gervinus should have been willing to wade through the unspeakable balderdash of many of the texts of Händel's oratorios, and diligently turn it into rhymed German, is a good proof of the strength of his enthusiasm. The most actively prominent Bachite was Philipp Spitta, a school-master in Eisenach. As Chrysander had the peculiar failing of not being able to keep from defaming Bach, Spitta could never be dissuaded from indulging in similar flings at Händel; so the two men were continually at swords' (or pens') points. Their animosity reached its climax when Spitta came to Leipzig, a few years ago, to deliver a course of lectures on Bach. How long this state of affairs might have lasted, if a third element had not been introduced into the discussion, no one can tell. But a third element was very soon introduced in the person of Robert Franz. Franz had, for some time past, been attracting considerable attention by his additional accompaniments to several scores of Bach, Händel, Durante, and Astorga. Now Chrysander felt rather as if he himself, the noted biographer of Händel, and one of the most influential members of the Händel Society, had, or ought to have, something like a monopoly of knowledge on the subject of filling out Händel's continuos; in like manner, Spitta felt that he, the biographer of Bach, and the well-known Bach student, knew all that was to be known about writing additional accompaniments to Bach's scores. About the manner in which this was to be done both men essentially agreed, if in nothing else. Franz believed that he, although neither an archæological pedant, necrologist, nor school-master, but merely a hard Bach and Händel student, and a highly cultured musician with a decided spark of genius, knew rather more about the æsthetic side of his favorite masters than either Chrysander or Spitta, who, with all their labor, may be said to have sounded those mighty heads only wig-deep at best. He also showed in his work that he differed widely in opinion from Chrysander and Spitta on some very vital and essential points. So he came in for a sound rating (through the medium of printing-ink) from both those literary lights. But Franz, although the most modest and naturally inoffensive mortal alive, was not the man to shirk an encounter in which the honor of Bach and Händel was at stake; being also a man of no mean literary ability, he answered back, calmly but firmly, and with such effect that his opponents' wrath fairly reached the boiling-over point. There was evidently nothing to be done but to make common cause against the common enemy. Accordingly Chrysander and Spitta shook hands, swearing eternal alliance; Bachianer and Händelianer fused, as the politicians say. The Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union) was formed on the most violent anti-Franz principles. This association had for its object not only the editing of many of Bach's choral works in pianoforte and vocal score, with a complete organ accompaniment, worked out from Bach's figured continuo, to be used whenever the works in question were performed, but also the public performance of those works by the best choral and orchestral means that Leipzig afforded. So the pen-and-ink war was no longer between Bachianer and Händelianer, about which of the two was the greater man, — a rather foolish bone of contention, at best, — but between Robert Franz and the Leipzig Bach Union, as to the manner in which the necessary additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's (but more especially the former's) vocal scores should be written. The contest, as has been said, has by this time got to be a particularly fierce one, both parties indulging in personalities and mutual recriminations to a lamentable extent. Be it said, however, that, as far as Franz

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is personally concerned, he has expressed himself with a noble moderation in all he has written. The most notable sympathizers with either party are, on the Franz side, Julius Schaeffer (who may be regarded as Franz's official mouthpiece), Joseph Rheinberger, and Franz Liszt; on the side of the Bach Union, Johannes Brahms, Joseph Joachim, and several others. The Bach Union represents the conservative, archæologico-historical element, and Franz the progressive, artistic one. There seems to exist considerable divergence of opinion on many points among some of the influential members of the Bach Union itself; one of them, Franz Wüllner, may be regarded as to all intents and purposes a sympathizer with Robert Franz. In his additional accompaniments to the cantata "Jesu, der du meine Seele," he has followed Franz's method in all essential points. How it happens that the Bach Union can have permitted this arrangement to be embodied in their edition is not wholly clear. There are also many prominent musicians who sympathize wholly with Franz, but who take no active part in the controversy. The first publication of the Bach Union appeared in 1876. It contained the cantatas, "Sie werden alle aus Saba kommen," arranged by A. Volkland; "Wer Dank oppert, der preisset mich," arranged by H. von Herzogenberg, and "Jesu, der du meine Seele," arranged by Franz Wüllner.

Having thus seen how the famous Bach and Händel controversy arose, it is now time for us to examine into its merits.

The question of how additional accompaniments are to be written to Bach and Händel scores is really a double one. The first and more important is in what style the filling out of the figured continuo is to be done; the second is upon what instrument, or instruments, the added parts are to be played. This second question seems of easy solution at first sight; the almost universally accepted tradition being that the composers themselves used the organ, and in some cases the harpsichord or spinet. But there is, notwithstanding, a great difficulty in the matter. The majority of Händel's vocal works are either concert compositions or else dramatic works, which the great change in the art of dramatic musical writing since his time has driven from the stage, and which our modern taste can find acceptable only in the concert room. Bach wrote mainly for the church; but the altered fashions of our day make the availableness of his church cantatas for purposes of divine worship very questionable; at all events, they could be used only in the German Lutheran church service. Bach's oratorios and cantatas come to-day as much within the domain of the concert room as Händel's works. Now the number of concert halls in the world which possess an organ is exceedingly limited, so that the enforced use of an organ in these scores would shut the doors of many choral societies upon them at once. But more of this farther on; let us consider the more important and vital question first. How is the figured continuo to be worked out? There are many opinions on the subject. That something needs to be done, even in those scores in which there is no figuring to the continuo, is agreed by every one. Bach and Händel never showed the slightest symptoms of being of the opinion that a melody and bass are all that is necessary in music. Jean Jacques Rousseau advocated this strange theory, saying that a truly æsthetic ear takes more pleasure in divining the harmony of a composition than in actually hearing it; but Bach and Händel had minds of a different stamp. As for the working out of these masters' figured (or unfigured) basses, some persons have thought that "the greatest possible *neutrality* in the filling out" is, above all things, desirable; in other words, that the additions should be as inconspicuous as possible. These are the archæological extremists. Others have felt less scruples, saying that one need only have a clear insight into the A B C of the matter (that is, of writing harmony to a figured bass, or, as it was called in Händel's time, — mark the expression, —

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the *art of accompanying*) to be able to do all that is needful in any case; that every skillful musician, even every musical amateur who has some knowledge of the theory of the art, cannot fail to find the right path and walk securely in it. What the "greatest possible neutrality in the filling out" means is not hard to guess. It evidently means that the figured continuo should be filled out in plain harmony, — what the French call *accords plaqués*. Now one thing is clear: if this added harmony is to be "neutral," it must be neither actively consonant nor discrepant with the spirit of the instrumental and vocal parts which the composer actually wrote; it must neither help nor hinder them; it must have no individuality of its own; in short, it must be a sort of musical *tertium quid*, not to be very easily defined. It is a little strange, however, that we may look through all Händel's and Bach's vocal works without finding an instance of *their* having treated a single item in their compositions as "neutral." On the contrary, every voice, every orchestral part, is instinct with life, every instrument has something of vital importance to say. It may be retorted, with some show of speciousness, that, admitting this musical vitality to be found in everything that Bach and Händel *actually wrote out*, there is no direct evidence that they intended their mere figured basses to indicate anything of the sort; and that if they had intended the gaps in their scores to be filled out in a purely polyphonic style — that is, a style in which every part is vitally important — they would not have left those gaps there at all, but would have filled them out themselves. Of circumstantial evidence in this particular there is naturally none, or the question could never have come up. But the internal evidence is very strong. In the first place, the style of writing in which certain instrumental parts are used merely to fill up gaps in the harmony, or simply for the sake of enriching the quality of tone, without adding anything to the essential musical structure of the composition, was entirely foreign to the spirit of Bach's time. This style cannot be traced back farther than Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. Bach and Handel may be said to have lived in a purely polyphonic age; in a time when everything that was not absolutely essential in music was looked upon as superfluous, and hence inadmissible. To understand why they should have been content merely to indicate certain things in their scores, and that, too, in a way which was open to great latitude of interpretation, we must understand something of the musical habits of their day. At that period the "art of accompanying" did not mean the art of playing or conducting an already elaborated instrumental accompaniment to one or more singers or solo players. It meant the art of deciphering — either at sight, or after some practice — a figured bass on the organ or harpsichord. This art was very generally cultivated, and no one was considered a competent organist or clavecinist who had not attained to a high degree of proficiency in it. More than this, an organist was expected to be able not only to decipher a figured bass correctly and freely at sight, but to extemporize contrapuntally upon a given theme. A significant fact in this matter is that we find that certain famous singers in London stipulated especially, in their contracts with managers, "that Mr. Händel should play the accompaniments;" that is, that he should preside at the harpsichord or organ, and decipher the figured continuo. Now it is hardly likely that, at a time when there were so many instrumental virtuosi in London, such stress should have been laid upon Händel's accompanying if it had been only a question of technical executive talent. No; it was because Händel filled out a figured bass better than other artists. If this filling out were to be done merely in correct plain harmony, there would have been small chance for Händel's shining perceptibly superior to other artists, at a time when the next best organist was perfectly competent to do as much. But if the continuo was to be worked out in pure polyphonic style, in imitative counterpoint, we see at once how Händel

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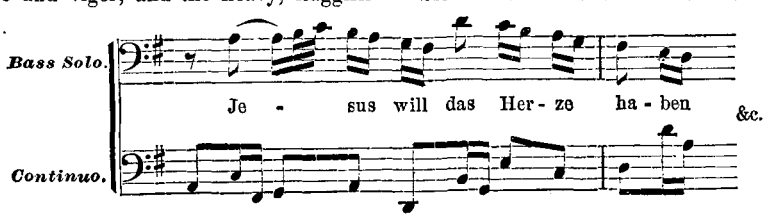
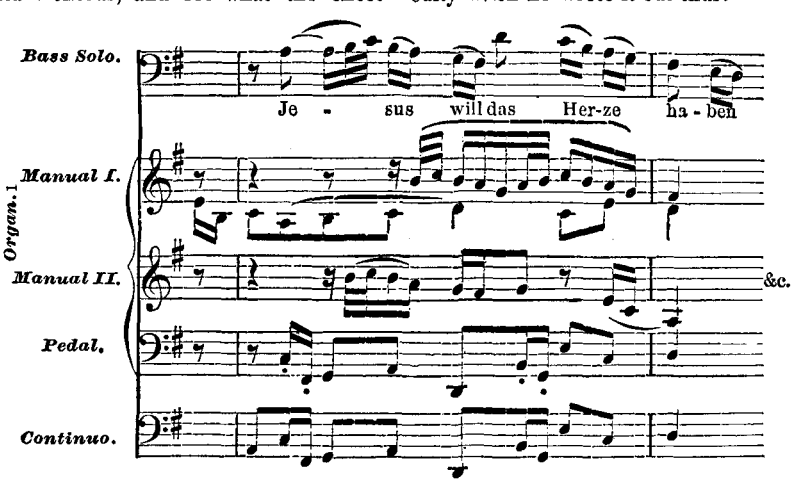
could easily distance less gifted virtuosi than himself. Indeed, it is reported that to hear Händel or Bach play from a figured bass was like listening to a brilliant organ concerto. In the second place, we find by experiment that, in by far the majority of cases, the effect of mere plain harmony (accords plaqués) in conjunction with the parts actually written out by Bach and Händel is unsatisfactory if not downright bad. The contrast between Bach's and Händel's freely moving parts, so full of glorious life and vigor, and the heavy, sluggish chords is too marked; the "accompaniment" hangs like a millstone round the neck of the brilliant counterpoint, or else it so muffles and chokes it that it loses half of its charm. It is like filling out the space between the beautiful head and limbs of some incomplete antique statue with mere shapeless ashlar. The head and limbs do better without it. There are even passages which absolutely defy simple harmonic treatment. Take, for example, the following measure from the bass air in Bach's cantata, "Sie werden aus Saba alle kommen."



Try to fill out the accompaniment in plain chords, and see what the effect will be. Franz evidently felt this difficulty when he wrote it out thus:



Were it worth while, I might also quote the Bach Union version of this measure, which Schaeffer has very justly characterized as sheer harmonic nonsense.

No, Franz is clearly right when he says that the greatest possible neutrality in the filling out must necessarily lead to a want of character. A mere harmonic accompaniment will be irksomely conspicuous by its very neutrality. Even the Bach Union have found it impossible to adhere exclusively to this principle, and the co-workers of the Händel Society have found its unstinted application equally out of the question. A vital polyphonic style is requisite, and through it alone can the gaps in Bach's and Händel's scores be so filled out that the contrast between the original parts and the additional ac-

[1] The two manuals are to be registered with contrasted stops.

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companiments shall not strike the ear as ungraceful and unmusical. The truth of this was most clearly perceived by the greatest, and to all practical purposes the first, musician who tried his hand at filling out an incomplete score, — a man whose name carries such weight with it that the present archæologico-historical party have always carefully omitted it in their discussions. I mean Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his time the mighty question of additional accompaniments had not set so many wise and foolish heads wagging as it has since. In working out the scores of Händel's Messiah and Alexander's Feast he had only the dictates of his own fine musical instinct to follow. The style in which he completed the accompaniments to the airs, "O thou, that tellest good tidings to Zion," and "The people that walked in darkness," is to be looked upon as the model for all such work. It is curious to notice how differently the Leipzig historical party face, on the one hand, a discussion that deals with pure abstractions, and, on the other hand, a definite musical fact, especially when the latter is backed up by the prestige of a great name. In the former case they are as bold as lions; in the latter — Mum 's the word! What explanation can be given of the very singular fact that, among the thirty-eight volumes of Händel's works already published by the German Händel Society, the Messiah is not to be found? Does it not seem as though Messrs. Chrysander & Co. felt that an accompaniment to the Messiah, written out on their principle, could not stand for a moment in face of Mozart's score; and that to embody a piano-forte or organ transcription of Mozart's score into their edition would be virtually to deny the soundness of their principles? The fact that there is much that is unsatisfactory in Mozart's score is not worth a jot, seeing that in just those passages where Mozart has been most successful in making his additional accompaniments blend harmoniously with both the spirit and the letter of the original parts, so that both Händel's work and his own seem to have sprung from the same source, and no ear can detect which is Händel and which Mozart, in the two airs just referred to, he has worked out the continuo in the very freest and most elaborate contrapuntal style.

In so far as clear insight into the A B C of the matter is concerned, it is not hard to see that this is quite too flippant a way of settling a very grave question. Franz holds, with perfect truth, and it cannot be said too often nor too emphatically, that additional accompaniments are quite as capable of weakening and distorting the original as they are of ennobling and adorning it. Verily, the task of filling out adequately Bach's and Händel's vocal scores is not one to which the musical tyro, nor even the merely learned contrapuntist, can safely feel himself equal. To the modern musician, brought up in the midst of music of a post-Händelian period, and strongly imbued with the art tendencies of our day, it is the most difficult task in the whole range of music. I say this circumspectly, and with full conviction. Let me repeat here that unless Bach's and Händel's figured or unfigured continuos are adequately filled out, their vocal works are in no fit condition to be performed. Let it be understood most distinctly that to perform such compositions with only the "original parts," and without additional accompaniments of some sort, is to commit the greatest conceivable act of unfaithfulness; it is presenting the works of those masters in a totally wrong light, and should not be tolerated for a moment.

But to proceed with our subject. The fact that the perfectly free, melodious, and expressive movement of each part in the harmony was one of the prime characteristics of Bach's style, even when nothing like fugued writing was in question, seems to have escaped many of his arrangers. Yet this is not only an evidence of Bach's supreme skill in polyphonic writing, but is one of the means by which he gave expression to some of his finest and most beautiful poetic conceptions. Speaking technically, the bass with him contained the germ from which

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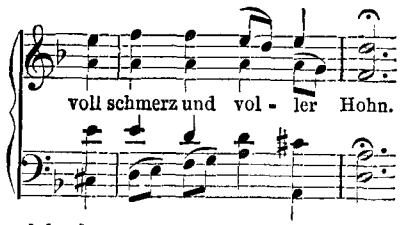
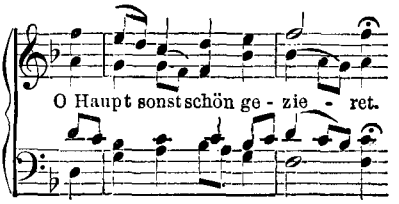
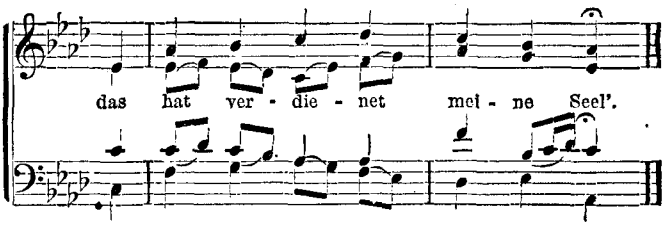
a composition was to be evolved, rather than that part which we, in modern parlance, call the melody. Of all the parts lying above the bass, the "melody" was, at most, *primus inter pares.* In his vocal works, where the music naturally seeks to give expression to the sentiment of the text, we often find that what we now call the poetic essence of the music lies in the middle parts (alto and tenor), or in the accompaniment. This is peculiarly noticeable in his chorals, where the middle parts move with the most absolute freedom, and nothing of that timidly restricted leading of the voices which is advocated in elementary manuals of harmony is to be found. Take, for instance, the following phrase in the choral "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden:"—



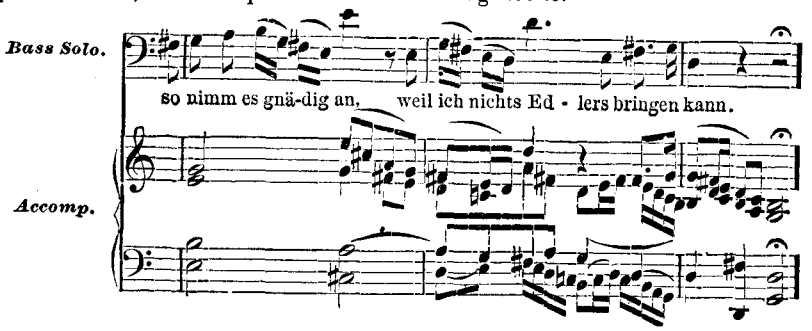
and further on in the same:—



What a plenitude of grief the tenor brings into the harmony at the word *Schmerz* (grief)! What can be more expressive of mental anguish than the suspended E in the tenor, making, as it does, the grating dissonance of a minor ninth with the upper voice? In the following passage, "O Head, once beautifully adorned," the wondrous glow of light, shining like a halo around the divine head, at the word *gezieret*, is due wholly to the leading of the alto and tenor voices; again, in the choral "Ich bin's, ich sollte büssen" (the melody of which is commonly known as "Nun ruhen alle Wälder"), where the last two verses are, "The scourging and the bonds that thou hast undergone, them has my soul deserved," with what loving, sorrowful penitence is the tenor voice instinct in the last line!—



Franz has given abundant proof of his thorough appreciation of this characteristic of Bach's style. Of his skill in reproducing such effects—*effects* is an unpleasant word, but let it pass—the following passage from his arrangement of the Saba cantata is a fine example. The words are, "So accept it" (that is, my heart) "graciously, since I can bring nothing nobler."



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Here Franz had only the voice part and the bass (this time unfigured) to work from; but what an admirable piece of work he has made of it! It sounds as if Bach himself had done it. How joyfully the accompaniment soars up at "accept it graciously" (in this place the Bach Union edition has a diminished seventh chord, which sounds as if the supplicant were performing some painful surgical operation upon his heart, or else were invoking the powers of darkness), and how humbly it bows down to prepare for the words "since I can bring nothing nobler"! How full of reposeful trust in the acceptance of the offering is the descending closing cadence! I have hinted that the Bach Union arrangers, and some others too, had sounded Bach's head only wig-deep; as for diving down to the great, bounteously loving heart of him, so full of tender piety and child-like trust, that seems to have lain as far as possible from their thoughts. Concerning the mere grammatical errors (*Schulfehler*), such as rank fifths and octaves, hideous harmonic progressions, and what not, made by men of no mean repute as musicians, in filling out his and Händel's continuos, things that would expose any scholar in a harmony class to summary correction, I can only refer the reader curious in such matters to the thirty-second volume of the Händel Society, containing the famous Italian Chamber Duets and Trios, with accompaniments worked out by Johannes Brahms and Joseph Joachim, and the Bach Union edition of the cantata "Wer Dank opfert, der preisset mich,"[1] with the accompaniment arranged by H. von Herzogenberg. Both of these publications will give ample food for serious meditation on the condition of the art of music at the present day.

Having discussed the manner in which the additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's scores are to be written, the next question is, Upon what instrument, or instruments, are they to be played? Difficult of solution as the first question was, this one is still more so. Indeed, it has not yet been solved to the reasonable satisfaction of any one. If we look at the matter from a purely historical point of view, the fact stares us in the face that, in all probability, Bach and Händel used the organ and harpsichord. So far as the latter instrument is concerned the sound of a piano-forte (which is the modern equivalent of the harpsichord) in combination with the orchestra, the contrast between its short, sharp notes and the sustained tones of the voices and other instruments, is peculiarly ungrateful to the modern ear; so much so that anything more than a very sparing resort to it is to be deprecated. For let us not lose sight of the fact that, in filling out old scores, the main desideratum is to preserve the *spirit* of the original works, which is in general far more dependent upon purity of musical outline than upon mere effects of quality of tone. In this particular Bach's and Händel's works differ diametrically from the greater part of the music of the present day, which is to an overweening extent dependent upon the sheer physical (what Hanslick calls the *pathological*) effect of strongly contrasted, harsh, mellow, powerful, or sensuous qualities of sound. If archæological accuracy were the only object in view, the piano-forte, or even the old harpsichord or spinet, could certainly be largely employed for purposes of accompaniment; but this would result, in most cases, in a mere quaintness of sonority (to our ears), utterly at variance with the purposes of the music. What we should have most at heart is to enable the music to produce, as far as practicable, the same effect upon *our organization* that it did upon the listener of the day in which it was composed. Who would wish the broad stripes of bright paint, which antiquaries tell us once adorned the Ægina marbles, restored? What æsthetic end would be gained by it? The use of the piano-forte in Bach and Händel scores would be a piece of historical accuracy of very much the same artistic value. As for the organ, I have already hinted at one objection

[1] Published by Rieter-Biedermann: Leipzig und Winterthur. 1876.

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to its use; but as that objection is based merely upon the ground of the scarcity of organs in concert rooms, and has no direct bearing upon the musical side of the question, it cannot be considered as final. In fact, the whole question is at present in such an undecided condition that it is not worth while to go into it here at great length. I will only give some significant facts. The historical party are naturally in favor of the organ, and the organ only; their claim to the title of historical party rests mainly upon this preference. That Bach and Händel used the organ is not to be questioned; but where, how, and how much they used it is by no means so certain. In Bach's case it is not even certain why he used it; that is, whether he used it entirely from preference, or partly from necessity. Bach wrote his church cantatas at very short intervals, and copied out many of the parts himself. It is easily conceivable that he was often much pressed for time, and seized upon the make-shift of a figured bass, to be played upon the organ, either by himself or under his own supervision, simply to save time. The lack of proper orchestral means may have been another reason. The following quotation from the preface to the first volume of the Bach Society throws some light on this matter: "While Händel brought out his sacred compositions by means of elaborate concert performances, with large masses of the best-drilled executants, in a metropolis where a numerous public were interested to pass judgment upon them, S. Bach[1] wrote solely for the church service, and had at his disposal but very limited means of performing his music for Sundays and holidays. Judging from what we know of the demands made by Bach upon his executants, the performance cannot have always been a euphonious one, much less such a one as could reveal all the intrinsic wealth of the composition. Even if the choir, well trained to sing with precision, was fully equal to its task, it is hard to believe that the solo singers could have been equally competent to grapple with S. Bach's airs, — those airs of which the peculiar and not always convenient vocal style is to be mastered and rendered with musical freedom only by finished artists. . . . Among his MS. parts for strings and chorus we never find more than a single copy for each voice or instrument; the chorus parts also contain the solo passages for their respective voices. From this fact alone it might be concluded that both stringed instruments and chorus singers at these performances were very few in number; and a MS. letter of Bach, still preserved in the archives of the Leipzig common council, containing complaints of the insufficient means offered him for performing his church music, together with an enumeration and description of the same, leaves no room for further doubt on this head." Another fact to the point is that in Bach's and Händel's day such a thing as a conductor, marking time with a *bâton*, was unknown. The organist led the performance. In Philip Emanuel Bach's treatise on the art of accompanying, we find: "The organ is indispensable in church matters, on account of the fugues, the loud choruses, and in general for the sake of establishing a firm connection [that is, between the various voices and instruments]. It increases the splendor and *preserves order*." Now it is one thing to use the organ as a reinforcing agent, to strengthen certain vocal or instrumental parts, and thus add power to the volume of sound; but it is quite another thing to use it as an independent element in a composition. It has been found that the organ loses much of its noble individuality in a rectangular hall; the irregular surface of walls and roof, the pillars and vaulted arches of Gothic church architecture, have much to do with the tone of this mighty instrument. On the use of the organ in connection with the orchestra, the following opinion of Berlioz (who may be considered a high authority in all matters connected with the effect of combinations of different qualities of sound) is of great value. He says, "We must recognize the fact that

[1] Bach is commonly known in Germany by his middle name, Sebastian.

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its [the organ's] even, equal, uniform sonority never blends perfectly with the variously characterized voices of the orchestra, and that there seems to exist a secret antipathy between these two musical powers. The organ and the orchestra are both kings, — or rather the one is emperor, and the other pope; their interests are too vast and too divergent to be confounded. Thus, on nearly all occasions when this singular combination has been tried, either the organ proudly domineered over the orchestra, or else the orchestra, forced to an immoderate pitch of energy, well-nigh extinguished its adversary." The intrinsic incompatibility of the organ with the orchestra is peculiarly felt in the accompaniment of airs, and concerted music for solo voices, where there can certainly be no question of reinforcing weak parts. Of course, in such cases, only the softer stops can come into play; and just these stops so greatly lack decision of utterance and accent that their contrast with the orchestral instruments is especially unfavorable to the full effect of polyphonic writing. In the concert room, moreover, both organist and organ-pipes are at such a distance from the singer and the accompanying instruments in the orchestra that anything like a sympathetic performance is rendered well-nigh impracticable. There is good historical evidence for the belief, entertained by many persons, that both Bach and Händel accompanied many of the airs in their works on a *Rückpositiv*,[1] or a *Regal*[2] placed directly by the singer's side. Franz has suggested supplying the place of an organ, in cases where that instrument is not used as a reinforcing agent, by a quartet, composed of two clarinets and two bassoons; in some cases, by the strings in the orchestra. The quartet of reed instruments has much the quality of tone of an organ, and has the advantage of a far greater power of accent and dynamic variety. These instruments are to be placed, together with a double-bass and 'cello, close beside the singer, and consequently directly under the conductor's eye. This arrangement has proved eminently successful in many instances; in others, it is not so satisfying. The union of the second bassoon with the double-bass and 'cello, especially when the part runs low, often sounds thick and muddy. This difficulty might perhaps be obviated by substituting a bass clarinet for the bassoon in some passages, but I believe this has not yet been tried. At all events, it is well known that both Bach and Händel were not at all averse to a very solid bass to their works. But even if Franz has been unsuccessful in some passages, — for his surpassing skill in counterpoint and his fine musical instinct have nothing to do with his possible lack of knowledge in orchestration, — he and notably Mozart have been so thoroughly successful in many of their arrangements of Bach and Händel scores for orchestra without organ that the possibility of its being well and satisfactorily done has been convincingly demonstrated. But, upon the whole, this subject has not yet been made clear by sufficiently exhaustive experiments, and no one can have come to a rational final conclusion about it. It must also not be forgotten that this question is, after all, one of secondary importance. Whether a musical phrase is played on the organ or on a clarinet, it still remains one and the same phrase. Whatever opinion one may hold of the condition of the art of instrumentation in Bach's and Händel's day, it must be very evident to any one who takes the trouble to examine those masters' scores that instrumentation *per se* was a far less integral element in the art of musical composition then than it is now. The prime question in this matter is, *What shall be played?* not, *By what instruments shall it be played?*

William F. Apthorp.

[1] *Rückpositiv* (Ger.) a back choir organ; that is, a choir organ which is behind the player, the connecting mechanism of which passes under his feet. (Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms.)

[2] The *Regal* was a small, portable organ

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COUNT SHOUVALOFF.

It was in the afternoon of the 16th of April, 1866, that St. Petersburg was startled by the news of an attempt to assassinate the Czar. The criminal, a student named Karakosoff, was arrested, but all efforts on the part of the police to draw from him any details of the plot, or the names of his accomplices, or his own name, or to unravel the mystery for themselves, were vain. The Czar was enraged. Though he had done everything to diminish, if not destroy, the efficiency of the secret police, he now punished its chief by dismissal from office.

It will be remembered that, in order to control his unruly subjects, Peter the Great instituted the "secret inquisition," a supreme tribunal over all political offenses in Russia. The Emperor Paul the First abolished this institution, although neither he nor his son could wholly dispense with its services; but the Emperor Nicholas, who was determined that "not a mouse should stir in Russia without his knowledge," reëstablished the secret police in all essentials under the innocent name of the "Third Division," the chief of which was, next to the Czar, the most powerful man in all the Russias. On Alexander's accession to the throne, this darling institution of despotism received a severe blow. The new Czar was liberal; he surrounded himself with a liberal, independent, and energetic ministry, and, as he had personally, when he was grand duke, had certain very unpleasant experiences of the omniscience of the secret police, he placed the power in the hands of a good-natured military dandy, Prince Wassily Dolgoruki.

Not satisfied with thus maiming the efficiency of the terrible system, Alexander totally discouraged its officers by throwing some of their reports into the waste-basket and dismissing spies who proved too active. Naturally, Prince Dolgoruki lost credit, his minions became careless, and thus it happened that in 1866 the plot culminating in Karakosoff's murderous attempt on the Czar's life could be formed in the heart of Moscow undetected. But it was no easy matter to choose a successor to the Prince Dolgoruki when he was deposed.

The office of adjutant-general, whence ministers were supplied, and which during Nicholas's reign had been filled only by elderly men whose services had commended them, had, during Alexander's reign, declined. It was at this critical juncture that Count Shouvaloff, then governor-general of Livonia and Courland, and recently appointed adjutant-general, had come to St. Petersburg to receive the insignia of his new office, and upon him fell the emperor's choice as the successor of Prince Dolgoruki.

Peter Andrejevitsch Shouvaloff was then only thirty-eight years of age. He had manifested conspicuous administrative talents in managing the difficult German provinces, and previous to his becoming their governor he had rendered valuable services as a member of the police department. He was married to a court favorite, the widow of Count Orloff Damydoff, by which alliance he had become a man of rank and acquired a reputation for blameless conduct, a high sense of honor, and remarkable elegance of manners and address.

He was the son of the popular Grand Marshal Count Andrei, and was brought up at court in intimate association with the imperial family. In spite of all these powerful considerations to account for the emperor's choice, it was a surprise to all St. Petersburg that so young and comparatively inexperienced a man as Count Shouvaloff should be made chief of the Third Division, and therefore second in power only to the Czar himself. But on the very first day of his appointment Count Shouvaloff justified, by a fine instance of persistence and patience, the honor the Czar had done him.

In the room of Karakosoff were found

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the torn and scattered fragments of a document which, it was believed, would reveal all that was necessary to clear up the dark plot. Count Shouvaloff had these fragments placed on glass, so that they could be readily examined on both sides, and by a patient placing and replacing of them succeeded in forming the correct adjustment; and the secret was thus laid bare, including the name of Karakosoff, which the latter had so resolutely withheld.

From being a liberal, and a supporter of Pan-Slavistic ideas, Count Shouvaloff suddenly became an ultra-imperialist. He won the Czar's entire confidence, restored the Third Division to all its former effectiveness, and when the provincial assembly of St. Petersburg was closed, in 1867, at his instigation, he sent his own cousin, who had been at the head of it, abroad. He has had many a sharp contest with the heir-apparent, on account of the latter's correspondence with Aksakoff and other Pan-Slavists, and has more than once been on the verge of overthrow, saving himself only by direct appeal to the Czar. His polemical encounters with the father confessor of the empress have estranged her royal favor from him.

Ignatieff and the Philo-Franks hate Shouvaloff's conservative notions about maintaining peace at almost any price, and the national parties are embittered by his uncompromising loyalty to the Czar, and his advocacy of the rights to language and religion in Russia.

On the overthrow of Walujeff, who was dismissed from the home department in the winter of 1867, at the request of the heir-apparent, only the Czar's personal interposition saved Count Shouvaloff; and his adversaries have from that day called him, in compulsory admission of his great influence, "Peter the Fourth." He was sent to Nice in the spring of 1872, on a mission for breaking up the morganatic marriage between the Grand Duke Alexis and Lady Alexandrine Shukowski. The American public, especially the fairer portion of it, will recall the somewhat tender interest felt in the handsome young Grand Duke Alexis during his visit to the United States, owing to this glamour of imperial romance surrounding him, in which Count Shouvaloff played by proxy the part of the cruel parent. The lovely and high-spirited Lady Alexandrine, with the church behind her and the baby son of Alexis in her arms, confronted Peter the Fourth with a resolute defiance, before which he retired in defeat.

Towards the close of 1872, events in Central Asia became of the utmost importance. The relations between Russia and Afghanistan caused serious uneasiness at the court of St. James, and in January, 1873, Count Shouvaloff was dispatched to London on a special mission, charged with stating to England that the campaign decided upon against Khiva would be a small affair, intended simply to punish acts of brigandage and give the Khan a salutary warning; and that positive orders had been given to prevent the prolonged occupation of Khiva. He was also privately intrusted to sound the British court regarding a marriage between the Czar's only daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, and the heir-apparent to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh. Although the British name was not very popular in Russia, such an alliance appeared desirable, and especially at the moment when it was necessary to conciliate interests so strongly antagonistic. Count Shouvaloff fulfilled both these delicate missions so well that in less than three weeks he returned in triumph to St. Petersburg, and has since then been universally considered certain to succeed to the chair of the aged chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff.

Thus at forty-five years of age Count Shouvaloff had become the Czar's most trusted counselor and friend; and as he had been for years the most influential man in Russia it was a mistake to say, when, in 1876, he accepted the ambassadorship to London, that he had been promoted. During the eight years in which he was chief of the Third Division, and had successfully defeated several of the revolutionary schemes of the Nihilists, — a society which had grown up during his

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régime, and had become powerful, — his energies had been strained to the utmost; the great cares and arduous labors of his position had made life burdensome. His affectionate and gifted wife, who was proud of his distinguished abilities and conspicuous station, saw with alarm that his health and even his life were endangered by the long strain; and being, moreover, herself of a retiring, home-loving temperament, entreated her husband to accept the Czar's appointment to the English mission, which would allow him the benefit of change and comparative rest. As Shouvaloff's uncompromising opposition to Eastern adventures in Russia's weak and unsettled condition was so well known, he was the more eligible for the English office.

In the spring of 1876 he resigned his position as chief of police, and went as ambassador to England, where he has materially contributed to prevent the outbreak of a war between England and Russia; but his situation has been for the last year by no means wholly agreeable, and his rank has not saved him from even royal indignities, which may be said to have culminated in that of his being officially presented to Baker and Hobart pashas. Finally, at the time of Lord Derby's resignation, when the diplomatic relations between Russia and England assumed the most threatening aspect, the Russian ambassador, Count Shouvaloff, ceased to attend the queen's soirées.

It is said that one day Lord Salisbury waited upon Shouvaloff, announcing that the queen had observed his absence, and had expressed a hope for his early reappearance at court. This approach on the part of Lord Salisbury resulted in Count Shouvaloff's recent "mission" to St. Petersburg, and in the so-called Salisbury-Shouvaloff agreement, on the strength of which England consented to attend the Berlin Congress.

Axel Gustafson.

THE SILENT MELODY.

"Bring me my broken harp," he said;
"We both are wrecks — but as ye will —
Though all its ringing tones have fled,
Their echoes linger round it still;
It had some golden strings, I know,
But that was long — how long! — ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,
I cannot hear its vanished tone,
Scarce can my trembling fingers hold
The pillared frame so long their own;
We both are wrecks — a while ago
It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played
The solemn strain that knows no change,
And where of old my fingers strayed
The chords they find are new and strange, —
Yes! iron strings — I know — I know —
We both are wrecks of long ago.

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"We both are wrecks — a shattered pair —
  Strange to ourselves in time's disguise . . .
What say ye to the lovesick air
  That brought the tears from Marian's eyes?
Ay! trust me — under breasts of snow
Hearts could be melted long ago!

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash
  That from his dreams the soldier woke
And bade him face the lightning flash
  When battle's cloud in thunder broke? . . .
Wrecks — nought but wrecks! — the time was when
We two were worth a thousand men!"

And so the broken harp they bring
  With pitying smiles that none could blame;
Alas! there 's not a single string
  Of all that filled the tarnished frame!
But see! like children overjoyed,
His fingers rambling through the void!

"I clasp thee! Ay . . . mine ancient lyre . . .
  Nay, guide my wandering fingers. . . . There!
They love to dally with the wire
  As Isaac played with Esau's hair. . . .
Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune
That Marian called The Breath of June!"

And so they softly gather round:
  Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:
His fingers move: but not a sound!
  A silence like the song of dreams. . . .
"There! ye have heard the air," he cries,
"That brought the tears from Marian's eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
  Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;
To him the unreal sounds are sweet, —
  No discord mars the silent strain
Scored on life's latest, starlit page —
The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
  When Nature's music breathes unsought,
But never yet could voice or string
  So truly shape our tenderest thought
As when by life's decaying fire
Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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PRIMITIVE COMMUNISM.

WITHIN the past two or three months the press has been full of discussions as to the condition and prospects of a party whose name and objects had hitherto been considered foreign to the American system of government and society. The appearance of socialism, a product of European growth, on this side of the Atlantic seems to show that the great economic differences originally established between Europe and America have rapidly lessened, if they have not almost disappeared. Modern socialism derives its origin, as everybody knows, from the simultaneous development of democratic power and of wealth undemocratically held. Speaking roughly, the suffrage is now, in the leading countries of the world, enjoyed by every male of legal age, and the enjoyment of it has familiarized the public at large with the fact that by united effort of the masses almost any desired political change may be effected. Through the instrumentality of popular majorities enormous changes have actually been introduced, not merely in political machinery, but in matters of common right. Women's property interests have been secured against their husbands; the right of disposition by will has been curtailed; slaves have been enfranchised. Notwithstanding, wealth in its accumulation has followed rigidly the laws of economic distribution and accretion. Capital has produced capital; the strong and prudent and wise have got what they desired of the earth's abundance, and the weak and thriftless and foolish have wasted their substance. Gigantic fortunes have been kept together for generations; and though the condition of the poor has, absolutely considered, improved, their relative position in the order of society does not seem to them greatly better than it was. Being taught to believe that the power is theirs, they have cast about them to see how their lot can be made more endurable; and the result is socialism. Stripped of its disguises, the idea at the bottom of the socialist programme is that the modern democratic power should be used to remedy the inequality of conditions produced by the struggle for existence.

It is fortunate for the peace of the world that, at the moment when this movement seems to be attaining great strength and importance, the researches of investigators into primitive institutions should have thrown a flood of light upon the whole question of the development of property, which enables us to understand the exact bearing of the present agitation.

The inquiries of Haxthausen, Von Maurer, Nasse, Mill, Morgan, and Laveleye have made the history of property as plain as the fossil remains of early periods make the development of animal life. It is now established that the first dawn of the idea of property in the human mind grows out of the enjoyment by family groups, or larger societies, of lands and chattels in common. In other words, property first appears as a communistic institution. Without going minutely into the subject, it may be stated generally that the early institutions of mankind, in all races and all countries, have rested on what we now know as communism. The laws or customs governing it have been different in different places, but the process has been substantially from ownership by family or village groups to what we are familiar with as individual ownership. With regard to land, man has passed through three stages, — the nomadic, pastoral, and agricultural. In the first, no settled occupation or ownership is possible. In the second, the idea of property, limited, however, to the spot where the herds of the tribe are accustomed to graze, springs up, the herds of each tribe being necessarily restricted to a particular portion of land; but "the idea that a single individual could claim a part of the soil as exclusively his own never yet occurred

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to any one; the conditions of the pastoral life are in direct opposition to it." Gradually part of the soil comes under cultivation, and agriculture springs up; but the land occupied remains the common property of the tribe. The land obviously divides itself into three kinds,—arable, pasture, and forest. In order to get the utmost possible return from it, the cultivated land is divided into parcels, which are distributed by lot amongst the several families, a mere temporary right of occupation being allowed to the individual; and it is curious to observe that this most ancient method of distribution still survives, philologically, in our word "lot" of land, which, however, now carries with it, more perhaps than any other word of the sort, the idea of individual property and absolute ownership. Of primitive communists there seem to have been many varieties. Without entering upon controverted questions, or attempting to preserve the historical order, they may be said to divide themselves roughly into house communities, village communities, and family communities. In the time of Tacitus the soil of Germany was the collective property of the clan, to whom it returned from time to time, with periodical repartitions. This system is found in force to-day in the Russian *mir*. In Italy and France in the Middle Ages, as in Servia at the present time, parcels of land were held in the hands of groups of patriarchal families "dwelling in the same house and working together for the benefit of the association." Finally individual property appears.

Now the main economic causes of this development from primitive communism to the modern system of individual ownership are well understood. The means of subsistence are wrung from the soil, and in all cases the object of any clan, tribe, or organized community of men is to obtain subsistence in the easiest way. Hence, in the earliest stage of agriculture, the idea of fixed property being still very rudimentary, and there being as yet no accumulations of capital which can be used for this purpose, the only means of providing a constant supply of food is by tilling large tracts of land for the common benefit, and after the soil is exhausted resorting to new land. The land first used then lies fallow for a long period, after which it is again brought under cultivation. This method, which to us seems crude and barbarous, is in fact the only way in which, in the absence of capital, any agriculture is possible. With the progress of civilization, however, and of invention, new means are found of making the soil yield subsistence, while at the same time the pressure of population on the area of land makes it more and more difficult to find new territory. In this way cultivation becomes constant and what is called "intensive." In other words, capital is employed to make a given area of land yield a constant supply of food. It is the change from extensive to intensive agriculture which seems to be the prime cause of the development of individual ownership. So long as the area of land is very great, and rotation of crops on a large scale is possible, the communistic system works very well. The cultivators, of course, have only a usufructuary interest; but they need no more. Permanent possession of a tract of land by individuals offers no particular attractions when a changing possession secures the only object in view. But when the process has reached the point at which the soil will not yield a subsistence except by the steady and persistent application of capital, a longer tenure of the land by individuals becomes a necessity. Some compensation is essential if they are to make permanent investment of labor or capital, and the only compensation that is possible is permanent possession. Hence, when the economic process reaches this stage, communism begins to disappear, and individual ownership to take its place.

The change is unquestionably attended with many immediate evils. The great advantage of the primitive system is that under it every one has an interest in the soil. He does not own it, but he has a definite right to an aliquot share in the distribution of it; and hence pau-

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perization on a large scale is impossible. The Russians have frequently called upon the rest of Europe to observe the operation of their mir, or village community, in which the right of each member to a periodical allotment of land is preserved, as a safeguard against all the evils with which countries that have adopted individual property are afflicted. Wherever individual property has appeared it has been followed by the dispossession from the soil of large numbers of people, who, having no fixed residence or means of support, become a sort of nomadic proletariat horde, dangerous to the public peace. On the other hand, the privately owned land exhibits a tendency to accumulate in large quantities in the possession of a few owners.

The question therefore naturally arises whether anything can be done to remedy these tendencies, and it is to the solution of this question, among others, that M. Laveleye has directed his studies. Reformers of the last generation, who undertook to deal with the same problem before investigation into primitive institutions had revealed what may be called the natural history of property, arrived, by the light of nature, at the conclusion that some form of socialism was the only cure. They made the suggestion of a reintroduction of communistic life, and wherever it was attempted it failed. It is interesting now to examine the reasoning on the subject of property which came into fashion after the French Revolution, and to see how entirely it was based on abstractions as remote from reality as any found in Plato. From Gracchus Babeuf to Proudhon, the French socialists founded their utopian systems on the metaphysical notion of an equality of right. If this is assumed, individual property is of course founded in injustice. Further, it is an injustice established by the government, and by the government it ought to be removed. Every man, Proudhon maintained, has a right to a share in the world's goods by the very fact of his existence, and of the impossibility of continuing his existence without something which he can possess and cultivate; moreover, since the number of possessors is altered continually by births and deaths, it follows that the amount which each laborer can claim varies in like manner with the total number; consequently, the limits of possession are always determined by the population, so that it is not possible for possession to remain fixed, or to ripen into individual property. The answer made to this argument was that whatever the abstract right of the matter might be, property was a valuable institution, and must be maintained at all hazards. The discovery that property does not derive its origin at all from constitutions or laws, but is a growth, and that by the operation of known economic laws individual ownership, at a certain stage in the march of civilization, inevitably succeeds communism, has necessarily changed the whole aspect of this discussion. The question of abstract right disappears altogether, and the speculations of Proudhon and Fourier become of no more value than investigations into the transmutability of metals.

Still, is there not an opportunity for the birth of a new and philosophical school of socialists, who, accepting all that science has discovered, may yet find room for an argument in favor of a better system than that with which the slow laws of evolution have familiarized us? Cannot the economic processes which have been sketched above be arrested, retarded, or mitigated by the action of man? It is evident that both the ancient communism of our forefathers and our own system of individual ownership have their good sides. Cannot we retain the good features of both? Some such question as this is always before M. Laveleye, and his book on Primitive Property [1] is written partly to show that an affirmative answer may be given. The matter is important enough to deserve more attention than it has received.

It must be said at the outset that the question ought to be very precisely put before an attempt is made to answer it.

[1] *Primitive Property.* Translated from the French of ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE by G. R. L. MARRIOTT, B. A., LL. B. With an Introduction by T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE, LL. B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

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An objector to M. Laveleye might fairly say that while it is admitted that the modern system of ownership has its evils, and while it is admitted that the ancient communal system had its advantages, it has not by any means been proved that a perpetual union of the two would be better than either. Indeed, this is the very point to be proved, and the facts as far as they are known — that is, that civilization and all the inestimable advances produced by it have been made *pari passu* with the destruction of the communal system — tend the other way. Many of the advantages claimed for the ancient system, looked at from a modern point of view, are of doubtful value, or are real evils which are eradicated by the change to individual ownership. The partisans of the Russian mir, for example, are cited by M. Laveleye as claiming for it five distinct advantages: —

First, every laborer having the right to a share of the land, a proletariat cannot arise. On the other hand, the causes which prevent a proletariat prevent an intensive system of agriculture, and make the Russian peasant one of the most backward and barbarous on the face of the earth; the proletariat is avoided only by reducing all to a dead level of mediocrity, as in a trades-union.

Second, the children do not suffer for the idleness, the misfortune, or the extravagance of their parents. But is this an advantage? Does not the danger of such suffering in society as we know it constitute one of the strongest inducements to prudent and virtuous lives in the parents?

Third, each family being a usufructuary of a portion of the soil, there exists an element of order, of conservatism, and of tradition, which preserves the society from social disorders. But the very question is whether society is not the better for a change from such conservatism and tradition.

Fourth, the soil remaining the inalienable patrimony of all the inhabitants, there is no ground to fear the struggle between the contending forces elsewhere known as capital and labor. It might be replied, This is very true, but it is because in the Russian mir there is no capital for labor to have a conflict with.

Fifth, the system of the mir is very favorable to colonization, — an enormous advantage to Russia, which still possesses in Europe and Asia vast uninhabited territories. This, however, can hardly be considered true, as the great colonizing countries of modern times. England and the United States, are precisely those in which individual property is most securely established and guarded.

In fact, there is no end of this sort of argument. There is probably no institution in the world which is not so well suited to those who live under it that ingenious arguments may not be discovered which will prove its superiority to the customs prevailing in other countries. The true way to state the question would appear to be this: The history of the world shows a gradual development of the modern property system out of that prevailing in the antique world. Do those countries in which the modern system has reached its most extreme development exhibit, on the whole, most general economic, intellectual, and moral growth, or do they not? Stated in this way, there can be but one answer. The idea that anybody in England or America could be brought to envy the condition of the communistic usufructuary of the Russian mir is preposterous.

Considerations of this nature have brought most of the investigators into the history of property, though by an altogether new route, to precisely the conclusion that conservative people, the world over, reached after an examination of the schemes of Proudhon and Fourier: that the highest product of civilization and the main-stay of modern society is that right of property which Proudhon denounced as "robbery." M. Laveleye, however, is not altogether of this opinion, for he represents, standing nearly alone, what may be called modern philosophical socialism. His book is consequently not a mere collection of the facts with regard to primitive property, but a tract as well. Feeling the difficulties in the way of a decision of the question when approached in the man-

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ner of the partisans of the Russian mir, he has endeavored to solve it more scientifically. He has looked about for a country in which the ancient communistic system still exists, and which is yet acknowledged to be a civilized country. He has found it in Switzerland. In the Allmends of that country he thinks we may see an institution of the primitive communistic type, yet modified so that it is in accord with the spirit of the modern world. Here we have common ownership, and yet the tenure of land by each joint owner is made long enough to guarantee intensive cultivation. We will not pursue him into the details of the subject. We will grant all he insists upon. But are we seriously to look at the property system of Switzerland as foreshadowing that of the world? It seems too much to ask us to believe that this little corner, its very existence insured only by the jealousy of its neighbors, with a simple mountain population, and few large cities or diversified industries, has discovered a system of property which the rest of the world is to imitate. After Switzerland has imposed Allmends, as Rome imposed "Quiritary dominion," not on the institutions of Europe and America, but on those of a single neighboring nation, it will be time to discuss the probabilities of a general extension.

Enough has been said to show the general scope of M. Laveleye's interesting and valuable work. His speculations on the possibility of future changes in our system of property are only a part of it, the rest being made up of historical and descriptive chapters, tracing the rise and growth of primitive notions of property and their development into modern conceptions; and also descriptions of the numerous archaic systems belonging to all periods, still existing in various parts of the world. These of themselves appear to us the most effective refutation of the propagandist part of the work.

To go back to the point at which we started: in the light of modern investigation, what future has socialism, as a political movement, before it? The Darwinians have a term which expresses the tendency constantly showing itself in the animal world towards a return to primitive types and forms. Long after the struggle for existence has produced a permanent modification in a species, individual members of it appear of the type as it existed before the modification became fixed. The same sort of atavism, as it is called, exhibits itself in the mental operations of the human race; and it is now clear that the socialistic projects with which reformers have perplexed and disturbed the world for the last hundred years have their root in this curious tendency. One of the most interesting chapters of M. Laveleye's book is devoted to showing that in the classical world utopian speculation of all kind, was based on a living tradition of the "Saturnian days," when property did not exist, but men lived together as brothers. This is now seen to be not a mere fancy, but a memory of a real communistic state of society, in which individual ownership did not exist, and men were brothers in a literal sense, the family being the social unit. The tendency always existing to throw a halo about the past produced a feeling that this early condition of society had been much better than the existing state; and it is easy to see how, reinforced by a highly speculative philosophy, it might account for a large part of the platonic scheme for the reorganization of the world. With the disappearance of the classical world, the tradition of primitive communism, as a lost Utopia, died out, and left nothing but abstract philosophizing for new schemes to be based upon. Accordingly, we find that for the last hundred years the socialists have rested their case upon the abstract sense of justice and assumed equality of right. Now this basis has been swept away by the discovery that the assumed equality of right is opposed to a great economic law, which in all ages and in all countries has been slowly compelling the substitution of the system of individual for communistic ownership. There is left, then, at one extreme, the modern philosophical socialism of M. Laveleye, the principal objection to which is that it remains to be proved to have any chance

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of obtaining a lasting hold upon opinion; at the other, we discover Justus Schwab and "Citizen" Maddox plotting over their beer for a redistribution of the world's goods. To say that there is a connection between Plato and the pot-house communism of Chicago and New York may seem a grotesque fancy, but it is certain that our Schwabs' minds, could their operations be exhibited, would in social speculation betray a much closer resemblance to the Platonist mental operations than to those of most of their living fellow-creatures. When they dream of a world in which there shall be no more property, or in which every man shall have his just share of it, this mental operation presents a case of atavism which carries us back to an intellectual condition two thousand years old. Atavism, however, can never be a living social force. It is opposed by the whole weight of accumulated civilization and progress attained since the primitive Schwabs wandered naked through the German forests. To suppose that it is to succeed is to suppose that the world is to go backwards, and that we are to relapse into the primæval night and chaos out of which we sprang. Civilization may be destroyed, but not reversed; and, if the chain of reasoning furnished by modern investigation is not altogether wrong, mankind at large will in the future be less and less likely to risk a plunge into the bog of primitive communism in the hope of overtaking the glimmer of what a long and weary pursuit has proved to be a social *ignis fatuus.*

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

AMERICANISMS.

IV.

A CERTAIN new fashion in names — the use of two christening names or prænomens — is very generally regarded in England as an Americanism. Many years ago I heard Englishmen scoff at what they called the "three-barreled names" of Americans; and more recently, at a country house in Essex, a gentleman — he was a Cambridge don, and although young a man of note, altogether a person of whom greater accuracy or more discretion might have been expected — said to me, apropos of some American who was named, "How is it you Americans always have those triple names? It is quite an American thing." "Yes, I 've remarked that myself," was my reply: "there are those well-known Englishmen, Washington Irving, and George Bancroft, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his son Julian Hawthorne, and Abraham Lincoln, and Jefferson Davis; and then those Yankees, William Ewart Gladstone, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Walter Savage Landor, and Percy Bysshe Shelley;" and I might have added Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Martin Farquhar Tupper, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, if I had happened to think of them, and not nearly have exhausted the list of notable triple-named Englishmen. He winced a little, but jauntily suggested that a few exceptions one way or the other were of little import. Thereupon I went to the book-table, and found that more than two thirds of the authors represented there — all British — had two names besides the surname. Then taking up the Pall Mall Budget, which was also on the table, I turned to the long list of births, marriages, and deaths, which filled two pages of the paper in very small letter; and in these the proportion of single and

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double prænomens was found to be about the same; which also proved to be true of the names in the Gazette, that filled two pages in the same letter. This discovery was received with surprise, which faded away in a smile half deprecating, half confessing. Of course there was nothing to be said. Afterwards I looked through the Army and Navy Register, and the list of the members of the House of Commons, with substantially the same result. Yet the belief in England that a three-barreled name is an American distinction is so general as to be almost universal. Mr. Trollope, when he introduces an American character, always decorates him with a triple name, which he courteously makes ridiculous in sound and sense; and even in the case of a lady he does not omit the middle name or initial, calling, for example, the doctress in his last book Olivia Q. Fleabody.

The giving of two christening names is, as I have mentioned, a comparatively new fashion among English-speaking people. It is not two centuries old, and indeed did not come into vogue in either country until within the present century. Not only was one christening name regarded as quite enough by our forefathers, but sometimes two members of one family would have the same christening name. In the Paston family there were living at one time two Johns, sons of the same father and mother; and the same name was in like manner repeated some three hundred years ago in a family now in this country, whose records I examined not long ago. The new fashion is one of the accompaniments of democracy. It is one of the signs of the rise of the middle class. There are likely to be many Johns and Jameses of the same surname in that class; and as, instead of being known only to a few neighbors, after the old way, they have now a wide business connection, travel the world over, and are recorded in city directories, it has become highly desirable to distinguish them. This is conveniently done by the addition of a second christening name, which accomplishes its purpose the better, and pleases a godfather besides, if it is a surname. Now this giving of two christening names is as common, or almost as common, in England as in America. Yet there is a reason for the notion which prevails there upon the subject. It is this. If a man has half a dozen names, if his full register is, like that of a witness in the Tichborne trial, Frederick Augustus Talbot Clifford Constable, he is called at home and by his friends by one of these names only: he is Frederick, or he is Tom, or Dick, or Harry; and this is the same in both countries. But in England, with very few exceptions, a man carries into public and business and social life only the name he bears at home; and a George Washington Brown is spoken of and addressed, for example, as George Brown or Washington Brown, not as George W. Brown; whereas in America the initial letter of the "middle name" is very often specified, even in familiar speech. This, again, is for the sake of making a clear and sure distinction between persons of the same surname, and possibly of the same first christening name; a purpose which it effects. In England the need of such a distinction is not so great, and there is a more enduring conformity to the old fashion.

Errors like this one in regard to names are very common as to so-called Americanisms, both in England and America. Some very trifling and altogether unessential difference in the wearing of rue is remarked upon by some traveler in one country or the other, and it is seized upon as a distinctive trait, and assumed to be so, and talked of until a belief that it is so comes to be established and undisputed. Mistakes of this kind are often made with the profoundest and most amusing ignorance of the subject. In the trial to which I have already referred one of the witnesses, a governess, having accounted for some peculiarities of language in the letters of the impostor-claimant by his supposed and pretended early French education, was asked what she thought of "worrit" (for worry), which appeared in them frequently. She replied that she should "consider that peculiarity as colonial." But on the contrary *worrit* is a perversion of worry

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which is distinctive of the lowest class of English life, and is as common in London as "heggs" or "hale." Yet this prim maiden Philistine, because it was a word that she and her pupils did not use, must set it down as "colonial."

It is one of the objects of this series of papers to expose such errors as these, and to guard against their consequences. I am far from supposing myself to be free from the liability to such errors; indeed, I shall point out anon one into which I have fallen. But the British critic whom I have referred to in previous articles, and who has favored me with another letter, illustrates this point for me with candor too rare in word controversy. He writes: "There is so much truth in what you say in the beginning of your May article as to the necessity of a wide knowledge of the literature and the society of both countries, that although I do not plead guilty to the charge of 'unlimited self-confidence,' yet my range of knowledge is so very limited that I require to be constantly guarding myself against making positive assertions which a closer investigation might prove to be only partially correct. Only the other day I came across a phrase which I had always considered an Americanism, namely, *to home*, which is put into the mouth of a Lincolnshire farmer in a novel, and which I suppose is an old Lincolnshire expression. (I fancy it is very old English indeed, as it is the same as the German *zu hause.*) A month ago, therefore, I should have said confidently that *to home* was an Americanism."

As to another phrase which is more and more coming into vogue, "*on* the street" for "*in* the street," a very bad phrase, the change being indicative of a low, coarse apprehension of language, which I hinted in passing a month or two ago, he says: "I notice that you put down *on* (as 'on Broadway') as a Scotticism as well as a Southernism. I presume you would not have made this statement without good grounds for doing so; but it must be a rare Scotticism, as I have never heard it in use except in America. Although I have been brought up among Scotticisms, to my sorrow, I always considered it an undeniable Americanism." My observation and my memory leave me in no doubt as to the Scots use of this phrase. But in support of them I put in evidence the following passages, written by a Scotsman of some distinction, Thomas Carlyle, in his translation of Wilhelm Meister: —

"Their soft, sweet dreams were broken in upon by a noise which arose *on* the street. . . . Barbara said the disturbance arose from a set of jolly companions," etc. (Book I., chap. iii.)

"Wilhelm sprang through the door; and a strong smoke came rushing down upon him from the upper story. *On* the street he heard the cry of fire." (Book V., chap. xiii.)

Wilhelm Meister was published in 1823, when Carlyle, a Dumfriesshire man, was only twenty-eight years old, before he had been in England, and ten years before he went to live in London.

As to *bureau* my correspondent says: "I cannot recollect having heard a chest of drawers called a bureau on any single occasion." And he and a distinguished dissenting English clergyman, now in this country, who has shown some interest in these articles, although they admit the weight of my citations (and I have others to the same effect), still show great faith in the value of their ignorance of, or I should prefer to call it their unacquaintance with, the usage in question. I shall not carry the discussion further than to direct attention to the fact that in Walker's Dictionary, London, ed. 1805 (the last published in the author's life), *bureau* has for its *only* definition "a chest of drawers;" which I saw to my surprise, for I did not expect to find its primitive and legitimate meaning entirely passed over. But I will here remark upon an Americanism in regard to this word as to which there can be no doubt, — its pronunciation, of which there is no hint in Webster. In England it is still pronounced as a French word, *bu-rów;* in America it has become thoroughly englished, and is *bú-ro.* In this respect it is like *trait*, which is pronounced in England as if

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it were still a French word, *tray;* but in America *trait* has the English sound, with the final *t*. These two words are, with the British *jug* for *pitcher*, the only sure verbal tests that I know between speakers of the two countries. In England they say a quarter *to* one o'clock, in America a quarter *of* one o'clock; there, railway station, here railroad depot (*deep, oh!*); that is, these are severally the general fashions in each country. Many here, however, say a quarter *to* one, and very many, I am happy to admit, railway station; but as far as my observation goes an American never pronounces *bureau* and *trait* as if they were French words; and in this, according to reason in regard to words that have been so long adopted into the English language, he seems to be right.

It is merely as verbal tests of Americanism in speech that these words have their peculiar distinction; but they can be rarely applied because they are rarely used. Unfortunately, however, there remain, in intonation, pitch of voice, pronunciation, and phraseology, countless and ceaseless aberrations from the usage of the best English speakers; and even from that of those who are not the best, and who yet are better in this respect than the person who is somewhat vaguely and yet significantly described as the average American. But it must not be supposed that what is generally regarded as education, that is, book-learning or other professional acquirement, lifts its possessor in this respect above the infection of speech which lies along this level. Quite the contrary. A man may be very learned, and yet speak English very badly, and write it very awkwardly. An eminent English phonologist told me, somewhat to my surprise, that he had found all the most unpleasant peculiarities of American speech, in their most striking and obtrusive form, in a distinguished American scholar; and every competent observer who has preferences in language must have noticed that the purest and best English is spoken in the most agreeable manner by women who have no learning and little liking for books.

Reserving other parts of these letters for future comment, I will call attention to the following remark: "*Whisker*," it is said, "is used in the West (you will know whether it is confined to the West) as it used to be used by us until within about forty years, to mean hair growing upon any part of the face. We, and I rather think educated Americans as a rule, only apply the term to hair growing on the cheeks." I must admit that this is new to me; nor has the omnivorous research of Mr. Bartlett apparently enabled him to pounce upon this Americanism. I have never in my life heard *whisker* applied to any other part of the beard than that which grows upon the cheeks. But, having never been farther westward than Niagara, I can only accept my correspondent's testimony, which of course is all-sufficient. As to the use of *whisker* for the beard generally in England until forty years ago, I am disposed to doubt that such was ever the best usage; for Addison, as quoted by Johnson in illustration of the use of the word, writes, "A painter added a *pair* of whiskers to the face." The examples which I know might be adduced of the use, by writers of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, of *whisker* to mean the beard on any part of the face I should attribute to an ignorance due to absolute unacquaintance with the beard in any form, except as an unpleasant something to be scraped off daily. From 1700 to 1825 the appearance of beard on any part of an Englishman's or an American's face was, strangely enough, so rare as to be regarded as a monstrosity. However, to call the beard on a man's chin or lips *whiskers* is not so bad as the other Western and Southwestern barbarism of applying *suit* to the hair: thus, "She has a beautiful *suit* of hair." This is an unmitigated Americanism, and very properly appears in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary. It is a ridiculous use of the word. A suit is a succession or system of things, different, and yet conforming to each other: as a suit (not a *sweet*) of rooms; a suit of clothes; a suit of sails, for a ship. A suit of hair is

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preposterous. Much better say a suit of fingers or of toes. I think that I can hardly err in attributing the origin of this absurd phrase to that desire to be elegant in speech which is the cause of so much vulgarism. It must have been started by folk too fine to speak simple English and say a head of hair.

With regard to *pshaw*, I was surprised to find the English clergyman before mentioned rather inclined to the opinion of this correspondent. He, too, is disposed to regard this exclamation as very old-fashioned; and to my plea that it is found in English books of the day he rejoins that the language of books is always a little behind that of every-day talk. This is an intelligent objection, and one which would be of force in regard to certain words and phrases and certain books. In serious writings of a didactic nature, in scientific, political, theological, critical, controversial books, essays, and the like, the vocabulary and the phraseology of the writer are naturally pretty sure to be well within the limits of the thoroughly established, not to say commonplace, language of his day, except upon emergencies, when he may be led by necessity or good taste to take something old or to make something new. The language of such books is therefore generally a little behind that of daily talk, even among the best speakers. But this criticism does not apply to novels; and it is particularly inapplicable to the dialogues which form so large a part of the novels of the day. These are intended to represent — and with novelists of opportunity and skill they do represent very faithfully — the actual speech of the day in the circles of society to which the personages who speak belong. Thackeray's novels are almost phonographic in this respect; and so are Anthony Trollope's. It is futile to urge the objection of precision and old-fashioned primness in language against the evidence of a writer who makes well-bred people (correctly) talk thus, — as Mr. Trollope does in his last novel. Charles De Baron says to Miss Mildmay, who proposes marriage to him, and rather insists upon it than otherwise, "There was a little fun to be had when we could *spoon together*, — when I hardly knew how to ask for it, and you hardly knew how to grant it." (Popenjoy, chap. xv.) And Dean Lovelace says to his daughter, "Look here, Mary, you 'll have no happiness in life unless you can make up your mind not to allow those old ladies at Manor Cross to *sit upon you*." (Idem, chap. xi.) Now in this book, published this year, and thus representing the free speech of society even to the minutiæ of such slang as "spoon" and "sit upon," we have *pshaw* three times. "*Psha!*" exclaimed Miss Mildmay, the young lady whose intentions are strictly honorable, "it is nothing to me whether you are married or single." (Chap. xxvii.) And that ornament to her sex, Adelaide De Baron, says to her old lover, Lord George, whom she is grappling for again, and who reminds her that she had married, "*Psha!* Married! Of course I had married. Everybody marries." (Chap. xxxv.) Again, Miss Mildmay, when the impecunious captain of her affections shrinks coyly from her suggestion of marriage behind the vision of "hashed mutton and cradles," with the true ardor of a female lover, exclaims, "*Psha!*" (Chap. li.) Were evidence needed upon the point, it seems to me that this could not be rejected as showing that *psha* is no more obsolete or obsolescent than *spoon* or *sit upon*. This seems all the more to be depended upon because, when Dean Lovelace is moved to an exclamation of impatience, he, who says "sit upon," does not say *psha*. "*Pish!*" he ejaculated, "I hate these attempted restrictions." (Chap. xxxix.) It is quite in character that a dean should use the older form of the word; it suits with his shovel-hat and his gaiters.

The reader will probably remember that, in the last of these articles, it was shown that the use of *elect* with a following infinitive was not an Americanism, with the added remark that it was in any case not admirable. One correspondent thanks me very heartily for this, and says, "Nothing irritates me quite so much; and I wish you would

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say something upon the want of intellectual discrimination which makes the error possible. So far as I observe, Mrs. Henry Wood is responsible for this use of *elect*." I also remarked that it was probably of recent origin, although it was known to me far away beyond Mrs. Henry Wood. Its use in general speech may be very modern; but a judge of one of our higher courts has been kind enough to call my attention to the fact that in law the infinitive has long been used after *election* and *elect*, of which he sends me the following examples, coming, it will be seen, from rather high quarters: —

"The grantee hath *election to* bring a writ of annuity." (Coke upon Littleton, 1628.)

"Further, the grantor hath *election* at the day *to* deliver which he would." (Ibid.)

"She must *elect to* take under the will or against the will." (Lord Chancellor Thurlow, 1785.)

"The defendant obtained an order that he should *elect to* proceed either at law or in equity." (Lord Eldon, 1815.)

My learned correspondent points out to me that in the quotations from Coke the noun *election* alone is used, and says that he has not been able to find that Coke used the verb in any of its tenses followed by an infinitive, although an examination of his Reports of Cases at Law may show that he did so. But here is enough to settle the question as to usage, and to favor the supposition that the phrase came into general speech from the law, in which it has a *quasi*-technical meaning.

The foregoing examples of error illustrate and enforce what has been said heretofore in these articles, as to the necessity of extremest caution in receiving assertions, even by professed students of language, or by intelligent and well-educated English men and women, as to the Americanism or the provincialism of words or phrases, which cannot be too strongly insisted upon or too continuously kept in mind. Mr. Bartlett has given this subject the benefit of his laborious research for more than thirty years, and we may all be sure that he means to be careful and accurate in his statements. The present edition of his dictionary is the fourth, and it bears evidence, as its predecessors have done, of careful and thoughtful revision; and yet it not only presents the use of *elect* for *choose* as an Americanism, but specifies with particularity that "the Americanism consists in the construction of this verb with the following infinitive," when that construction in English is at least as old as the days of James I.'s chief-justice, and is commonly used by reputable British writers of the day. Whatever the intrinsic or relative character of a word or phrase, there can be no better proof that it is not American or provincial, but is English in origin and association, than its use by Coke, Thurlow, and Eldon in the past, and by Trollope, Thackeray, Ruskin, the London Times, and the Saturday Review in the present.[1]

And how significant are the errors of my intelligent and accomplished correspondent, and of the dissenting clergyman, his quasi supporter! They, too, on their side, I am sure, will laugh at the Tichborne governess, an intelligent and

[1] I had forgotten — for I must have noticed — Coke's use of "election to," although the writings of Thurlow and Eldon are unknown to me. I will here remark that it has been my custom and my choice, heretofore, to give with any opinion I expressed on language nothing more in the way of example than would just illustrate what I had to say. I did not care to present my readers with the chips and shavings of my work to show my "reading." In deviating now somewhat from this plan, for a season, I am often hampered by the fact that my memorandums, which must number many thousands, were never gathered together and labeled and pigeon-holed, to be taken out for exhibition, but are scattered about in heaps, in drawers, in portfolios, in envelopes, and in great numbers on the fly-leaves of books; of these I have thus far found time to arrange only a very small part for convenient reference. I am also much hindered by the sale and dispersion, in 1871, of the greater part of my library. If the present possessor of my copy of Coke upon Littleton and of Spenser will communicate with me, I shall take it as a favor. The Coke upon Littleton was Archbishop Laud's copy, and had his arms, impaled with those of the see of Canterbury, rudely stamped in gilt upon the sides. The Spenser was the edition of 1609, bound in rough crimson levant morocco, with my cipher on the side. There are many others of my books which I should be glad now to repurchase, or at least to have the privilege of inspecting.

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educated woman, not too high in station to be lifted out of knowledge of the talk of common people, who could regard *worrit* as a colonial peculiarity. And yet her error and theirs were due to the same simple causes: limited knowledge, and a disposition to regard what was beyond their ken or out of their memories as obsolete or provincial.

It is also to be remarked that mere slips in the use of words (due to various and sometimes to undiscoverable causes) are often seized upon as provincialisms. Dr. Hall falls often into this pit, which is usually of his own digging. Thus he speaks of the use of *aside* for *apart* (for example, "aside from this") as an Americanism. Now there is no doubt that in such sentences *apart* is generally the better word; but there is also no doubt, as might be shown were such a trifling matter worth the while, that *apart* is commonly used by most American writers, even in newspapers, and that, which is even more to the purpose, British writers slip now and then, just as American writers do, into the use of *aside*, when *apart* would be better. Moreover, the most eminent of them err conversely, and use *apart* when they should use *aside*, as for example Bulwer: "He then drew her *apart* and whispered to her for some moments" (The Caxtons, Book XIV., chap. vi.), where *apart* should plainly be *aside*, and where the former word has a somewhat laughable ambiguity. But who shall therefore revile Bulwer, and set him down as no writer of English, — except him before excepted?

How can such a question as this be settled, if it is worth settling? Of course many examples might be produced of the use of *apart* by British writers, and of *aside* by American writers. But then the converse could also be shown. There will remain only the individual opinion of the critic, whoever he may be; and in the case of the critic last in question we have seen on former occasions what opinion *ex cathedrâ* is worth, and we shall see more hereafter. Verbal criticism is not the most elevating or satisfying literary work; but if it is worth any attention, this part of it may well receive a little of ours. Otherwise, we may have *bread and butter* and *roast beef* set down as Americanisms. And if it were done, and those phrases appeared so duly catalogued and indexed, there is no telling how many people would accept them as such, particularly if the philologist who thus classified them should support his assertion by a few pages of examples of their use by American writers. Than this what could be more convincing?

I observe that the discussion as to the propriety of an accent over the *a* in *chalet* goes in the Contributors' Club. The matter is far from my *terraine*, but not very foreign to my present subject; and I venture to put in my oar as the Columbia boys did theirs at Henley. On a question of French orthography or etymology is not Littré as nearly an absolute authority as there can be? I have not his dictionary, nor is it at present accessible to me, and I do not know what he has said about the word. I am sure, however, that it is not French, but mere Swiss *patois;* and therefore not subject to those dreadful rules of accent, *grave*, *aigu*, and *circonflex*, with which the French language is afflicted.

Richard Grant White.

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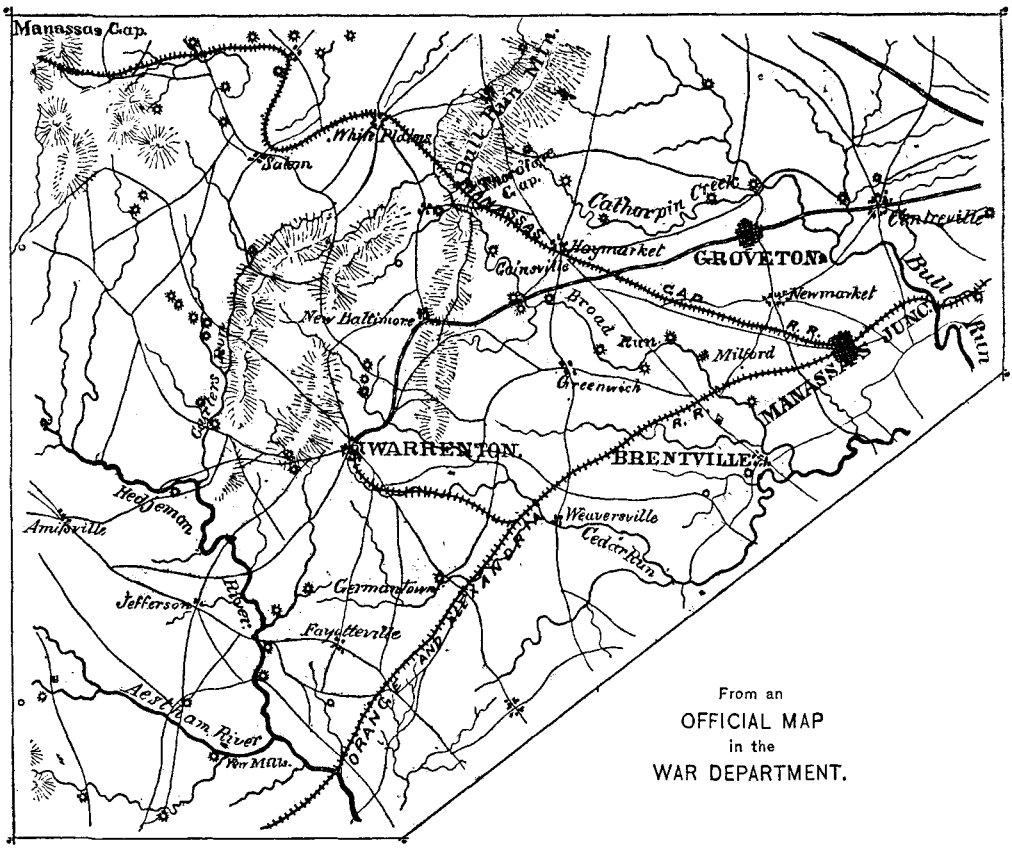

POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, AND PORTER'S PART IN IT.

By July, 1862, our efforts in the Peninsula had resulted only in disaster. After the failure of the attempt upon Richmond, a "change of base" had placed the nation's principal army where it could not fire a shot to protect Washington from capture or the loyal States from invasion. As Richmond was no longer seriously threatened, there was nothing to prevent the march northward of a Confederate army of 90,000 men but a few scattered divisions in Northern Virginia, which could have made but a short and feeble resistance.

This dangerous situation was the result of the last of McClellan's blunders in the Peninsula. When, after Fair Oaks, satisfied, right or wrong, that he was not strong enough either to march upon Richmond or to maintain his position, common sense, as well as military principles, required him to retire towards Hanover Court House, near the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, for this would have been marching towards his reinforcements instead of away from them, and would have been interposing his army between Washington and the enemy, whose capital he would still threaten, while retaining his base at White House.

It took General Halleck the whole month of July to discover that no time should be lost in recalling the army for the protection of Washington, the first order for its return not being sent till

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August 3d, which would have been already too late but for the extreme caution of the Confederate commander.

Obviously, the first movement of our troops homeward from the Peninsula, Richmond being no longer threatened, would be the signal for the rush forward of the mass of the Confederate army; and our only chance of safety consisted in keeping this formidable force at bay till our Peninsular army should be transferred to its new field. This was the difficult task imposed upon General Pope, with a scattered force, to begin with, of 28,000 at the end of July, increased to 33,000 by August 12th, and to only 41,000 by August 14th. On the 15th Jackson began his march from Gordonsville. His command, including seventeen field batteries, was not far from 30,000 strong, and was the advance of an army of 80,000 men on its way to overwhelm Pope before McClellan's forces could join. Longstreet, with 50,000, constituting the main body of Lee's army, had left Richmond August 13th, and by the 16th had passed Gordonsville, only two short marches from the Rappahannock. The situation recalls Sir John Moore's daring attempt to relieve his Spanish allies by throwing himself with his small column into the heart of Spain, within reach of a large French army under Napoleon himself, ready to crush him by superior numbers. There has seldom been a more trying position. Defeat and disgrace seemed certain, as three days would suffice for Lee's concentrated army to rout our forces and possess itself of Manassas Junction, the key to Washington.

August 16th. Pope, having learned by the capture of a dispatch Lee's intention to overwhelm him before McClellan's arrival, retired behind the Rappahannock: his right three miles above Rappahannock Station, where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the river; his left at Kelly's Ford, three miles below it, — thus covering the railroad, which was his line of communication and supply.

On the 18th he received a dispatch from General Halleck directing him to "stand firm on the line of the Rappahannock." General Halleck, with more self-confidence than was ever displayed by Napoleon himself, had undertaken to direct the movements of our forces in the field from his cabinet in Washington; in a dangerous crisis, too, when the situation was changing every hour.

August 19th. Heavy columns were seen marching to our right. The enemy's turning movement had begun.

August 20th. The pickets upon our extreme right were driven in, and the whole Confederate army was in our front, overlapping our right. Halleck, informed of this, merely instructed Pope to hold on to his communications with Fredericksburg; Pope suggesting in vain that his right might be turned, in which case he ought to throw himself on the enemy's flank and rear.

August 21st. Pope reports a decided movement of the enemy to his right, and that he can no longer hold on to Fredericksburg. But Halleck persists in directing him to hold on, saying, "In forty-eight hours more we can make you strong enough."

August 22d. Pope telegraphs to Halleck: "Clear, enemy turning our right. No forces east of Stevensburg. All tending up river. Lee's captured letter of 15th indicates this movement."

At five P. M. "Movement to our right all day. Will mass all at Fayetteville to attack his flank." At 6.30 P. M. "Everything indicates enemy marching to Warrenton by Sulphur Springs." At nine P. M. "Heavy forces moving up Hedgman's River towards Warrenton." At 9.15 P. M. "Enemy crossing Sulphur Springs, and on road from Sperryville to Warrenton."

But Pope, in obedience to Halleck's instructions, still waited for reinforcements to arrive from Fredericksburg before falling on Jackson's flank.

The next day, Halleck telegraphed Pope "not to expose his railroad communications with Alexandria." Early that morning Sigel had reported that the enemy had positively outflanked us. Hampered by his instructions, Pope simply ordered Sigel to "stand firm, and

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let the enemy develop towards Warrenton," and threw forward McDowell a few miles towards Warrenton, which place his advance occupied that night.

August 24th. Sigel reported the enemy's main body (under Longstreet) at Jeffersonville, and his advance (Jackson's corps) at Amissville: the advance "consisting of thirty-six regiments, with the usual proportion of batteries, and considerable cavalry, seen marching in the direction of Rectortown, White Plains, Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap; the main body moving to our right."

August 25th. Jackson's corps, consisting of Jackson's, Ewell's, and A. P. Hill's divisions, marched, covered by the Bull Run Mountain range, to Salem, where it arrived at midnight. Pope, having heard through McDowell that the enemy was at White Plains, moving to Thoroughfare Gap, gave orders for massing his troops, including those expected from Alexandria, at Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and Manassas Junction; the cavalry (a mere handful effective) then at Manassas Junction to push forward to "watch" Thoroughfare Gap. He had then been reinforced by Reynolds's 2500 Pennsylvania Reserves, and by Kearney's division of Heintzleman's corps; making his total effective strength about 45,000.

August 26th. Longstreet, with the enemy's main body, marched from Jeffersonville to join Jackson. Meanwhile Jackson marched from White Plains, through Thoroughfare Gap, by Haymarket and Gainesville. He was joined at Gainesville by the Confederate cavalry under Stuart, who accompanied him to Bristoe Station, seven miles southwest of Manassas Junction, where he arrived at sunset. At eight P. M. Pope was still of the opinion that the fight should be made at Warrenton; but that same night he heard of the enemy's passage of Thoroughfare Gap. Meantime he had been reinforced by Porter's corps and Heintzleman's corps (Kearney's division of which had previously joined), the two corps amounting together to 18,000 men.

August 27th. The next day Pope's force, exclusive of Banks's corps of 5000 left to bring up the trains, numbered about 49,000 effective, with only 500 cavalry fit for service. It was posted at Gainesville, Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and on the railroad below Bristoe Station. McDowell's and Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division were ordered to Gainesville, by which place Lee's main body would have to pass to unite with Jackson; to be supported by Reno's corps and Kearney's division, directed on Greenwich. Porter, on being relieved by Banks, was also to march to Gainesville; McDowell's column to reach Gainesville that night. At the same time Pope, with Hooker's division, moved up the railroad after Jackson. That afternoon, after a sharp fight, Hooker drove Ewell from Bristoe Station, who then joined Jackson at Manassas Junction.

The same night, however, this programme was changed, Jackson, then at the Junction, becoming the sole objective point. McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds were ordered to push forward from Gainesville, right on Manassas Gap Railroad, towards Manassas Junction, and Reno from Greenwich to the same point, as also Porter, Kearney and Hooker; McDowell's column to attack Jackson before Lee's main body should arrive.

August 28th. But Jackson did not wait to be attacked. Early the next morning he moved northward, by the Sudley Springs road, to the Warrenton turnpike, crossed the pike, and took up a strong position on some timbered land northwest of Groveton, his right on the pike, where he awaited Longstreet's coming. Jackson had commenced his march from Manassas Junction in the direction of Centreville. So Pope pushed on to that place in pursuit of him, with Reno's corps, which had arrived from Greenwich, and Hooker's and Kearney's divisions of Heintzleman's corps.

If every part of Pope's present programme had been carried out according to orders, Jackson would that day have been overwhelmed by twice his number. But it was just as well for us that Jackson did not await our attack; for half of

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our force would have been absent. McDowell's column, of about 25,000 men, had been ordered to march from Gainesville by the railroad to the Junction early that morning; but Sigel, who was to lead, did not leave that place till the day was well advanced. At two P. M., Pope, having learned that Jackson was on the Warrenton road, ordered McDowell to march by that road towards Centreville, in order to intercept him. At six P. M., King's division (under Hatch) of McDowell's corps, which was the advance of his column, marching by this road, was attacked in flank by the whole of Jackson's force, near Groveton. After a fierce combat, in which the division nobly held its ground against greatly superior numbers, it retired under cover of the darkness to Manassas Junction. Jackson prudently remained in the position he had chosen, not wishing to risk an engagement with forces whose numbers were unknown, of which this division was apparently the advance.

Again, though McDowell had been ordered to "move with his whole force" to the Junction, he had that forenoon taken the responsibility of detaching Ricketts's division of his corps, without Pope's knowledge, to seize and hold Thoroughfare Gap, which the enemy's main body, under Longstreet, was now approaching in its march to unite with Jackson. Ricketts pushed rapidly forward, but arrived just too late. The enemy had taken up strong positions in the pass, and was already crowning the heights. Ricketts nevertheless commenced an attack which lasted till dark; when, the enemy marching through Hopewell Gap, three miles to his right, in large numbers, and his left being at the same time threatened, he was compelled to retire, with considerable loss. He rejoined the main body near Sudley Church by the evening of the 29th.

The result of all this was that both Thoroughfare Gap and the road from it to Jackson's position were left open to the enemy, who were pouring throught the Gap that night and the next morning.

August 29th. Early in the morning Jackson was still holding his position on the high ground northwest of Groveton, commanding the Warrenton turnpike, by which he was expecting Longstreet to join him. His right rested on the turnpike, his left was near the Sudley Mills, and his masses were sheltered in thick woods. Our own forces were still scattered. Sigel and Reynolds were near Groveton, to the east of Jackson; Reno's corps and Hooker's and Kearney's divisions on the turnpike, between that place and Centreville; and McDowell and Porter at Manassas Junction. Hooker and Kearney, followed by Reno's corps, were ordered to push forward to Groveton, join Sigel, and attack. McDowell and Porter were ordered to march to Gainesville. Sigel, with Hooker and Kearney, attacked Jackson's left with such vigor as to drive it back several hundred yards to an unfinished railroad, crossing the turnpike obliquely northeast and southwest; behind the embankment of which, a ready-made parapet, Jackson's line maintained its ground, substantially, during the whole day.

Meantime, the enemy's main body had been rapidly advancing from Thoroughfare Gap, had entered the turnpike near Gainesville, and by noon, with the exception of Anderson's division, was all in line on Jackson's right. Its own right extended either to the Manassas Railroad, or to the south of it; its three right brigades, somewhat refused, and in echelon; the whole flanked by Stuart's cavalry, thus barring our approach by the Manassas Railroad to Gainesville.

Towards noon Pope arrived on the ground from Centreville, and stationed himself at a point about half a mile north of the crossing of the Warrenton and Sudley Springs roads. Longstreet's line was entirely concealed by wooded heights, and Pope did not dream, what was literally the fact, that he had in his front not Jackson's corps alone, but (less Anderson's division, not yet up) the whole Confederate army. Pursuant to orders, McDowell and Porter had begun their march from Manassas Junction to Gainesville. They halted at noon

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near Bethlehem Church, a little to the west of the Sudley Springs road, where, about one P. M., notwithstanding his orders, McDowell marched his own corps towards Groveton, but did not arrive there till towards sunset. Left to himself, Porter did not take the responsibility of a movement with his single corps which had been directed to be made by two corps; especially as he discovered a strong force of the enemy to be in front of him, which force could be no other than Lee's main body under Longstreet, since Jackson's corps was then in front of Pope, some five miles off. He therefore remained in position the rest of the day, with one division deployed, the other troops massed.

Porter's judgment had not deceived him; for, as before stated, the road to Gainesville was covered by the right of Longstreet's force, which was the main body of the Confederate army. The Confederate commander, seeing his right flank seriously threatened by what was evidently an army corps at least, reinforced it at once with three brigades drawn from his left, and with some guns. These brigades returned to their position in line about sunset. Though Lee had intended to bring on the general battle on the 29th, Longstreet was deterred from doing so by this deployment of force in his front, which apparently left him no available point of attack. Accordingly, Longstreet's entire command remained in position the whole day, taking no part in the battle with Pope, except that, late in the evening, Hood's and Evans's brigades were engaged in repulsing an attack by King's division of McDowell's corps.

Our attack in the morning on Jackson's left was followed by desultory artillery firing, attended with no effect; and afterwards by skirmishing at various points, more or less severe.

At 4.30 P. M., Pope still supposed that only Jackson's corps was on the field, not knowing that Lee's main body was at that moment in position on Jackson's right, and held in check by Porter's single corps. He therefore, very naturally, sent an order to Porter to move upon the enemy's right and rear, keeping his right in communication with Reynolds (who was on the left of our line at Groveton), and using his batteries. This order did not reach Porter till 6.30 P. M.; that is, about sunset. He immediately made his dispositions to obey it. The ground did not admit of the use of batteries; but, what was still more important, it was impossible to keep his right, as directed, in communication with the left of our line at Groveton. He had already attempted to communicate with McDowell, then on his march to that place; but his messengers had run into the enemy. It was but doing justice to Pope to assume that he would not have issued such an order had he been aware that it required the march of an isolated corps, not upon Jackson's flank, but upon the front of what was apparently Longstreet's whole force, outnumbering ours, probably, three to one. Under these circumstances Porter judged it to be his duty not to attempt to carry the order into execution.

About 5.30 P. M., Pope, expecting Porter to arrive on Jackson's flank, ordered an attack on the enemy's left, which was so vigorously made by Reno, Heintzleman, and Sigel as nearly to double back the enemy's left on his centre; but who, with the aid of heavy reserves, succeeded in reëstablishing his line, and by about eight P. M. the fighting was over.

I have been unable to find authentic data fixing the exact number of the Confederate forces in this battle; but a careful examination of the materials for forming a judgment in the matter gives the following result, which cannot differ materially from the truth. At the commencement of the battle Jackson's effective force, including seventeen field batteries, numbered about 25,000 men; and Longstreet had actually in line some 30,000 infantry and artillery, with Stuart's cavalry, 2500 strong.

Exclusive of Banks's corps, left behind in charge of the trains, Pope's aggregate force was about 49,000 men; but as Porter's corps of 11,000 was not on the field, and McDowell's of 13,000

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did not arrive till the battle was virtually over, the total of Pope's forces in line did not exceed 25,000. Thus, though Pope was not aware of it, from twelve o'clock at noon, with 25,000, he was facing at least 55,000 of the enemy.

August 30th. In view of the great disparity of numbers (for the enemy was reinforced the same night by Anderson's division of 10,000 men) Pope's campaign was already virtually lost. The next day, however, though he knew that Longstreet had joined, and that he was now greatly outnumbered, despairing of receiving the promised reinforcements, but not despairing of his country's cause, Pope determined upon one struggle more, and ordered an attack on the enemy's left. Our troops in advancing found that flank refused, and discovered other apparent indications that the Confederates were withdrawing from that part of the field. Indulging in the too sanguine belief that the enemy had commenced a retreat, Pope acted accordingly. Jackson's left and centre were vigorously assailed by our right wing, under Heintzleman; while McDowell, who commanded on our left, was directed to send forward Porter's corps (arrived that morning on the field), supported by King's and Reynolds's divisions, "in pursuit." The battle on our right was fierce and bloody, Ricketts's and Kearney's divisions, especially, losing very heavily. At four P. M. Porter's corps, reduced to 7000 by the departure of two of his brigades to Centreville, through some misconception of orders, moved forward in two lines fifty yards apart, with King's division (under Hatch) on its right, and drove back the enemy's advanced line. But this only developed his real line behind the railroad embankment, from which there poured forth an incessant and murderous fire. Our troops pressed on. A portion of them gained the embankment, when there ensued a desperate struggle for its possession, — one of the most bloody of the whole war. Meanwhile, Jackson had sent an urgent request to Longstreet on his right for assistance, and Longstreet had planted a battery on an eminence that gave him an enfilading fire upon Porter's lines. By five P. M., swept in front by musketry and in flank by artillery, our troops were forced to retire, leaving near one third of their number on the ground.

Reynolds's division, on Porter's left, having been withdrawn by McDowell, to check a threatened movement of the enemy to seize the Warrenton road, our line of retreat, Colonel (afterwards General) Warren, with his small brigade of 1000 (the fifth and tenth New York Volunteers), rushed without orders to fill the gap thus left, and gallantly held his position till the rest of Porters corp's had retired.

The following extracts from the official reports of Stonewall Jackson and General Longstreet, and from a letter from the latter to the writer, will make the cause and manner of this repulse perfectly plain.

From Jackson's report: "After some desultory skirmishing and heavy cannonading during the day, the Federal infantry, about four o'clock in the evening, moved from under cover of the wood and advanced in several lines, first engaging the right, but soon extended its attack to the centre and left. In a few moments our entire line was engaged in a fierce and sanguinary struggle with the enemy. As one line was repulsed another took its place, and pressed forward as if determined, by force of numbers and fury of assault, to drive us from our positions. So impetuous and well sustained were these onsets as to induce me to send to the commanding general for reinforcements; but the timely and gallant advance of General Longstreet on the right relieved my troops from the pressure of overwhelming numbers, and gave to those brave men the chances of a more equal conflict. As Longstreet pressed upon the right the Federal advance was checked, and soon a general advance of my whole line was ordered. Eagerly and fiercely did each brigade press forward, exhibiting in parts of the field scenes of close encounter and murderous strife not witnessed often in the turmoil of battle. The Fed-

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erals gave way before our troops, fell back in disorder, and fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. During their retreat the artillery opened with destructive power upon the fugitive masses. The infantry followed until darkness put an end to the pursuit."

From General Longstreet's report: "Just after reaching my front line [this was towards four o'clock] I received a message for reinforcements for General Jackson, who was said to be severely pressed. From an eminence near by, one portion of the enemy's masses attacking General Jackson were immediately within my view, and in easy range of batteries in that position. It gave me an advantage that I had not expected to have, and I made haste to use it. Two batteries were ordered for the purpose, and one placed in position immediately and opened. Just as this fire began, I received a message from the commanding general informing me of General Jackson's position and his wants. As it was evident that the attack against General Jackson could not be continued ten minutes under the fire of these batteries, I made no movement with my troops. Before the second battery could be placed in position the enemy began to retire, and in less than ten minutes the ranks were broken, and that portion of his army put to flight."

Extract from a letter from General Longstreet: —

"On the afternoon of the 30th, just before my advance and attack, I received a message from General Jackson asking me to reinforce him; that the attack of the enemy was getting to be too severe for him. And soon after the receipt of that message an order came from General Lee to the same effect. It was then I rode to the advance of my line and discovered that I could relieve General Jackson sooner and more effectually by the movement of my batteries to my front and opening them upon the flank of the Federal masses."

As soon as Porter's troops were driven back, the whole Confederate army advanced in pursuit. Bald Hill was carried by them, but the Henry House Hill, to the east of this, was still ours. Its possession by us was of the utmost importance, as covering our retreat to Centreville. It was firmly held to the last by what remained of Porter's corps, aided by two of Reynolds's brigades and Munroe's Rhode Island Battery; which enabled our troops to make an orderly retreat over Bull Run, followed, long after dark, by the covering forces.

Pope retired to Centreville behind intrenchments. Sumner, with 11,000 men, and Franklin, with 8000, had arrived there just too late to do any good. There was no further pursuit.

According to the Confederate reports, the enemy captured from us, on this bloody field, 9000 men, 30 guns, and 20,000 stand of arms.

August 31st, Sunday, was a day of rest. Banks had come in with his trains intact.

September 1st. A. P. Hill's and Ewell's divisions advanced towards Fairfax Court House. Pope posted the ninth corps (under Reno) in advance, covering the main road at Chantilly, with McDowell, Hooker, and Kearney in support. Reno was vigorously attacked at six P. M., in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm. The enemy retired soon after dark, but Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed during the combat.

September 3d. Three thousand of our wounded were found left on the field of battle without food.

Pope's entire loss during the campaign is said to have been 30,000 men; that of the enemy, 15,000.

September 5th. The Confederates crossed the Potomac, and the Antietam campaign began.

OBSERVATIONS.

(1.) Pope has been blamed for not following Jackson with his whole force after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and possessing himself of Gordonsville. But this would have been rash in the extreme. He had then but 28,000 men Supposing he could have driven Jack son, whose force was equal to his owr

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he could have held Gordonsville but a short time in the face of 90,000 men that Lee could have concentrated upon him, and his escape from such a force would have been very difficult. His mere presence behind the Rapidan sufficed to draw off Jackson's corps — that is, one third of the Confederate army — from Richmond, and thus to make a diversion in favor of McClellan, which was the object in view. Nothing more could have been accomplished with the force then at his command.

(2.) On August 16th Lee's dispatch of the 15th was captured, announcing his intention to unite with Jackson and overwhelm Pope before McClellan could join. Pope thereupon retired behind the Rappahannock. He had then 40,000 men; but this was a mere handful to guard a line extending some fifty miles, from Fredericksburg to the Blue Ridge, against a concentrated force, daily expected, of more than double his numbers. Our subsequent disasters are traceable primarily to the stolid obstinacy of General Halleck, who undertook to conduct the operations in the field at his office desk in Washington. Though kept informed almost hourly of everything that transpired, he insisted on Pope's holding on to the line of the Rappahannock, and to his communications with Fredericksburg, thirty miles off. Were that river both deep and wide through its whole length, no degree of skill or activity on our part, as Halleck must be supposed to have known, could have prevented Lee's crossing it somewhere, and turning our position. But the Rappahannock has numerous fords, and above the Forks is fordable every mile or two for all the three arms. Halleck continued by telegrams to restrain Pope from profiting by the enemy's rashness till further telegrams were no longer possible, from our communications being cut by Jackson. The cause of this obstinate persistency of Halleck was his daily expectation of reinforcements from McClellan's army *via* Fredericksburg. By August 25th, 7000 men had arrived, but the campaign was already virtually lost by the delay. It was plain enough that Lee would not be guilty of the folly of crossing the river to attack us in front, and these expected reinforcements would not have the slightest effect in preventing his turning movement, where it would be so easy, on the Upper Rappahannock. We were not then threatening Richmond, but trying to cover Washington. Our position was a purely defensive one. If, after the reinforcements arrived, we were strong enough to take the offensive, we could then have moved forward without taking up any position at all.

Again, when Jackson had actually turned our right, and Pope would have massed his force to crush him in his flank march, within easy striking distance from us, Halleck would not consent to his uncovering the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Rappahannock Station. What though this was the front gate to Washington? Why continue to guard it while the enemy was actually on his way thither through one of several back gates left open in our rear? But this point would have been sufficiently secured, the railroad bridge being first destroyed, by a single corps properly posted, which could have defended the crossing till Pope should have had time to destroy or capture Jackson's corps.

This is by no means the first instance of a campaign being lost through the blunder of directing the concentration of forces at a point too near the enemy.

(3.) The safe and proper position for covering Washington till our whole force should be concentrated would have been Manassas Junction. If Rappahannock Station was the front gate to Washington, Manassas Junction was its front door. There were six possible routes by which the enemy could reach Washington. First, by Maryland. But this was impracticable, for we held the Potomac River by forts and by war vessels. Secondly, by the river road, through Acquia and Dumfries. But supposing the enemy to have been able to push their way through in this direction, before reaching Alexandria they would have had us massed on their flank. Thirdly, by the Shenandoah Valley and down the

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Potomac, on either the Virginia or the Maryland side. But Washington would have had nothing to fear from an enemy coming by so circuitous a route as this; for a few hours would have sufficed to concentrate our whole force there. Moreover, Washington was then garrisoned by 12,000 men; and though these were principally undisciplined volunteers, Bunker Hill, New Orleans, and Fort Sandusky are proof enough that such troops, behind earth-works, may be a match for more than their number of veterans.

The other possible routes would have been the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the Warrenton turnpike, and the Manassas Gap Railroad through Thoroughfare. Now Manassas Junction commands the approach by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and Gainesville the approach by both the other two routes. And Gainesville is but fifteen miles from the Junction by the railroad. Pope's main body should therefore have been posted at Manassas Junction. A single corps, with a few earth-works at Gainesville, keeping out patrols to Thoroughfare Gap and on the Warrenton road, could have held its ground against any odds till the arrival of its main body from Manassas. Of course the troops coming from the Peninsula should have been ordered to Alexandria instead of Acquia.

The position at Manassas would have been, it is true, *en l'air;* but this constitutes no serious objection to a strategic position otherwise good, however it may be as to a merely tactical one.

(4.) When, on August 10th, Lee's whole army fronted us, overlapping us on the right, our right was already potentially turned; and when, on August 24th, Pope knew the enemy's advance corps to be at Amissville, his intention to march west of the Bull Run Mountain range to Thoroughfare, and not to Warrenton, was evident. Lee's main body was then at Jeffersonville, and would undoubtedly follow by the same route. A flank march so near us was itself a rash and dangerous proceeding; but such a march in two columns, separated by a mountain range, would have been an act of mere folly. Pope's inaction at this time was opposed to sound military principle. If it was too late to throw himself on Jackson's flank, he should have made a forced march to Gainesville, now obviously become the decisive point. If this had been done even on the 25th, at daylight, when Jackson was known to be at Salem, the mass of his troops could have arrived at Gainesville that evening. Instead of this, learning on the 25th that the enemy was at White Plains, heading for Thoroughfare, he gave orders for massing his troops, including those expected from Alexandria, at Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and Manassas Junction; the cavalry, of which there was only 500 effective, to push forward "to watch" the Gap, through which Jackson debouched the next morning. Through some singular hallucination, Pope remained of opinion that the fight should be made at Warrenton until the night of the 26th, when he learned that the enemy had actually passed the Gap. Then he awoke to the true situation of affairs, and instantly ordered a massing of his troops at and about Gainesville, which was successfully accomplished. And if this disposition had remained unchanged the campaign might still have been won.

(5.) In the afternoon of August 27th, Pope had moved up the railroad with Hooker's division, and after a sharp fight with Ewell at Bristoe Station had driven him back on his main body, then at Manassas. From that moment Pope's sole thought was to crush Jackson by superior numbers before Longstreet could arrive. In his zeal to accomplish this praiseworthy object he apparently forgot two things: first, that Jackson might not wait to be crushed, but, thus threatened, would probably march to meet his reinforcements; and, secondly, that it is unsafe to attempt to crush one of two corps of the enemy unless the approach of the other corps is in the mean while delayed. Accordingly, he that night ordered McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds at Gainesville, and Reno at Greenwich, to march early the next morning by the

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Manassas Gap Railroad upon Manassas Junction, and Kearney, Hooker, and Porter, from Bristoe Station to the same point. But, as might have been expected, by daylight that morning Jackson had marched to the Warrenton turnpike, where he awaited, in a strong position, the coming of Longstreet with the main body. When, on arriving at Manassas Junction, it was found that the bird had flown, Pope too readily believed that the flight was to Centreville. But nothing was more unlikely. Jackson would thus have been marching straight into the centre of our camp, and away from his reinforcements, upon whose speedy junction his salvation depended. It may be here observed that it is unadvisable to pursue an undefeated enemy in order to bring him to battle; because in such case he can choose his own battle-ground, as did Napoleon at Austerlitz, which gives always a great advantage.

Pope's pursuit of Jackson to Centreville with Reno, Hooker, and Kearney, leaving Porter at Manassas Junction, while McDowell's column was at or only leaving Gainesville, scattered his forces, and thus led to disaster. Had he not changed his plan, but gone himself to Gainesville with Porter's and Heintzleman's corps, simply sending a cavalry detachment to ascertain and report Jackson's whereabouts, occupying Thoroughfare Gap with a division or two, Longstreet's force would have been delayed long enough to enable us to defeat Jackson, and then, countermarching, to attack Longstreet while debouching from the Gap, an attack in which we should have had all the chances of success. And if Longstreet were forced to retire, defeated or not, we should have had the shorter line to Richmond.

(6.) At Centreville, early upon the morning of August 28th, Pope knew that Jackson was marching west to meet Longstreet. This required a second change of plan. He immediately sent orders to McDowell, whose column numbered about 24,000, to advance with his whole force eastward on the Warrenton turnpike instead of the Manassas Gap Railroad; intending to march, himself, westward on the same road, and fall upon Jackson with Reno's, Porter's and Heintzleman's corps, numbering about 25,000, on the east, while McDowell should attack him on the west. Considering the strength of both the attacking columns, the plan itself was an excellent one, and must have resulted in the destruction or capture of Jackson's entire force, if Pope's orders had been faithfully executed. But there was one serious objection to it: it left the road open to Longstreet, who might arrive at any moment in McDowell's rear, and thus place him between two fires.

(7.) The chief cause of the failure of this last combination was McDowell's disobedience of orders. He had been directed to march from Gainesville "with his whole force." But knowing that Thoroughfare Gap was undefended, and that Lee's main body was rapidly approaching it, he took the responsibility of detaching Ricketts's division to occupy and defend that defile. By so doing he obviously made himself amenable to a court-martial. But considering that it was of the last importance that Longstreet's debouching should be delayed, this appears to be one of those rare and extreme cases in which a subordinate commander, unable to communicate with a distant superior, may be justified in departing from his orders, even where this very departure afterwards leads to disaster.

(8.) The battle of August 29th suggests no special remark, except that, theoretically speaking, on the hypothesis that Jackson alone was present, our attack should have been on his right instead of on his left; because the flank by which the enemy is expecting to be reinforced is, for that reason, the decisive point for attack. Had Longstreet not been there, our attack on Jackson's right would have placed us on his line of retreat, and, giving hand to McDowell and Porter, would have thrown Jackson back from his reinforcements. This is what, to cite no other instance, Napoleon did at Ligny, thus separating Blucher from Wellington at Quatre Bras.

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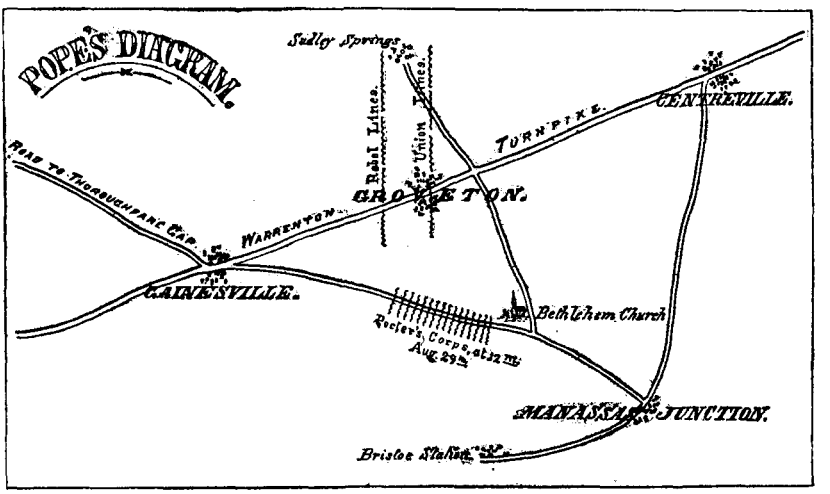
FITZ JOHN PORTER.

(9.) Pope's action in regard to General Porter was based upon three important mistakes: First, that Longstreet's troops did not begin to come upon the field until about sunset of Friday, August 29th. Second, as a necessary consequence of this, that Jackson's right flank was exposed to Porter's attack. Third, that when Porter received the order of 4.30 P. M. he could have attacked Jackson in flank in time to enable Pope to rout Jackson before Longstreet arrived.

First, as to the time of Longstreet's arrival. The Confederate official reports put it beyond question that their main body under Longstreet was arriving on the ground during the whole forenoon of August 29th, and that it was all in line on Jackson's right by about noon. This also appears from General Longstreet's letter, to be given presently.

Secondly, as to the exposure of Jackson's flank. That Jackson's flank was not exposed, but that on the contrary, from noon of the 29th, Longstreet's troops formed a continuous line extending from Jackson's flank southerly to the Manassas Gap Railroad is also conclusively shown by the Confederate official reports, and is as certain as any fact in history. General Jones, for instance, who commanded Longstreet's rear division, reports that he arrived on the field and took up his position on the extreme right; the other divisions on his left connecting with Jackson's right.



The two diagrams presented herewith show, roughly, the positions of the respective forces on August 29th. "Pope's Diagram" is printed from one given in General Pope's pamphlet, entitled Brief Statement of the Case of Fitz John Porter. This diagram must be assumed to show correctly the general position of our own troops; for, as to this, General Pope is, of course, the best authority. But in respect to the position of the enemy, of which Pope had no personal knowledge, and which was concealed from him by wooded heights, General Longstreet must be deemed much better authority than Pope. The real position and direction of the Confederate line is roughly shown by General Longstreet's hasty sketch contained in the following letter: —

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *July* 30, 1870.

GEN. F. J. LIPPITT, Boston, Mass.: —

GENERAL, — Your favor of the 23d instant is received. I am not able to answer your questions as definitely as I would like, because of many lost papers. The head of my column reached the field of the second Manassas about eleven o'clock, A. M., on the 29th of

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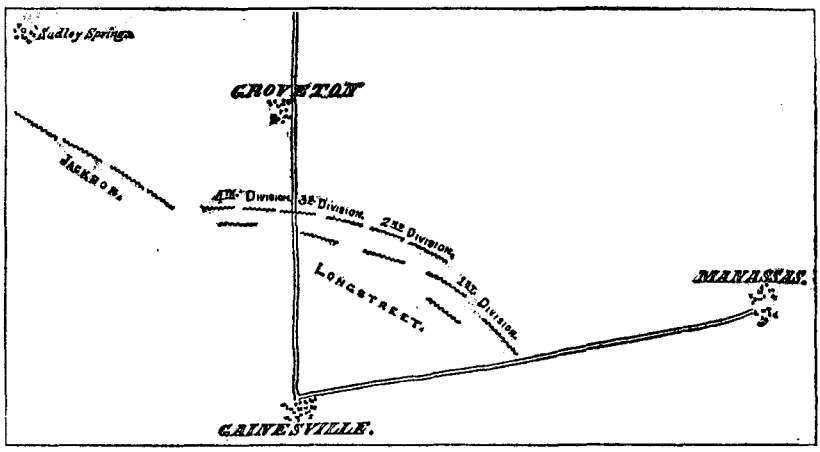
August. The forces were advanced and deployed as rapidly as possible, and I think that I was fully prepared for battle by one o'clock, P. M. The strength of the force I cannot give for reasons already assigned, but there were twelve brigades, Anderson's division of three brigades coming up after dark on the 29th.

Neither of your diagrams agrees with my recollection of the lines occupied by the Southern forces. I shall attempt one that accords more nearly with my recollections.

I am a poor draughtsman at best, having but my left hand now with which to aid you. I hope that you may be able to excuse this effort.



As your inquiry and my information only extend to our own forces, the sketch is only intended to meet this view.

My recollection is that the ground on my right was broken, which broke that part of my line to the rear. My right brigade was, I think, on the right of the Manassas Gap Railroad; but I am not sure of that, and have placed the right upon that railroad. The divisions were arranged as represented in the diagram, — two brigades in line of battle and one in reserve. On the night of the 29th Anderson's division arrived, and in my attack on the 30th was added to the third division as the assaulting column, making the assaulting column one of six brigades, in column of brigades, except the head of the column which was two brigades.

So many inquiries have been made since the war upon all of these matters that the few papers and records that I saved from the wreck have been sent to friends in various parts of the country who are writing, leaving me without data from which to write. I may say, however, that General Lee was anxious to bring on the battle on the 29th, but finding no assailable point I failed to do so, and made a forced reconnaissance at dark in order to assure myself that there was, or that there was not, a point in my front that would justify an attack. Finding the Federal position too strong to warrant such effort, I withdrew my forces about twelve or one at night to my original line, as represented in this diagram. It appears that the Federal commander mistook this move of mine for a retreat, which induced him to attack Jackson the next afternoon. His forces massed against Jackson, you will readily perceive that a slight advance of my batteries gave me an enfilade fire upon his masses that no troops could live under, and this with but little exposure to me. Of course I seized the opportunity. My batteries broke the masses in about five minutes, that appeared, but a moment before, as formidable and resistless as an avalanche. My command, being fully prepared for the

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emergency, was sprung to the charge as the Federal masses melted away.

I don't know but I should apologize for this long reply to your brief interrogations. It seems to be almost impossible to give an intelligible answer to a single question without some detail of connected incidents.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JAMES LONGSTREET.

A comparison of the two diagrams plainly shows how widely Pope's theory differs from the truth, and how grossly he was mistaken in supposing that Jackson's right was accessible in the afternoon of August 29th.

Thirdly, as to Porter's failure to obey the order of 4.30 P. M. being the cause of Pope's own failure to rout the enemy on that day. That order was not received by Porter till 6.30 P. M.; that is, about sunset. The impossibility of an attack on Jackson's flank which the order suggested has already been shown. But further, the only possible result of an attempt to execute the order would have been the sacrifice of Porter's corps, without any aid being given by it to our troops at Groveton.

In the first place, Porter's advance would have brought him squarely upon Longstreet's front. General Lee reports that his line extended to the Manassas Gap Railroad, with Stuart's cavalry to the south of the railroad. General Longstreet (*ut supra*) thinks that one of his infantry brigades was also to the south of the railroad. However this may have been, Longstreet's three flank brigades being in echelon, a few minutes would have been sufficient to extend his line so as to present a continuous front to Porter, and effectually to bar his further advance. Porter had three miles of ground to march over, and would have been enveloped, upon arriving, by cross fires sufficient to sweep him from the field.

Again, the force he would have been attacking outnumbered him three to one. His own corps was about 11,000 strong. Now Longstreet left Richmond with 50,000 infantry and artillery. Deducting 9000 for probable losses, and Anderson's division of 10,000 not yet up, would leave him 31,000. Add to this Stuart's cavalry, 2500, and Longstreet must then have had in line at least 33,000 men; which entire force, as shown by the Confederate official reports, was held in readiness to receive Porter.

But even if Porter had rashly attacked Longstreet, the destruction of his corps would have been no help to Pope. It being sunset when he received the order, he could not have actually attacked till about dark, when Pope's battle with Jackson, which began at 5.30 P. M., was substantially over.

(10.) Not only this, but the course adopted by Porter, in all probability, saved Pope from being utterly routed on that day by superior numbers. The Confederate reports clearly show that the whole of Longstreet's force was actually held in check by Porter's corps. It is a significant fact that, hard pressed as Jackson reports himself to have been by our grand attack in the afternoon, Longstreet's entire force remained quietly in position, no part of it being engaged that day, except Hood's and Evans's brigades for three quarters of an hour late in the evening, after the battle of the day was over; when they received an attack from King's division under Hatch, which they claim to have repulsed. And this would naturally confirm Pope in his belief that Longstreet was not yet on the field. Longstreet reports that he was informed of the approach of the enemy in heavy columns against his extreme right, and that thereupon he withdrew Wilcox's three brigades from his left to support Jones in case of attack; and Wilcox reports that he was not ordered back to his position till sundown. Again, Longstreet states that the enemy's entire force appearing to be massed directly in front of him, he deemed it not advisable to move against his immediate front, and therefore quietly withdrew his force at one o'clock A. M. And again, in his letter (ut supra) he states that he was deterred from attacking on the 29th by the strength of our position. A glance

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at the two diagrams will show that the force which thus held him in check could have been no other than Porter's corps; since, as shown by Pope's diagram, our forces at Groveton extended but a short distance south of the Warrenton turnpike.

If this fact needed further proof, it would be found in the statement to Lewis Este Mills (see his pamphlet) of the chief engineer on Lee's staff to the effect that what induced Lee to remain on the defensive during the afternoon of "Saturday" was the absence of Anderson's division, and "a feeling of uncertainty as to Porter's force and intention." To this was added that Porter's attack was "feebly urged."

It is very plain that this statement referred not to Saturday the 30th, but to Friday the 29th. In the first place, it was on Friday the 29th that Anderson was absent. He arrived that same night (Longstreet's letter, supra), and on Saturday the 30th he was present; taking his place in line, as the Confederate reports show, about noon. In the next place, in characterizing Porter's attack as "feebly" made, Mills's informant again showed that he was not referring to Saturday the 30th, but, consequently, to Friday the 29th. Porter's attack on the 30th was one of the most vigorous and determined in the war, costing him the loss of about one third of his men. It was this attack that compelled Jackson to ask Longstreet for assistance; which Longstreet effectively gave by so plowing through Porter's lines with round shot as to compel them finally to retire.

(11.) There remains for observation one other point, important and interesting to military men. Did Porter really disobey any order of Pope's; and if he did, was he justified, from a military point of view, in doing so?

As to the first order, sent from Centreville early that morning, directing McDowell's and Porter's corps to march to Gainesville, no serious question can be made. It may be observed, in passing, that this order was a rash one, not justified on military principles. Lee's main body, which must have been known or supposed to outnumber, two to one, both these corps combined, was hourly expected at Gainesville. The danger was great, therefore, that they would arrive there only to be defeated. But when at one P. M. McDowell, the senior in command, chose to take the responsibility of marching to Groveton with his 13,000 men, leaving Porter on the railroad with his 11,000, and Porter advanced no further, this was no disobedience of orders. The order directed the march of two corps to Gainesville, not of one corps alone, and that the smaller of the two. Not only this, but the order expressly left it to the discretion of the commander how far it should be executed; and after McDowell's departure Porter exercised a wise discretion in declining to carry it out; which, by the way, would have been now impracticable, as we have already seen. The other order was sent to Porter from the field. It read thus: —

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
August 29, 1862, 4.30 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL PORTER, — Your line of march brings you in on the enemy's right flank. I desire you to push forward into action on the enemy's flank, and, if possible, on his rear, keeping your right in communication with General Reynolds. The enemy is massed in the woods in front of us, but can be shelled out as soon as you engage his flank. Keep heavy reserves and use your batteries, keeping well closed to your right all the time. In case you are obliged to fall back, do so to your right and rear, so as to keep you in close communication with the right wing.

[Signed] JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

This order supposed four things: (1.) That by pushing forward, Porter would be brought upon the enemy's flank. As already seen, this supposition was erroneous. (2.) That Porter's right could be kept in communication with General Reynolds. This also was a mistaken supposition. General Reynolds was some

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four or five miles off, and Porter had found that the cross roads from his position to Groveton were in possession of the enemy, who had thus isolated him from the main body. (3.) That Porter could support his attack with his batteries. The ground appears to have been such as to preclude the use of batteries. But, aside from that, the order supposed: (4.) That, if compelled to fall back, Porter could do so in such a manner as to keep him in close communication with the right wing at Groveton. Here again was obviously a mistaken supposition.

The order itself, under the circumstances assumed to exist, was an eminently proper one, and the framing of it indicated a skillful and prudent commander; the attack it directed not being that of an isolated corps of a few thousand men, unsupported, upon a distant front of the enemy, where it would be vastly outnumbered. The only objection to its execution was that it was drawn up in ignorance of material facts. Can it be seriously contended that an order to a distant subordinate commander must be obeyed at all risks, though showing on its face that it contemplated an entirely different state of facts from that actually existing; or that, in such case, the execution of it, if it would apparently lead to unforeseen and disastrous consequences, would be even justifiable? Had Porter, on receiving this order, thrown his corps upon the force in front, and the result had been its destruction, no court of inquiry could have helped finding that he had rashly exceeded his orders; and he would have been deemed thenceforth unfit, as lacking in judgment, to hold an important command. If he had pleaded the terms of the order, the obvious reply would have been that it directed an attack on the enemy's flank, not on his front, and that, as he well knew, not one of the other conditions existed in reference to which the order was framed.

The settled principle in military ethics in such cases is this, that an order to a subordinate from a distant superior is not to be disobeyed simply because it would apparently lead to disastrous consequences; but that when, in addition to this, *the order itself, by its very terms, assumes facts which do not exist*, and the subordinate is clearly satisfied, in the exercise of a sound judgment, that the superior would not have made the order if he had known the real circumstances of the case, obedience to it would be in the highest degree blameworthy, — nay, criminal. And no friend of General Pope would venture to assert that, under the circumstances of the case as now known, and as Porter believed them to exist at the time, the latter would have been ordered "to push forward into action at once on the enemy's flank."

As for Porter's marching to Groveton, he had no order to do so. The idea that, hearing the sound of battle, he ought to have gone there at once is a very natural one, but it leaves important facts out of view. He was too far away to hear any sound of musketry, and the firing heard indicated an artillery duel at long range, not an actual conflict of troops. If he had marched at 5.30 P. M., when the grand attack was made, it was very doubtful, the enemy being apparently in possession of the roads, when he could have arrived at Groveton, or if he could have arrived there at all. In point of fact, McDowell's corps, which began its march at one P. M., did not arrive till about six o'clock; certainly not earlier than five o'clock.

But there was a conclusive reason why he should remain where he was. He was then holding in check a much larger force than his own. If he had marched for Groveton, that force, having the shorter line, would have been there before him. By remaining in his position he was rendering the greatest possible service to General Pope and to his country.

There remains to be noticed one other charge against General Porter. In the night of August 27th, being then at Warrenton Junction, he was ordered to march with his corps at one A. M. the same night, and arrive at Bristoe Station by daylight the next morning; instead of which he did not march till three A. M.

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(or, as some accounts say, till daylight), nor arrive at Bristoe till ten o'clock in the forenoon. This sort of disobedience, as all military men know, necessarily occurs more or less often in every campaign. In directing the movements of a detached column at a distance, the superior commander can seldom, if ever, know the circumstances which sometimes necessarily delay, for a few hours, the putting of the column in route, or its arrival at the point designated. Undoubtedly, in failing to arrive at the hour required a commander is technically guilty of a disobedience of orders. But the real question always is whether the delay was blameworthy, for which he would be properly amenable to punishment. On this point it may not be material that Porter's failure to arrive at daylight led to no prejudicial consequences; but it is material that, as shown by the weight of evidence, he exercised a sound judgment under the circumstances in not marching till three A. M., and especially that he actually arrived at Bristoe full as soon as if he had marched at one instead of three A. M., or at daylight.

McCLELLAN.

(12.) The principal responsibility for the disasters of Pope's campaign must rest upon General McClellan. This will sufficiently appear from reading the dispatches sent and received by him, of which, and of his action in connection with them, I subjoin the following brief notes. It must be remembered that, in spite of his losses in the Peninsula, McClellan had still with him at Harrison's Landing 85,000 or 90,000 men.

August 3d. McClellan ordered to Acquia Creek. He remonstrates. Order repeated.

August 4th. The order again repeated.

August 9th. Halleck urges instant reinforcements to Acquia Creek. "Enemy massing to crush Pope and Burnside."

August 10th. Halleck telegraphs, "Enemy crossing Rapidan in large force. Fighting Pope to-day."

August 15th. McClellan puts two corps in motion towards Fortress Monroe.

August 21st. Halleck telegraphs, "Pope and Burnside hard pushed."

August 23d. Franklin's corps (8000 men) sails.

August 25th. The only reinforcements from McClellan arrived so far are Reynolds's and Kearney's commands, 7000 in all.

August 27th. Halleck to McClellan (then apparently at Alexandria): "General battle imminent. Franklin's corps should move out by forced marches." McClellan reports 13,000 men ready to march at a moment's notice.

August 28th. Pope telegraphs for supplies: "Troops but little to eat; for two days marching and fighting. Troops and animals perfectly exhausted. For two days no forage for cavalry and artillery horses; for ten days saddled and harnessed." 4.10 P. M. McClellan telegraphs to Halleck: "General Franklin is with me here. Not yet in condition to move. May be by to-morrow A. M." 4.45 P. M. "Neither Franklin or Sumner in condition to move and fight battle."

Halleck sends a direct order to Franklin to move towards Manassas Junction.

McClellan answers, "Thinks enemy not in such force near Manassas as to need to move in force."

Halleck telegraphs, "Not a moment to be lost, to push as large a force as possible to Manassas, to unite with Pope before enemy reinforced. Franklin must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready."

August 29th. 10.30 A. M. Franklin's corps in motion. McClellan halts it at one P. M., and telegraphs, "Not safe to go beyond Annandale."

Two days before, McClellan's troops had been ordered to march to Manassas Junction by forced marches, but they had now only reached Annandale, six miles out.

August 30th. In reply to Pope's urgent telegram of the day before, McClellan instructs Franklin to inform him that he will have the wagons and cars

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loaded with rations as soon as Pope should "send in a cavalry escort to Alexandria, as a guard to the train." (A cavalry escort for a railroad train!)

On the 29th McClellan had telegraphed to the president "to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once to use all our means to make the capital safe." (As if saving Pope from defeat was not the surest means of making the capital safe.)

These dispatches need no comment. In connection with his action, they clearly show a determination on McClellan's part that, so far as he could help it, Pope should receive no assistance from him, whatever might be the consequences to Pope's army, or to his country; and, to carry out that determination, a continued and criminal disobedience of orders to the very last.

On the 3d of August McClellan had a well-equipped army of some 85,000 men lying inactive at Harrison's Landing. On that day he was ordered to transfer it to Acquia Creek. In spite of repeated and peremptory orders, owing to his indisposition to obey them and inexcusable delays, by August 30th only 20,500 of this large force had reached the field.

On the 27th of August, 1854, during the Crimean war, the allied armies commenced their embarkation at Varna. It was made under no urgent pressure. Nevertheless, by the night of September 4th, that is, in eight days, 62,000 men had been embarked, with all their stores and guns. Again: McClellan himself had, not long before, embarked his whole force, of over 100,000 men, for the Peninsula, in twelve days. In view of these facts it is incredible that McClellan, if so disposed, could not easily, in twenty-seven days, have had 60,000 men to reinforce Pope. In that case, on August 30th the entire Confederate army would have been overwhelmed, and Richmond, in a few days, would have been in our hands.

LEE.

(13.) Lee erred in not promptly marching to crush Pope with superior numbers before his reinforcements could arrive. If he had done so, there would have been nothing to prevent him from marching to Washington; and that city would have fallen soon after he had possessed himself of Upton's Hill, which commands both Arlington Heights and Washington. His inaction was caused, of course, by his uncertainty as to McClellan's intentions and the fear of losing Richmond. But a few brigades, well intrenched, could have defended Richmond till Lee should be able to send reinforcements; and even at the worst, Washington gained would have been far more than compensation for Richmond lost. But by August 6th, Lee knew that McClellan's army was being recalled. Then not a moment should have been lost in marching to destroy Pope before the junction of the two armies. Yet his force was not concentrated on the Rappahannock till August 20th.

(14.) Lee's grand turning movement must have had something more for its object than merely to get between Pope and his base, and to destroy his communications. For it is not enough to get on the enemy's line of communication and retreat. This is only a means to an end, that end being the defeat of the enemy, and such a defeat as may be decisive of the war or of the campaign. It did not suffice Napoleon to cross the Alps and swoop down, as from the clouds, upon Milan, thus cutting off Melas at Turin from his base. By this he really accomplished nothing until he had induced Melas to come out against him on the plains of Marengo and be beaten. Then the campaign was won. Again, in 1806, it was not enough suddenly to move his principal mass upon the Prussian army's line of communication, until, by the victory of Jena, he had virtually ended the campaign, and thus achieved the conquest of Prussia.

When a commander has resolved upon a turning movement that shall place his army on the enemy's line of communication, in order that this manœuvre shall be decisive of the campaign, two conditions are essential: one is that his columns should be so near each other

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as to insure his fighting the intended battle with his whole force. And here was the great defect in the execution of Lee's plan. Jackson's corps, constituting a third of his force, was three days in advance of his main body. It was at Manassas Junction on the 26th, while Longstreet did not arrive till the 29th. During these three days Jackson was in imminent danger of being beaten by superior numbers. It was Lee's good luck that Thoroughfare Gap had not been secured. Had he arrived there two hours later on the 28th, Ricketts would have been in possession of the defile, and Longstreet could not have been in line by the 29th nor by the 30th, on which day Jackson's corps would have been destroyed or captured; for we then greatly outnumbered him on the field. Longstreet should therefore have followed close upon Jackson, instead of being three days behind him. A few brigades left in Pope's front on the Rappahannock, with the expedients usually resorted to in such cases to deceive the enemy, might have sufficed to mask the movement long enough for the object in view.

The other essential condition is that when the decisive battle is fought, it be fought with our back to the enemy's base; for then a defeat, cutting him off from all possibility of reinforcement or supply, insures his surrender or destruction. In the contrary case, the defeated enemy has only to fall back upon his base, as Pope did after his battle of the 30th. If in that battle the positions of the contending armies had been reversed, Lee being between Pope and Centreville, after thoroughly defeating Pope there would have been nothing to prevent Lee's marching to Washington. Now if Lee had debouched from Thoroughfare with both Jackson and Longstreet, his superiority of numbers would have enabled him to choose his own battle-ground, and by giving battle facing to the west to make it decisive of the campaign.

On the 30th of August Pope must have known at last that the whole Confederate army was fronting him, and that he was therefore largely outnumbered. It was a brave and chivalrous act to fight with the chances decidedly against him, an act of which McClellan would never have been capable. The contrast between these two commanders must have been strongly felt in Washington; and it is no wonder that on Pope's arrival there Halleck warmly exclaimed to him, "You have done nobly!" — a greeting in which his countrymen, in spite of his mistakes, might have sincerely joined.

According to statements now made, Longstreet's and Jackson's commands numbered somewhat less than is supposed in the foregoing article; but the discrepancies are not important enough to require any modification in the conclusions arrived at.

Francis J. Lippitt.

AUGUST SAILING.

In the bright morn from out the little bay
  We slowly drifted, and at noon the wind,
  O'ercome with heat, had flagged and dropped behind.
Under the tyrannous sunshine all the day
We moved so lazily one scarce could say
  We moved at all. Upon the deck at night,
  Beside the moon-blanched sail, beneath the bright,

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High-hung, great stars, with open eyes we lay;
  Slept for a moment in the utter hush,
  Then waked again to hear the sudden rush
Of swift-flowing water, as we made our way
  Straight to the east, and coming o'er the sea
Saw the young morn, that with slow, sweet delay
  Began to draw her veil of mystery.

H. Everett.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I MUST take issue with that contributor in the Club for March who wishes to replace the distinction between prose and *poetry* with the much more limited and, as I think, inadequate one between prose and *verse*. "The question is not," so Coleridge says, "whether there may not occur in prose an order of words which would be equally proper in a poem, nor whether there are not beautiful lines and sentences of frequent occurrence in good poems which would be equally becoming, as well as beautiful, in good prose; for neither the one nor the other has ever been denied or doubted by any one." But he goes on to say that the true question must be whether there are not modes of expression, and especially a *construction* and an *order* of sentences, fitting in prose, out of place in poetry; and *vice versa*.

I find Coleridge sound and practical on this point, and he might have greatly cleared up the distinction we are talking of if he had not run off into long sentences and scattered his dicta in different places. Beautiful thoughts may be found conveyed in words measurable as verse, yet closely resembling prose when taken alone. "And now my tongue's use is no more to me than an unstringed viol or a harp." These are two lines from Shakespeare that might have stood in Jeremy Taylor's sermons. Yet they are verse. Does *that* distinguish them from imaginative prose? No; it is the way they rise out of the preceding verses, their position in the play, their *keeping*, in fine, which places them within the domain of poetry. Prose may be detached from its context without altering its character; but what we call poetry is so much more subtle that you often seriously maim it when you disjoin it from its succession. This violence does not alter it, though; if conceived as poetry, it remains poetry even when maltreated. Likewise beautiful prose, if conceived as such and evolved in a consistent prose surrounding, retains its own nature, however much in sympathy with that of poetry.

Mr. Stedman and the contributor might say that the two verses just given happen not to be preëminently musical. Is musicalness, then, the one missing element which would turn a beautiful thought, already measured off as a verse, into poetry? I doubt it; for there are hundreds of pages of "musical" prose which cannot be made into poetry, although the thoughts are beautiful. You might cut them up and rearrange them in verses, retaining the music and only slightly altering them, yet the theme and the whole progress of the thought about it will not admit of rendering such compositions into anything but prose. As instances, take some of Daniel Webster's cadenced periods, or the "impassioned prose" of De Quincey, which loses its peculiar glory the moment you try to consider it as poetry. Then, on the other hand, let us consider descriptive poems,

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the simplest love songs, or a composition like The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, — pieces in which there is not always distinct beauty of *thought*, but which constitute one kind of poetry purely because of their grouping of words and pictures, combined with metre and rhyme, or rhythm and rhyme. In these the element of beautiful or grand thought may be absent, while the music is present. And here is a passage from Webster's Duchess of Malfy, —

> "What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
> With diamonds? or to be smothered
> With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
> I know death hath ten thousand several doors
> For men to take their exits," —

which might be paralleled in others of the old dramatists and in parts of Samson Agonistes, — a passage so free from restraint of metre that it may be read as prose. Yet it is poetic; and so is Milton's prose often splendidly poetic without ever confusing itself with his poetry, properly so called. Mr. Stedman's definition, "beautiful thought expressed in musical words," will not do, because it describes poetic prose as well as pure poetry. Hazlitt has furnished the best definition, though it needs qualification. Poetry, he says, is "the natural impression of any object or event which excites an involuntary movement of imagination or passion, producing by sympathy a certain modulation" of the sounds expressing it. He neglects to describe this modulation, but Coleridge has explained what it is. He reasons that a poem has for its *immediate* object pleasure, and is distinguished from other modes of composition by giving a delight in the whole at the same time that each and every part supplies a distinct gratification. Hence, in a poem one continually excites emotion for the sake of the pleasure it gives; but, while doing so, a spontaneous effort to check the play of emotion comes in, which results in forming *metre*. The rush of emotion is interrupted, and the pleasure prolonged, by this device. Now in prose there is comparatively little of this. Even in poetic prose there are many connecting portions put in for the sake of clearness, which would not be tolerated in poetry. And in poetry, the check which the mind puts upon itself for the sake of heightening the pleasure necessitates forms of expression and figures of speech which are utterly out of place in prose. No writer in the Club needs to be reminded how painful is composition in the prose form which affects the phraseology belonging peculiarly to poems. Equally unpleasant is the occurrence in prose of clauses or sentences too closely resembling verse. Dickens begins the last chapter of the Old Curiosity Shop with a line of blank verse: —

> "The magic reel, which, rolling on before,
> Has led the chronicler," etc.

This has always jarred upon me, because it comes after a pathetic passage on the death of Nell's grandfather, conceived and carried out in tender, vibrating prose; and the whole (to please my ear, at least) should be conceived as poetry and executed in verse, or else in prose, not admitting even a line of verse. In his Aristoteles and Callisthenes, Landor makes the second speaker refer to Aristotle's care in avoiding the dactyl, which he calls "the bind-weed of prose;" and the two have some quiet fun over the difficulty there would be if Plato's proposed banishment of the poets were carried out; for even Aristotle, it is said, wrote no period in which there was not an iambic (that is, one iambus following another). But in the same conversation Aristotle declares: "Among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one that wrote good poetry. . . . If ever a good poet should excel in prose, we who know how distinct are the qualities, and how great must be the comprehension and the vigor that unites them, shall contemplate him as an object of wonder and almost of worship." Certainly; if prose and poetry are the same, is n't it strange that so few good poets have excelled in prose?

Although the two forms graze each other, and although Isaiah, Ossian, or Walt Whitman are poetic in their unversified language, the one form is just as distinct from the other as written

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prose is from colloquial, — the prose of Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who had talked it all his life without being conscious thereof. Both have truth for their object, but prose has it primarily and more directly; in poetry, pleasure arising from emotion and harmony is the first consideration, — with truth, of course, to support and ennoble the pleasure. Prose becomes poetic when it is passionate, resonant, rich in imagery; in short, when the pleasure to be given by its warmth of feeling and its style approaches that which poetry has in view. But it never becomes poetry. Scraps of verse occurring in it do not make it poetry, but simply bad prose. Poetry, on the other side, may at moments drop into strains resembling eloquent and poetic prose; but if it is good poetry this does not alter the total poetic effect; for a poem consists also in the mood that originates, underlies it, and in the relation of its parts and its union of qualities. It must have pleasing thought, feeling, or images, canorous words, verses, and an *ensemble* which holds the passages that border on prose in the poetic atmosphere still. Poetry is the "music of language answering to the *music* of the mind." Prose answers to the *intonations* of the mind, which fall just short of actual music.

— Some of our leading journals seem disposed to set down Lord Beaconsfield as a political charlatan, and to judge him from a jocular point of view.

I do not by any means feel sure that this is a correct diagnosis of the man, or of his possibilities as a power in both national and international statesmanship. It seems to me that if I were an Englishman I should watch him with alarm rather than with contempt or amusement, and that if I were a Russian I should hate him as a far-sighted and dangerous enemy of universal Slavic empire.

No doubt he is much guided by his imagination, and is disposed to move men by means of theatrical measures. But some of the greatest schemers and doers in history, such as Alexander, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, have been men of unbridled and almost insane imagination. These same men, too, and other distinguished wielders of power, as for instance the Roman Catholic Church, have largely used the spectacular element in government. Has the world forgotten Napoleon's order to gild the dome of the Invalides? Well, when Beaconsfield changed the queen into an empress, he gilded the dome of the British state; and I have little doubt that in so doing he pleased the fancy and the pride of the great majority of commonplace English people; I have scarcely less doubt that by this piece of so-called charlatanism he gave a longer lease to monarchical rule.

As for the transfer of Indian troops to Europe, a movement so widely ridiculed by civilians of liberal tendencies, and so generally stigmatized as a military idea worthy of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein, I am inclined to regard it in a very serious light. The ultimate object of England in this Eastern Question, remember, is to prevent Russia from reaching India with either arms or intrigue, and so overthrowing the Indian empire. Hindostan may be considered as a fortress, or defensive position, which Britons are to hold against Muscovites. Now it is an established military maxim that a commandant who relies solely upon defensive warfare, and never uses sorties or other aggressive tactics, will in the end surrender his stronghold. This rule applies, in a certain measure at least, to the defense of an outlying province. Every one acquainted with history will recollect scores of cases in point. No great soldier doubts that Hannibal covered Spain and Africa best while he was able to keep an army of Spaniards and Numidians in Italy.

Now, merely as a menace, merely to give warning of what England may do in the future, Beaconsfield has done wisely in sending a few thousand Sepoys to Malta. The world of civilians laughs, and perhaps Russian lieutenants laugh; but I do not believe that Todleben is hilarious over the demonstration. Let us suppose that a year ago England had forwarded to Bulgaria, not even a sin-

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gle native British regiment, but fifty or sixty Hindoo regiments, led and directed by British officers and strategists. One does not imagine, it is true, that Sepoys are as solid as Slavs, or that, even with Turkish help, they could always beat Ghourko and Skobeleff. But, considering the desperate nature of Osmanli resistance, it is probable that such a reinforcement would have turned a wavering balance against the invaders. Sixty thousand fair troops, backed by a sufficiency of money and supplies, might have enabled Osman Pasha to hold Plevna, and even have sent Russia north of the Danube.

We may be sure that the long heads of the Russian army have considered all this, and that they are capable of meditating upon the chances of the future as well as of the past. The calling of Sepoys to Malta is really a noticeable menace to the often hard-driven powers of continental Europe. It will not reëstablish Turkey, and probably was not meant to do that; but it is saying to Russia, in a language which every good soldier can understand: "Keep away from the Indus, or we will pour India upon the Danube and the Baltic." Everybody knows that England could do this, and that only the will to do it is lacking. There is not a warlike race in all the hundred millions of Hindostan which is not glad and proud to serve under the red-cross banner. It requires only a fiat from the people and Parliament of Great Britain to raise the Sepoy army to a million of men, and to send it in hordes wherever a keel can plow. That something of this sort has not occurred already only shows the good sense of the great nation which holds such a power latent. But drive that nation to extremities, and let it be guided, as now, by an imaginative adventurer of singular influence, and the world may yet see Rohillas and Rajpoots helping to dictate peace in Europe, and possibly to influence debates in London.

In short, to return to Lord Beaconsfield, I am disposed to consider him a man of real ability and honest audacity, all the more likely to do remarkable things because of his passion for the spectacular in statesmanship, and because of the fervid imagination which lies at the bottom of this passion.

— Having a desire to read Victor Hugo's History of a Crime, and at the same time doubting whether I should care to preserve the book, I bought the ten-cent edition of the Franklin Square Library. Since thus committing myself as an accessary after the fact in the "shabby piracy" attacked by a writer in the Contributors' Club for November last, I have turned back to The Atlantic of that date, to consider again the nature and enormity of my crime. The "New York literary tramp" who publishes the Riverside Library is accused of inflicting great wrong on four parties: the English author, whose work he steals; the American author, who cannot afford to sell his wares at a price which is remunerative to a man dealing in stolen property; the American publisher, who pays copyright to English authors; and the general reader, who has eyes to be ruined by a poor-faced, fine type set in unleaded columns. The first charge is not a very serious one, after all, in the absence of any international copyright, and in view of the almost unvarying custom of American and English publishers to issue such reprints as they please, with little or no regard to the foreign author. The second charge derives all its force from the third, which has none to spare because many American publishers do not pay copyright to English authors, — though they are proportionally more numerous than English publishers who pay American authors. There is absolutely nothing to be said, however, in extenuation of the outrageously small type, poor paper, and discreditable press-work of the library named by the writer in the Contributors' Club. But there are now four of the cheap libraries of standard fiction in the field, all of which — except the one just referred to — are printed from fair-sized type, in a reasonably clear, careful manner (one of them having just been forced to a wholesome reformation by the action of Messrs. Harper and Brothers),

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and two of them on paper of quite satisfactory quality and appearance.

To be sure, they are in quarto form, three columns to the page, and are not likely to prove very durable; but one must not expect all the refinements of the art preservative for ten cents. They present many of the masterpieces of English literature, and good translations from the French and German, at such prices that anybody can buy them, and in such shape that they can be safely and easily read. They come into no competition with bound books: the persons who buy them certainly would not buy cloth editions. The most notable and pleasing fact in connection with them is that they are so largely bought by former habitual readers of the Texas Jack stripe of dime novel. The newsdealer who sold me the History of a Crime made one very suggestive remark. "The oddest thing about the whole business," said he, "is the number of calls I have for the best novels, in this shape, from men whom I used to think of as wanting only the worst class of publications I had on my counters." Such men — women and children, too — can be won from the degrading reading to which they are accustomed only by the substitution for it of good literature, equally attractive and equally cheap. Public and circulating libraries accomplish a little; only a little. Bound books, or even the ordinary paper novels at fifty cents or seventy-five cents a copy, are absolutely beyond the means of these readers. Whatever is done at present must be done by such cheap agencies as the Franklin Square Library. The wide extent of their influence it is easy to see. Scarcely a news-stand or periodical store can be found which does not carry a large stock of them, and the numbers sold are enormous. On the other hand, the dime novels of a dozen years ago, and all the kindred novelettes, are now comparatively rare; the circulation of the weekly story papers, like the New York Weekly, too, is said to be much smaller.

To be sure, there is still an appalling amount of vicious reading matter sold at these same news-stands and periodical stores, — but Rome was not built in a day. I am disposed to rejoice over one rift in the clouds, rather than to lament because there are not two. In that millennial future when Philanthropy shall become a book publisher, doubtless there will be no need of such agencies as these cheap pamphlets; but in the present era of only half-enlightened selfishness, they are almost a *sine qua non.*

— Have you ever seen a negro hymn-book? I have had in my hands two such collections; no travesties, mind you, but the simon pure spiritual pabulum which ministers to the needs of many thousands of American citizens. Both bear abundant internal evidence of having been taken down from the lips of traditional depositaries, as Sir Walter Scott preserved the rough-riding metrical chronicles of the border. One is by a Rev. Somebody or other, whether black or white I know not. But no clew is given to the author of any of the pieces, nor is it likely that the compilers are wiser on that point than ourselves.

These real "negro minstrels" are as fond of refrains as any poet of the modern mediæval school, and even more ingenious in their misapplication. For instance, how would it be possible to show a loftier indifference to the logical connection of ideas than is found in that first poem of collection No. 1: —

"A mighty war in heaven,
Don't you grieve after me;
A mighty war in heaven,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me.

"St. Michael and the dragon,
Don't you grieve after me;
St. Michael and the dragon,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me.

"He put him in a dungeon,
Don't you grieve after me;
He put him in a dungeon,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me."

So it goes on, alternating a kind of recitative of the archangelic conflict, with personal appeals to the dear ones left behind. Perhaps a credulous metaphysician may find some relationship between the dissimilar sets of ideas above

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indicated; but I think the explanation is simply this: the refrain, expressing a real touching human thought, is first evolved or composed, and it then becomes necessary to have material for filling up the body of the song or chant. This some Biblical narrative or tradition founded thereon most readily supplies, and, as the negroes have some natural notion of rhythm, the poem becomes complete.

They are mightily fond of these recitatives, and will run on for the hour about Joseph and his brethren, or Abraham and the ram in the bushes, or the adventures of Daniel, with the incongruous refrain chiming in not unmelodiously after every line or so. And to say the truth you lose all sense of the ludicrous yourself as (for instance) you lie back in the shadow of the sail and listen lazily, with half-shut eyes, to the lulling sounds that sweep over you out on the ripples of the Chesapeake. And all the while the jolly, half-chanting, half-crooning darkey, all bronze and tatters, keeps time with head and hands and feet on the summit of a great pile of grain bags, or listens with a roguish, bird-like slant of the head to the burden taken up by his unseen comrades below.

Then, I say, it is music and poetry. But in a book it is — well! You are told, with a terrible disregard of rhyme and all other conventionalities, how Jonah went to sea, and the storm began to blow so that they had to shut de do'. It seems that Jonah (suspiciously like a gentleman of color trying to steal a passage on a Bay steamboat) hid himself in the hold and pretended to be asleep. But the captain was too sharp for that. He takes him roughly by the shoulder, policeman fashion, and remarks, —

> "Say, Jonah, you 's de man
> What was bound for Nineveh land."

So Jonah has to go to the whale, and his further adventures are given with all the realism of a darkey who has taken ipecac in his time.

There is another which has an odd refrain. I wish I could remember it. No matter; the first two couplets of the poem proper are treasures in themselves, and they stick by me: —

> "I hear a rumbling under the ground,
> It must be Satan turning round.
>
> "I hear a rumbling up in the sky,
> It must be Jesus passing by."

The familiarity with which they speak of Christ is apt to produce an unpleasant sensation on first reading. Sometimes the lines look blasphemous. For instance, —

> "You can't fool dis child;
> Go along, Jesus."

It requires some careful study to discover that the first line is addressed to Satan, and the other is merely a refrain, which would please them just as well at the end of a line of auctioneer's catalogue as anywhere else.

Sometimes the compilers spell in accordance with English, sometimes in accordance with negro usage.

But the hymn which seems to have taken the greatest hold on their imaginations is known as The Gospel Train. It contains some thirty odd stanzas, describing the passengers as consisting of all the "loved ones gone before," while the Saviour is engineer and brakeman, their ticket is faith, and their sole hope rests in getting on board in time. One of the quaint suggestions is that the engine will have to stop to "wood up" on the line, which will give everybody a chance. But this is absent from some versions.

In fact, like all traditional songs, these religious melodies are continually undergoing alteration to suit the varying taste of reciters; and by far the greater portion of them pass out of memory soon after they are first improvised.

The negroes have also certain games, in which home-made verses play an important part. One of these is the squirrel game. Four play it. Of these, two stand upright like posts, and the remaining pair peep at one another over their shoulders, while all sing: —

> "Peep, squirrel, peep,
> Peep at your brother;
> Why should n't one fool
> Peep at another?"

Then the two peepers leave their shelter

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and begin slowly trotting around the other two, who sing, —

> "Trot, squirrel, trot!
> Trot, squirrel, trot!
> Trot, or the dog will catch you!
> Trot, trot, trot!"

Then the pace grows faster and the song more excited: —

> "Run, squirrel, run!
> Run, squirrel, run!
> Run, or the dog will catch you!
> Run, run, run!"

The *finale* I do not know.

Many negroes have a ludicrous habit of interjecting superfluous syllables between those of ordinary words, so as completely to change their meaning. In this way it came to pass that a negro coachman driving me up from a landing, and wishing to entertain me on the way, pointed out the residence of a gentleman near by, with the information that he had "done gone inves*tigat*ed all his money in land." The same man on another occasion complained that the cows were "rom*anc*ing all over de branch," branch being the Eastern Shore term both for a small stream and the woods along its borders. Another in the same household, whose duty it was to sell the surplus dairy products, declared that he "had n't no use for Mr. So-and-so; did n't like him no way. He was always a tryin' to *lo*cate de butter." It turned out that he meant to "beat down" the price, to make it *low*.

— My friend Miriam Havisham's Ballad of Bricabrac I transcribe in full: —

> I SLEEP, I wake, yet ceaselessly
> Tormenting shapes before me dance,
> Grimmer than mediæval fiends,
> Or griffins of the Renaissance, —
> The ghosts of many a baffled plan,
> And cherished hope dissolved in air;
> And there is one to thank whose heart
> Is harder than an Eastlake chair.
>
> A noseless teapot (Staffordshire,
> Two shillings only) I had set,
> Together with a pewter mug,
> In my keramic cabinet.
> But oh, that jealous Julia Jones
> Outstripped me, and at glory's goal
> Arrived by getting for a dime
> A brass ring and a broken bowl.
>
> When to embroidery I turned,
> And far and wide the fact was noised,
> The crowds came thronging in to view
> My peacock on a bulrush poised.
>
> But louder still was their applause
> Before my rival's odious screen,
> Whose crimson cabbage, five feet high,
> Sprawled on a sky of deepest green.
>
> She owned that she with hardest toil
> Was able only to burlesque
> My ginger jar, besprinkled o'er
> With cranes and centipedes grotesque.
> But soon the public eye became
> Bewitched by her unhallowed spells;
> She for her choicest chromo made
> A charming frame of oyster shells.
>
> Out-****ing **** for glowing breadth,
> I did a charcoal rock and tree;
> Obscure enough to suit the most
> Æsthetic taste, it seemed to me.
> But her Impression of a Cow
> Delighted more our cultured town;
> So masterly that it produced
> Its best effect when upside down.
>
> But why this tale of woe prolong,
> When pharmacy is powerless
> To heal my wounds, and dearest friends
> Are skeptics as to my distress?
> The smile is but conventional
> That on my face by day appears,
> For ah, at midnight's hour, my eyes
> Brim o'er with realistic tears!

— When Mark Twain wants another topic somewhat in the line of his Magnanimous-Incident Literature, I would suggest the illustration of a class of cases which come daily under the observation of every man in active life, but to which, I believe, no writer has yet given a categorical title.

A young man named Brown, let us say, having employed his half-holidays in college in reading the biographies of self-made men, sets out on his career with the brave resolve not to despise the day of small things; and accordingly, having applied in vain for various positions of trust in moneyed corporations, condescends at last to take the lowest place in a counting-room, carrying the mails, sweeping out the office o' mornings, and running of errands, for the sake of getting a footing in the business and a chance to "work up" as his merit shall entitle him to promotion. In the mean time he is content to earn the meagre salary of five dollars a week, to be at his post early and late, and to live at an uncommonly cheap boarding-house.

Brown's classmate Jones, who passed his half-holidays driving a fast livery horse about the country, has no such romantic notions. He is unwilling to stoop

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to tasks so menial, or to work at all for less pay than twenty dollars a week. So the unhappy youth is compelled to dwell in his father's elegant mansion, and do nothing but dress himself, ride horseback in the park, read the newspapers, and go to the theatre.

Look on that picture and then on this, and finally witness the sequel.

A vacancy occurs in a twenty-dollar post in the counting-room, and the heads of the firm hold a consultation on the subject. An ingenuous partner urges the advancement of Brown, as a reward for his admirable conduct of the department now under his charge. But a worldly partner demurs, saying: "Not so. It is not every day that we can get so scholarly and well-bred a person to act as errand boy and man-of-all-work at five dollars a week; let us therefore enjoy the luxury as long as we may. Now, I know a young man, quite as well educated and even more prepossessing, who, while he would despise five dollars, can easily be got for twenty. Let us send for him." Yielding to the worldly partner in this, as is their wont in all matters where hard, practical sense comes in conflict with pretty theory, the other members of the firm send for Jones. His faultless attire and white hands win him favor in their eyes, and he is promptly installed in the vacant place, where, for many years to come, he exercises that authority over Brown which his superior rank entitles him to.

Methinks employers may find food for reflection in this little tale; and moralists may learn from it to temper the severity of their reflections on the multitude of unemployed young men in our large cities, whose seeming disposition to idleness is possibly, after all, but worldly wisdom in disguise.

— Since the appearance of that powerfully depressing picture of the Second Empire, set forth in Daudet's Nabob, I have looked in vain over many of the reviews and comments upon the characters therein to see if some one else was impressed as I was by the author's treatment of Felicia Ruys, the woman artist. But whether they express it or not, I think few women can read the same without a sense of being personally somewhat cheapened and aggrieved. Not, however, that any thinking reader can long nurse a grievance of this sort against the author. If there were a shade of petty malice, a vestige of flippant verbiage, discernible, one might suspect he held the poor, fettered, stormy soul of Felicia upon the point of his pen for the display of his own literary legerdemain, but the respectful pity, the Gothic earnestness, with which he follows his subject leaves no doubt of its truth, nor of the weight of its impression upon him.

The glimpse, or rather full view, he gives of the suspicions which ever dog the steps of Felicia, because she was nurtured amidst all the freedom of her father's studio, seems strangely inconsistent with that reverence for the art career which most of us are wont to believe flourishes everywhere outside of our own country, — more especially in such a cradle of art as is France.

We do not wonder at the double-distilled hypocrite Jenkins, nor at the hawk-eyed man of the world De Mora, but even the virtuous young Paul de Géry, while talking with Felicia, checks himself lest he should desecrate the name of the girl he loves by mentioning it within that studio. Surely some of our own hard-headed Philistines, who think a woman is reaching the last round of degradation when she essays to sketch from the living model, can carry their blind prejudices no further than do some of the people Daudet introduces us to in art-loving Paris.

— A "truthful record" of a literary experience, in the Contributors' Club for August, induces me to tell my story.

I arrived in New York from the —— just eight years ago. I was forty-two, and without any literary experience. When I was twenty-five I had, in a *dilettante* way, written some two or three stories, which had appeared in ——. In 1870, with a family of four, without a penny in my pocket, utterly unknown in New York, I had to work with my pen, or starve. My very first article was accepted by the leading magazine in the

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country. I felt no elation, for I was wise enough to attribute this more to luck than merit. I became a subaltern on the staff of a leading New York daily. I accepted the worst and most badly paid drudgery. I snapped, jackal-like, at anything and everything that was thrown me. Some of the business of that paper required my walking through the streets, winter and summer, for ten hours every day, and writing six hours more. I shivered under thin clothing in winter, having no overcoat. This work I kept up incessantly for eleven months. With all this labor, my board bill was frequently in arrears. I often had no stockings, and my shoes were badly broken. Overwork, scanty food, and exposure brought on a terrible illness, a complication of diseases. I had brain fever, jaundice, and came within an ace of losing my leg. I hobbled on crutches. I went to work when convalescent, and had a relapse. My doctor advised no brain work, but that would have turned my wife and children into the street. When in mental agony, when children were ill (I had a babe born just then), when there was no money to buy medicine, when my wife took my place beside the poor little sufferers' beds, I had to write as a relief for my mind; otherwise I might have gone mad. The history of my first successful story is worth recording. I had just lost a child, and to forget my sorrows I wrote. I was so poor that I could not buy paper. One of my boys had copy-books supplied by the common schools, one side of the leaf only having been written on. I used the blank pages. When my story was completed, I could barely spare the ten cents necessary for the purchase of fair paper on which to copy it. I sent my story to ——. I received very promptly a letter from the editor, requesting me to call upon him. The story might suit, only it was too long for them. Would I curtail it? It might be then considered, the editor said. I took the story home, rewrote it, offered it, and it was declined. I was not a bit dismayed. I felt that my story was better than it had been. I took it in person to ——. I remember an amusing talk with the editor, when I presented my story. I dare say I was very untidy. Was my story good, — really good? the editor of —— asked, as he examined a broken shoe and the fringed bottoms of my trousers. That editor seemed skeptical as to whether such a shabby-looking man could write anything *good*. The story was returned, I am inclined to think, unread. I honestly confess that I have a little dodge of my own, which always informs me whether any copy I may have sent in has been read. My only revenge on this editor now is that though he prints a good deal I never read him. I sent my story to ——, and it was accepted. I felt a little triumph now, as I had reached a higher literary medium than had the other magazines taken it. But it was two years before the story was published, and then without my name. More work was given me on my newspaper. I believe I originated a new kind of article, which was in demand. Still, my work only half supported me. I started a trade journal, without capital. I was editor, publisher, advertising agent, clerk, office boy, and all. It was a fair venture, for after I had carried it alone for a year there was no loss. But my time was too precious, and I had to give it up. I could not wait for results. With a hundred dollars at my disposal it would have become a valuable property. Somebody else followed out my idea, and today makes a handsome living out of it. For three years I was looking out for a steady place, and at last I found one; a weekly, just starting, wanted a drudge. The salary I asked for my services was so modest that I was taken on trial. I rapidly mastered all the details, and soon became assistant editor. I studied hard to acquire a certain branch of natural history which was requisite for the paper, and I succeeded. As almost every person on the paper was constantly intoxicated, I sometimes wrote that weekly up from beginning to end. I lost my position on the daily paper, though I contributed to it as an outsider

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whenever the chance permitted. In any interval of time I wrote magazine stories. I always offered them first to the leading magazine in New York, where they were invariably declined, to be accepted by some other magazine. I occasionally made five dollars by writing puffs. I differed with the tipsy editor of the weekly, and left it, after a year of very severe work. I regained my position on the daily. Shortly after this there was a change in the weekly I had helped to start, and I was recalled. I wanted two strings to my bow, and now I had them. To-day I have all the work I can get through. I rise at five, and devote fifteen hours to my literary labors. Every month I have to read all the American and English magazines, the lights and the heavies. Besides this, I read professionally some fifteen English books, with some half dozen French ones, during the month. Occasionally I read manuscripts for publishers. I earn some $2700 a year. The time I spend in the cars, going and coming from my office, must be devoted to reading. I am very tired and jaded at night, but as I sleep soundly I rise fairly fresh next morning. If I had more time I would write more stories; perhaps attempt a novel. Of course I have written my play, which I have not offered. Irrespective of magazines, what I send them now is always accepted. I am fortunate in not having an unsold manuscript in my drawer. I am fifty; am temperate, in one sense, not taking a glass of wine once a month, but am an intemperate smoker. I have not had a real holiday for four years. For five years I have not read six books for my own pleasure. I have no Sabbaths. If I did not work on Sunday I should have to sit up one whole night during the week to make up for lost time. I long for a day of rest. A great deal of work, I am afraid, has taken away my zest for play. If I have not a book in my hand, I am unhappy. I have, thank God, made for myself and family a modest position. The only regret I feel is that I did not begin a literary career sooner; then I might have been something. I am satisfied that story or novel writing alone leads to starvation, unless you are illustrious. A literary man must have the fixed weekly wage which comes from drudgery. This is the *nécessaire;* story-writing is the *superflue.* The first gives the bread; the last the caviare. It is very fine to chisel statues and chase caskets, but to cut flagging or stamp out ten-penny nails is a much surer trade. In my experience I have found the judgment of magazine editors to be invariably correct. If my contributions have been declined by one magazine, and accepted by another, I have always fancied that there were good reasons.

To conclude: it is my business now to become weary over much trash and twaddle sent me to read. Yet I never throw aside a stupid crudity without a pang. I have known how life almost depended on the acceptance of a manuscript of mine, which would have brought me three dollars.

I have no fault to find with my profession: If at forty-two I had taken a clerkship, it is doubtful whether in eight years I should have had a better position than the one I now occupy; for notwithstanding my work, which I think is fairly heavy, I am my own master.

— A correspondent in the June Atlantic asks for an explanation of the reason why English and American printers use the circumflex accent in the word *chalet.* It arises from ignorance on the part of the compositor, who reasons that if the accent is required in the same syllable of the word *château*, of course it should be retained in *chalet;* and the proof-reader fails to note the error. The same offending accent is at times found surreptitiously introduced into the first syllable of Chateaubriand. But a far less excusable error is the following, which, while rarer on this side of the Atlantic, is almost universal among English writers, namely, the use of the grave accent in *a priori* and *a posteriori*, as though they were of French instead of Latin derivation. Nine out of ten among English authors, including the most learned and scientific, continually make this mistake.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

We doubt if Mr. Warner's humor has ever appeared more winningly than in his little book about the Adirondack wilderness.[1] It plays round the gross and palpable body of Adirondack fable with a lambent flame that illumines rather than burns, and must amuse even the inventors of the marvels that it burlesques. But it does not cling very strictly to that centre; it would scarcely have been worth while to mock those adventures deliberately; they serve chiefly to give the desultory volume a sort of unity; at the most you can say it is all about the Adirondacks. How I killed a Bear, and A Fight with a Trout, are pure pieces of delicious fun which it would be hard to match. We think the latter, as a satire, the better of the two: there is something really unspeakable in such a touch as the author's landing half a mile below the rapids, "with whitened hair, and a boat half-full of water. . . . *The guide was upset, and boat, contents, and men were strewn along the shore.*" This is the very spirit of the undaunted man of letters when meeting with adventures after the fact; the final great struggle with the fish, its ferocity, and its murderous leaps and flights through the air are depicted with a graphic audacity that might well raise the envy of former trout-fighters, who would of course have been incapable of such a stroke as the closing statement that the monster when "got in" weighed three quarters of a pound.

But the charm of the best humor is that something better than humor goes with it; mere drollery at last makes you sorry and ashamed; and the humorist of the highest type instinctively remembers this. There is a fine and faithful feeling for the beauty and nobleness of the place in which the scene of the lightest of these burlesques is laid; and there is honest wood-craft and fresh, keen observation. Two essays in the book are of more serious purport: the study of the woodsman Phelps, and the very touching and beautiful lesson in humanity called A-Hunting of the Deer. In the latter is a pathetic irony that seems to us quite unequaled in its way; and the thing is not to be read without rage and heart-burning at the brutal sport which it satirizes. It should be in every school-book, — not alone for the beauty of its literature, which is classically fine, and its sympathy for nature, which expresses itself in an exquisite picturesqueness, but for the mercy it teaches. Of all Mr. Warner's writing, we think it in the highest way the best.

Without some closer observation than the casual reader gives to his reading, the admirable qualities of A Character Study will hardly be realized. It is very subtle art that sets before us a character like that of Phelps with such quiet perfection that we get the whole nature of the man, — a nature by less skillful hands only to be presented in caricature. But here Phelps is not caricatured; you make the acquaintance of a veritable type, quite as if you met him in person; and a whole order of American thinking and feeling is insinuated in the process of the delineation.

— Dr. Clarke's book,[2] rightly considered, will be found to convey a valuable lesson. To enable us to appreciate its full significance, the peculiar conditions under which it was written should be understood. "When its author," says Dr. Holmes, in his introduction to the book, "had read his death sentence, and knew that the malignant disease of which he was the subject would be slow in its work and involve great suffering, he felt that he must have something to occupy his mind and turn it away in some measure from dwelling only on the tortures of his body. He therefore took up the study of a question in which he had long been interested, and made it his daily occupation to write upon it. So long as his strength lasted sufficiently he wrote with his own hand. After this he employed another to write at his dictation." The volume now before us is the result of the labor which the late Dr. Clarke thus imposed upon himself, as part of the course of treatment devised for the alleviation of his sufferings. Debarred from the further continuance of his professional work, in which his interest

[1] *In the Wilderness.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Visions: A Study of False Sight (Pseudopia).* By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878.

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had been so deep and his success so gratifying; knowing that many months must probably elapse before that respite which death alone could bring, with the calm judgment of a wise and experienced physician he recognized the necessity of creating for himself some absorbing task, which should serve to interrupt the ceaseless *tête-à-tête* with pain which would otherwise have been his lot. He had the rare fortitude to carry out to the end this heroic plan of self-treatment. That it was successful no one who reads this book can doubt. It is clear that whatever of vitality is apparent in these thoughtful pages was so much additional life lived by one whose days seemed to have ended when, disappearing from the busy world, he retired to await death in a sick-room. Whatever of thought, of reading, of study, shows itself in this elaborate analysis of an obscure and complex subject represents so much the less attention accorded to a painful and relentless disease.

In the course so resolutely adopted and followed out by Dr. Clarke, there is a lesson which none who read his book should fail to meditate. Therein is clearly shown the value of intellectual exercise as a distraction from the acutest physical and mental suffering; and, *a fortiori*, its usefulness as a refuge from the lesser degrees of unhappiness, discontent, or *ennui*, which find so many passive, unresisting victims among those even to whom Fortune has been most prodigal of her favors. However trite subjects the dangers of idleness and the general need of occupation may seem, we believe that few people except physicians have any idea how much chronic unhappiness and consequent ill-health are the direct results of idleness. Few individuals are gifted with such bovine natures that their highest faculties can successfully be stupefied into absolute inertia. Sooner or later, when amusement-seeking has been the chief business of life, these unoccupied faculties put in claims for attention, and make themselves heard. Just as they may, by due cultivation and exercise, be made to yield the noblest, most elevating and inspiriting joys that life can afford, so, when neglected and forgotten, they fail not to become the sources of the direst self-torture. Ennui, fastening like the vulture upon the vitals of its victim, brings self-dissatisfaction, remorse, and despair, and a well-nigh incurable condition of listless, dreamy apathy is finally engendered, in which mind and body alike suffer.

So little is the general prevalence of this morbific agency suspected that many persons, who are really suffering from chronic mental and physical depression resulting from idleness, finally imagine, and succeed in persuading others, that their troubles are really caused by overwork. Dr. Samuel Wilks,[1] however, in answer to the question whether people suffer from overwork, says, "I for one should have no hesitation in saying, No; but, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say that the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work." Even among those who do not professedly lead idle lives of amusement-seeking, among professional men and men of business, it is not uncommon to meet with patients who are suffering from underwork, owing to the fact that their natural faculties and energies are inadequately occupied. "I make it a custom," says Dr. Wilks, "to ask young men what their second occupation is, — what pursuit they have beside their bread-earning employment. They are the happiest who possess some object of interest." We Americans are particularly fond of expatiating upon the "high pressure" at which we live, and cases of "overwork" are complacently supposed to be very common among us. Few physicians, however, will deny that idleness, absolute or relative, and ill-regulated work, into which the element of worry is unwisely allowed to enter too largely, are the agencies which are really responsible for the greater part of the injury to body and mind so commonly attributed to overwork. Provided one's work, however laborious it may be, is done with serenity, it can but be beneficial. In proportion as worry and excitement enter into it will wear and tear result, and health become deteriorated.

Dr. Clarke's book deals with a subject which is likely to interest many readers in this country, where the belief in supernatural apparitions is by no means confined to the grossly ignorant classes. It will, however, not prove altogether satisfactory to those whose beliefs, based upon their preference for mystery and for sensation as a relief from the monotony of every-day life, are in favor of the supernatural. These can truly say, *Credo, quia absurdum.* With them, attempts to reason and to prove can but be wasted. Dr. Clarke, in his disserta-

[1] See the London Lancet, June 26, 1875, page 886.

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tion, clearly demonstrates that the seeing of visions is a purely subjective illusion, and that the phenomena involved in the process are in perfect accordance with the natural functions of the human brain, as it is now known to us. Our senses may, and often do, deceive us; when it is not our senses which deceive us, we are perhaps deceiving ourselves; and when neither our senses nor ourselves are the deceivers, then some one else is deceiving us, knowingly or unknowingly. Such are the possible and infinitely probable explanations which should suggest themselves when any very extraordinary or apparently supernatural event presents itself to our notice.

The author makes a long and elaborate analysis of the physiological phenomena involved in sight, both objective and subjective. The reader is instructed in the gross and minute anatomy of the organs concerned, with all their complex apparatus of nerve fibres and cells; and he is taught to follow the visual stimulus from the retina, through the optic nerve, to the tubercula quadrigemina, and thence to the angular gyri, and, finally, to the gray matter of the convolutions. We cannot but think, however, that many readers, who will have carefully followed out and mastered all the successive details of vision, as explained by Dr. Clarke, will be somewhat disappointed at finding themselves but little the wiser for all the knowledge so gained. The natural desire and expectation of the reader is that the functions of the eye, or of the brain, should be made as clear to him as the operations of a clock or of the phonograph. But there is this difficulty in the case of the functions of the nervous system: that we have to do with phenomena of which our senses are incapable of taking cognizance, except in the way of consciousness. An example will perhaps make more clear what is meant. Electricity is vaguely familiar to all as a mighty, omnipresent power, which in one form or another is everywhere and at all times exerting great influence and producing immense effects. Yet it rarely comes under our direct observation; until modern times its existence, even, was hardly suspected. Men have lived in the midst of it, surrounded and pervaded by its subtle influence, yet seeing it, feeling it, hearing it not, except when a stroke of lightning, smiting eye and ear, would bring the hidden power within the limited scope of their senses. Electricity eludes our recognition so long as it remains electricity. We detect its presence only when, by a transformation of forces, it is changed into some other force, such as heat, light, sound, or motion, of which we can take cognizance through the channel of one of our senses. This is the reason why our knowledge of electricity has been of such slow growth that it is only within the present century that man has learned to use this mighty, unseen force, to direct it here and there, and make it do his work. But, although our mastery over it, as exemplified, for instance, in its latest and most striking application, the telephone, is so wonderful, we still remain in utter ignorance of electricity *per se*. We only know it when transmuted into a force which we have senses to perceive. Thus in the telephone the mysterious invisible force which traverses the conducting wire, when transformed by an ingenious device into sound, becomes appreciable to our ear. Such is also, in a measure, the case with the operations of the nervous system. Here, besides our five senses with which to investigate the phenomena, we have one additional sense, so to speak, namely, consciousness, which is the source of by far the greater part of what we know concerning our senses themselves and the operations of the mind. But, except in so far as the phenomena in question are subject to consciousness, or are amenable to investigation by sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell, we are, and must ever remain, ignorant of them. With regard to sight, in particular, we know that the first step in the process is the impact of rays of light focused upon the retina, and that the last step is consciousness of vision. We know what organs, some composed of fibres, others of cells, are traversed by the subtle influence, or stimulus, originated in the retina by the rays of light. But what it is that is so transmitted through the nerve fibres and cells, and finally begets consciousness of vision in the gray matter of the convolutions, we do not know, and never shall know, whatever further progress may be achieved in histology and in biological chemistry. The stimulus is something that we can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste, nor smell. Just as when electricity travels along a wire we are unaware of its presence, till, assuming another shape not its own, it betrays itself by a visible spark, or by the audible and visible motion of a lever, so we are unable by any device to become cognizant of the stimulus proceeding along a sentient nerve

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toward the brain, until, on reaching its destination, the stimulus is transmuted into a motor impulse whereby a visible muscular contraction is excited, or into the inscrutable phenomenon known to us as consciousness. To our senses and to consciousness we owe all the knowledge that we possess, both of the inner and of the outer world, of the ego and of the non-ego. Such knowledge as we are capable of obtaining is strictly limited to what Claude Bernard calls the *determinism* of phenomena; that is to say, we can know only under what determining conditions events capable of recognition through our senses or through consciousness take place. With regard to the subjective phenomena called visions, Dr. Clarke has shown that visual delusions may occur under certain conditions, as the results of disturbed action of the cerebral functions, and that they constitute phenomena which are in no wise inconsistent with the natural operations of the brain as now understood by science. Such being the case, it is clearly unnecessary and superfluous to invoke supernatural agencies as their source.

— Dr. Clarke's Memorial and Biographical Sketches[1] have to do mainly with his neighbors; they are, besides, the work of a parson, but a parson writing about his neighbors does not at once suggest provincialism in literature. As a parson he ought properly to see his subject in its broadest relations, and his neighbors may be men and women of more than local name; there has been a parson in the neighborhood of every eminent man, though the parson may not have known his neighbor save in a professional sense. The merit of this unpretending book lies in the honesty and catholicity of the author's judgment of the men and women whom he has known. His affectionate regard for worthy people gave him entrance into their lives; his love of truth and his candor save him from merely partial estimates of their characters, and his habits of mind lead him to look chiefly for the enduring elements. His sketches are not biographies; only in one or two instances does he intend to trace the course of a life and measure its several forces. He sketches from life, taking those views which have appeared to him personally; so that throughout the book he carelessly discloses himself, and is not at pains to remove those direct and individual references which were natural to the first form of the several papers, as sermons, addresses, and personal reminiscences.

If this limitation is regarded, and the reader does not go to this book for rounded lives of the several persons included in it, he will find interesting and suggestive memorabilia, and oblique lights will sometimes be thrown upon the portraits which will discover new points of value. For instance, Governor Andrew was a man whose national fame is sure to grow steadily in historical perspective; but he was one of Dr. Clarke's parishioners, and the parson sets him before us in a new and very delightful aspect. James Freeman was a man intimately connected with a religious and theological movement in Massachusetts that will always have an interest for students, and his grandson here supplies us with some of those touches of familiar life which help to make history real. His familiar intercourse, too, with persons having no extended renown, but strong personal characteristics, has enabled him to sketch agreeable pictures of life, as in what he has to tell us of George Keats, of Dr. Gannett, and Walter Channing. Throughout the book one never escapes the reminder that character rules life. This is partly incidental to the occasion of many of the papers, but principally to the habits of mind of the writer, who is what we may term a parson without a parish. That is, as there are preachers whom we never identify only with the pulpit from which they preach, so there are parsons who may have a very distinct local care of souls, yet owe their reputation rather to the unlimited character of their personal charge. Dr. Clarke in this book seems to us such a parson. He had a governor for a parishioner, and that was not wholly accidental; but he would inevitably have adopted the governor into his universal parish, as he has adopted Jean Jacques Rousseau and Washington and Theodore Parker. These and all the characters treated in the book pass under the eye of a man who is not thinking of literature or in the first place of history, but of personal character and personal influence. There are petty parsons and catholic parsons, and we think Dr. Clarke, by the breadth of his sympathy and the courage of his speech, belongs to the latter class.

— Mr. Holly, as a matter of business perhaps, has considered it worth his while to open his portfolio to the inspection of the public, and to give us the best fruits of his

[1] *Memorial and Biographical Sketches.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

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practice as an architect in the work entitled Modern Dwellings in Town and Country.[1] It is with the rural branch of the art that this book is chiefly concerned, for the single exception on page 139 does not suffice to justify the promise of its title in respect to city architecture. Our press has in late years given us abundant evidence, more or less empirical, of a desire to illustrate, if not to inaugurate, "the American style of architecture," but the vulgar appetite for this most doubtful of the fruits of civilization has not been yet appeased. When a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects makes his appearance upon the field with his contribution to the swelling literature of the subject, he is entitled, *prima facie*, to a more respectful consideration than most of his competitors. Mr. Holly would perhaps be one of the first to tell us that the only proper function of the architect is to illustrate, not to invent, a style. For probably we already have as distinctive an American style as we are ever likely to have. Tradition and practice, the peculiar necessities of material and climate, the condition of mechanic arts relating to building processes, and the restrictions of economy in the art of living, as compelled by our national and natural conditions, — all these influences have concurred to give us a distinct architectural expression, especially in our country houses, where we are less constrained by conventionalities and have larger scope for the development of architectural forms than in the city. Ever since Downing first taught our young intelligence how to develop a national art in the building of country houses, and we began to emerge from the stately and spacious comfort contained in the foursquare colonial mansions, and from the pretentious formality and stiffness of the Greek temples, which in the early part of the century were strangely translated into the vernacular for our domestic use, the architectural mind has applied itself to the task of constructing out of wood a system of forms better adapted to our many-sided needs.

We have thus formulated by experience a characteristic art of house-building; and now that the profession of architecture has become better instructed and more thoroughly trained, it is interesting to note how and in what direction it is working upon this theme. The only European precedents which are capable of affording any direct hints for our use in wooden construction are from Switzerland, and these seem to have been long since exhausted. Neither to France nor to Germany have the architects been indebted, apparently, for any prevailing influence, but the gradual developments of English fashions in domestic architecture for the last twenty-five or thirty years, as copiously illustrated in the professional journals, have been promptly echoed on this side of the ocean. Thus the various features of the Gothic revival in the old country have found a corresponding expression here, although subject to modifications suggested by our different habits of living, different climate, and different materials; so that, save in a few very exceptional cases, our rural architecture has been kept consistent with itself and with our needs, and, in the main, free from affectations.

The latest change in English forms witnessed within the last three or four years has been by no means the least remarkable; this is the revival of the so-called Queen Anne or early Georgian style, including, in fact, a certain free treatment of classic forms prevalent in the domestic architecture of England from 1650 to 1750, belonging mostly to constructions in brick and stone, but transferred bodily into wood in this country for the use of the colonial aristocracy. The pages of our contemporary, The American Architect, show with how different a spirit the revival of the style has been received in this country, and Mr. Holly's book is mainly occupied with studies indicating how he would adapt the style to our modern American wants. In undergoing this process, however, the style loses its most distinctive and quaintest features; but Mr. Holly is to be commended for avoiding the temptation of giving us imitations of the stepped and broken gables, the great consoles, the high-peaked, pedimented windows, the brick details, and the other interesting characteristics of the style, which, however, are inconsistent with wooden materials and wooden methods of construction. But why he does not give us a rendering of the style in our native brick, which would have been hospitable to these characteristics, does not appear. Mr. Holly is also to be commended for not sacrificing to this new fashion the broad American veranda, which

[1] *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country.* Adapted to American Wants and Climate. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With One Hundred Original Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.

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is unknown in the damp, foggy climate of England, and which has therefore never had the benefit of an interpretation by the architects of the time of James II., William III., Queen Anne, or George I., who have given us stately terraces instead. Mr. Holly has contented himself with using out of this English style certain balustered posts, balustrades, big chimneys, tiled or shingled wall surfaces, a few coned cornices, and a certain painted, or carved, or incised decoration, — the conventional sunflower growing stiffly in a pot, — which, after his modern English brethren, he considers essential to insert in his panels in order to give to his design the old-fashioned *twang*, without which, perhaps, his conformity to the style could hardly be recognized. Indeed, an Englishman would find it difficult to recall the image of the historic period in the presence of these works. There is, in fact, much more of the very respectable Americanized neo-Gothic than of this neo-classic in them, and much more of the pure American than of either. In frame and substance they are native carpenter's American architecture, enriched with certain adventitious devices borrowed from the old country and refined by technical study. They are certainly not of Queen Anne, nor yet are they "old colonial;" but they are none the worse for that.

Mr. Holly's designs have a basis of common sense not uninformed with ingenuity and skill, and his plans are excellent. But among the twenty-three architectural designs which make up the bulk of interest in this volume, we do not detect any marked contrasts of treatment; they are all variations on one theme, and we see certain tricks or characteristics of design reappearing with slight changes throughout the series. His masses, however, are well managed; his roofs are interesting, and in some cases bold; and his favorite hooded balconies and corner windows and staircase bays are introduced with a persistence which is never wearisome and rarely unreasonable.

The first part of the book, which is illustrated by these designs, contains also a series of sensible discussions on such subjects as Site, Plans, Materials, Architects' Duties and Charges, Plumbers' Blunders, Heating and Ventilation. But the second part, treating of Furniture and Decoration, is made interesting principally by the illustrations which are borrowed from authorities, recognized, indeed, frequently in the text, but never noticed in the titles, and forming part of the "One Hundred Original Designs" which are conspicuously trumpeted in the title-page; and the text of this part of the work is, for the most part, apparently the work of an amateur rather than of the architect, *the ruler of the building*, the man of knowledge, convictions, and principles, whose ideas are based upon reason and distinguished for breadth of view and largeness of scope. There is no exposition of the philosophical principles of decoration, but there is an abundance of the commonplaces of the literary folk, who of late have devoted themselves to this subject; plenty of detached rules and notions, which are well enough for professional decorators and upholsterers, but which, as it seems to us, are hardly worthy to form the stock-in-trade of a professional architect. If, as Mr. Holly intimates, it is important for the architect to justify his claims as the only proper person to finish his building with interior embellishments of color and design, it is not by such writings as this that such an object is to be accomplished.

— In his Chronicles of the St. Lawrence [1] Mr. Le Moyne has done for the region adjoining the lower part of that river, and for some coasts of the maritime provinces, what he had already so pleasantly done for Quebec in his Maple Leaves, and his Quebec Past and Present. In those books or collections of essays he preserved a body of tradition and anecdote nowhere else accessible to the traveling reader, or indeed to the stationary general reader. History, too, whenever it could lend interest to localities mentioned, was intelligently and skillfully adduced, and there was a vein of agreeable and sympathetic comment running through the work. The present volume has the same characteristics, and the same desultory form. It is the record of three excursions from Quebec, — one reaching as far as Halifax, — and including the Saguenay and all other tributary regions of interest. Whoever has traveled in French Canada — the real Canada — has had provoked at every turn a curiosity which this book is admirably adapted to satisfy; and it is charming to find that every picturesque and romantic spot, which looks as if it ought to have its legend, really has it. The sportsman, also, who resorts to Canadian waters, will be glad of what Mr. Le Moyne has to tell him; and we can honestly commend the book to people who cannot visit

[1] *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. Le Moyne. Montreal and Quebec: Dawson & Co. Rouse's Point, N. Y.: John W. Lovell. 1878.

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the region of which it treats, as a treasury of curious reminiscence and tradition, very interesting to turn over. The chapter on leprosy at Tracadie is especially remarkable.

— Two smaller books on pottery follow the number of elegantly gotten-up volumes (Jacquemart, Prime, Elliott) with which we have recently been favored. They will possibly close, for a time, the procession. They correspond somewhat in size to Mr. Beckwith's Majolica and Fayence, with which it was opened. A great deal has been told, but, as we had occasion to say in speaking of the others, not all, as yet, in the most perfect manner. It is not because there are no conspicuously open interstices into which they might aptly fit that these two minor publications can be found fault with. Mr. Lockwood's [1] professes to be published because the commonest information on the subject is the kind that is most often needed and very seldom at hand, and the valuable books already issued are for the most part too costly for the greater number of readers. This is an admissible object. It is only a question of how it is carried out. There are two ways of reducing a mass of material to a reasonable compass: one is by expressing the essence, the other by presenting fragments. It is needless to say that the former is what is wanted. There must be a knowledge of what constitutes essence, and a capacity for distributing the matter with the space at disposal in view. It is not fair to ask ten dollars' worth of ceramic information in a dollar book. If it could be had it would probably be hardly more useful than the result of the labors of those ingenious persons who transcribe the Declaration of Independence on a three-cent piece. But what is just is that we should have the whole document, if only in short-hand. Mr. Lockwood seems to have a mention of everything, including the familiar opening of how man, from the moment when he first observed his foot-print in the moist clay and the hardening of the earth under his camp-fire, was induced to reflect, and the existence of pottery was assured, and the familiar inspiring incidents of Palissy and Wedgwood. There are other anecdotes not so common, like the view of Dr. Samuel Johnson experimenting at Chelsea, with the idea that he could improve the manufacture, and finding, with a disgust it is amusing to imagine, how his specimens came out in ruins every time, while those of the company remained imperturbably perfect. A wide range of reading is indicated in the quotations, and the explanations of things are lucid. Still the presentation of the subject, while well enough, cannot be called vivid. It was the more necessary that it should have a certain vividness because there are no illustrations. Those persons having an interest which an encyclopædia article could not content will probably not stop here, but be led on to the further expense of one of the fuller volumes.

The other small book [2] brings together a number of important matters related chiefly to the technique of the art. There is no historical sketch, but a brief statement, without dates or periods, of the development of pottery in the order of excellence. The most primitive is the soft, unglazed earthenware. This is improved by the use of various glazes: first a vitreous lustre, then a lead varnish, both transparent; and finally a tin enamel, which is opaque, covers the original color, and opens a great scope for fanciful treatment. The second division and advance is in the materials, the invention of a finer paste, constituting faience and stoneware, — the last the very delicate paste of porcelain. A quotation from the report of Mr. Arnoux, of the English Minton Manufactory, in the appendix, explains how pottery is made, the components that enter into it, and the "throwing" on the potter's wheel, the pressing, and casting in plaster molds by which it comes to its various shapes. In the matter of painting, the make-up of palettes, etc., Mr. Nichols's directions are a little fuller in some departments, but not quite so straightforward, on the whole, as Miss McLaughlin's, of Cincinnati. His suggestions for decoration, in the plates, are taken from Japanese sources. They seem "skimpy" and trivial, being mainly comic frogs and birds among a scattering of thin blades of grass, and do not do this large resource justice. One of the more novel portions is that which calls attention, after Charles Blanc, to the laws of proportion in pottery. It is generated, it appears, from a few simple forms, — the cylinder, the cone, the sphere, and the egg; and some of its most delicate curves, in the best examples, are the product of conic sections.

[1] *Hand-Book of Ceramic Art.* By M. S. Lockwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Pottery: How it is Made.* By George Ward Nichols, author of Art Education applied to Industry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

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Here, as well as in most other constructions the sense of grace and the best utilitarian policy unite. For instance, the base of a wine-glass spread out to a diameter equal to that of the top not only gratifies the eye, but best preserves the requisite equilibrium.

The section to which one turns with as much interest as any is that described in the table of contents as "Advantages favorable to the manufacture of pottery in the United States." These are the existence, as shown by the reports of numerous state geologists, of valuable beds of kaolins and all the clays, and cheap fuel. A very notable beginning has already been made. Trenton, New Jersey, alone has ninety kilns in operation, with an annual production of two millions of dollars. But the particular basis for a brilliant future in this line, on which the author rather chimerically insists, is that we may be able to secure the secrets of Oriental workmanship, which have defied the scrutiny of Europeans, owing to our closer proximity to the Asiatic shores. He hopes that the Chinese immigrants can be induced to go into ceramic industries as they have into shoemaking and washing. We are inclined to think that something pretty abject in the way of a "hoodlum" apology would be a necessary preliminary to this. Still there is very good ground for a cheerful feeling about our pottery apart from the Chinese. The addition of the artistic element to our substantial plain work of the present is all that it needs to make a large reduction in the table of imports. A race of skilled decorators cannot be created in a moment, but they can be in part imported and in part trained. The improved public taste must be now every day manifesting to manufacturers the necessity of this final step on their part.

— We are so accustomed to taking Mr. Ruskin's titles as riddles to be guessed that we are surprised to find The Ethics of the Dust[1] to be as exact and descriptive a title as could be desired. The topic of his lectures actually is crystals, he does deliver them to little housewives, and we have both audience and lecturer in the book; and as for ethics, the reader may be assured that the dust is not only the occasion for ethics, but is itself highly ethical. We are told of crystal virtues, crystal quarrels, crystal caprice, crystal sorrows, and the crystal rest; and so far are these from being merely allegorical that the children who listen to the lectures express the reader's bewilderment as to whether the lecturer really believes the crystals to be alive, and the lecturer answers that he is himself puzzled to say whether they are or not.

It will easily be understood that Mr. Ruskin finds no difficulty, then, in bringing his lectures home to his hearers. He even proposes to transform them into crystals, for the better illustration of his subject; and once having marshaled and deployed them in representation of crystal activity, he is able to apply the crystal lessons with as much directness as Æsop himself, when he drew from human weakness to enforce lessons in animal life. We are not certain that any one would learn a great deal about crystals from this book, and he would no doubt be sorely mystified by some of the erudite playfulness; but he will get, in a fragmentary way, at a good many of Mr. Ruskin's favorite beliefs and favorite antipathies. It can hardly be called a successful book, in a literary sense; the young housewives do not succeed in giving the lightness at which the dialogue aims, but like all of Mr. Ruskin's later works it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Repent ye, for the kingdom of Satan is all around you.

[1] *The Ethics of the Dust.* Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Element of Crystallization. By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. Second edition, with new preface and added note. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1878.

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